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11

THE SHI KING

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THE SHI KING; the old "Poetry Classic" of the Chinese. Translated by WILLIAM JENNINGS, M.A.

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SIR JOHN LUBBOCK'S HUNDRED BOOKS

11

詩　經

THE SHI KING

THE OLD

"POETRY CLASSIC" OF THE CHINESE

A CLOSE METRICAL TRANSLATION, WITH ANNOTATIONS

BY

WILLIAM JENNINGS, M.A.

VICAR OF BEEDON, BERKS

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1891

"If Chinese scholars would bring the ancient literature near to us, if they would show us something in it that really concerns us, something that is not merely old but eternally young, Chinese studies would soon take their place in public estimation by the side of Indo-European, Babylonian, and Egyptian scholarship. There is no reason why China should remain so strange, so far removed from our common interests."—PROF. MAX MÜLLER, in *Nineteenth Century* for May, 1891.

I dedicate

THIS BOOK

TO

MY WIFE.

INTRODUCTION

BY

THE RIGHT HON. SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, BART., M.P.,

F.R.S., D.C.L., LL.D.,

CHAIRMAN OF THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.

IN the year 1886 I gave an address on "Books and Reading" at the Working Men's College, which in the following year was printed as one of the chapters in my "Pleasures of Life."

In it I mentioned about one hundred names, and the list has been frequently referred to since as my list of "the hundred best books." That, however, is not quite a correct statement. If I were really to make a list of what are in my judgment the hundred greatest books, it would contain several—Newton's "Principia," for instance—which I did not include, and it would exclude several—the "Koran," for instance—which I inserted in deference to the judgment of others. Again, I excluded living authors, from some of whom—Ruskin and Tennyson, Huxley and Tyndall, for instance, to mention no others—I have myself derived the keenest enjoyment; and especially I expressly stated that I did not select the books on my own authority, but as being those most frequently mentioned with approval by those writers who have referred directly or indirectly to the pleasure of reading, rather than as suggestions of my own.

I have no doubt that on reading the list, many names of books which might well be added would occur to almost any one. Indeed, various criticisms on the list have appeared, and many books have been mentioned which it is said ought to have been included. On the other hand no corresponding omissions have been suggested. I have referred to several of the criticisms, and find that, while 300 or 400 names have been proposed for addition, only half a dozen are suggested for omission. Moreover, it is remarkable that not one of the additional books suggested appears in all the lists, or even in half of them, and only about half a dozen in more than one.

But while, perhaps, no two persons would entirely concur as to all the books to be included in such a list, I believe no one would deny that those suggested are not only good, but among the best.

I am, however, ready, and indeed glad, to consider any suggestions, and very willing to make any changes which can be shown to be improvements. I have indeed made two changes in the list as it originally appeared, having inserted Kalidasa's "Sakoontala,

or The Ring," and Schiller's "William Tell"; omitting Lucretius, which is perhaps rather too difficult, and Miss Austen, as English novelists were somewhat over-represented.

Another objection made has been that the books mentioned are known to every one, at any rate by name; that they are as household words. Every one, it has been said, knows about Herodotus and Homer, Shakespeare and Milton. There is, no doubt, some truth in this. But even Lord Iddesleigh, as Mr. Lang has pointed out in his "Life," had never read Marcus Aurelius, and I may add that he afterwards thanked me warmly for having suggested the "Meditations" to him.* If, then, even Lord Iddesleigh, "probably one of the last of English statesmen who knew the literature of Greece and Rome widely and well," had not read Marcus Aurelius, we may well suppose that others also may be in the same position. It is also a curious commentary on what was no doubt an unusually wide knowledge of classical literature that Mr. Lang should ascribe—and probably quite correctly—Lord Iddesleigh's never having had his attention called to one of the most beautiful and improving books in classical, or indeed in any other literature, to the fact that the emperor wrote in "crabbed and corrupt Greek."

Again, a popular writer in a recent work has observed that "why any one should select the best hundred, more than the best eleven, or the best thirty books, it is hard to conjecture." But this remark entirely misses the point. Eleven books, or even thirty, would be very few; but no doubt I might just as well have given 90, or 110. Indeed, if our arithmetical notation had been duodecimal instead of decimal, I should no doubt have made up the number to 120. I only chose 100 as being a round number.

Another objection has been that every one should be left to choose for himself. And so he must. No list can be more than a suggestion. But a great literary authority can hardly perhaps realize the difficulty of selection. An ordinary person turned into a library and sarcastically told to choose for himself, has to do so almost at haphazard. He may perhaps light upon a book with an attractive title, and after wasting on it much valuable time and patience, find that, instead of either pleasure or profit, he has weakened, or perhaps lost, his love of reading.

Messrs. George Routledge and Sons have conceived the idea of publishing the books contained in my list in a handy and cheap form, selecting themselves the editions which they prefer; and I believe that in doing so they will confer a benefit on many who have not funds or space to collect a large library.

JOHN LUBBOCK.

HIGH ELMS,
DOWN, KENT,
30 *March*, 1891.

* I have since had many other letters to the same effect.

INTRODUCTION TO THE SHI KING.*

BY THE TRANSLATOR.

WHATEVER be the merits of this collection of the venerated ancient poetry of the Chinese, it possesses one quality which ought to have weight with the European reader: it represents, as in a mirror, the circumstances, the thoughts, the habits, the joys and sorrows of persons of all classes of society in China 3,000 years ago, pourtrayed by themselves. In it we have some of the oldest writings of that ancient race of strange custom and peculiar ideas. And yet, as proving that human nature is the same in its feelings and humours, and in its virtues and vices, despite the limits of millenniums and the boundaries of continents, there are pages in which we feel ourselves standing in the midst of the modern life of Europe. We are introduced to a people and a country till of late little known, but which we find here to have been possessed of a moderately high civilization and a literature at a time when our own forefathers were actual barbarians roaming their virgin forests.

It is a common remark that China, though thus early civilized, has stood still during the thirty or forty

* The name Shi King is explained on the title-page, *Shi* meaning poetry or verse, and *King* a classic. There are several "King" in ancient Chinese lore, but the *Shi* and the *Shu* (History) are the principal.

centuries over which its history takes us; but this is not exactly true. Probably at the date of these Odes the country might best be compared to our own in the feudal times, for China had then a feudal system. There are many things in the book which are antiquated and out of date and fashion to the Chinese themselves; but the language, and mode of thought, and many usages are substantially the same as those we see to-day.

The typical Chinaman has ever been far more a man of feeling than he is commonly reputed to be. With him, from the earliest times, music and poetry have always been held in higher estimation than the plastic arts; and he will usually be found to prefer the poetic exposition of a subject to its treatment in matter-of-fact prose. Metrical composition continues to be regarded by him as an essential requirement for one who claims to be an educated man. And whatever moves his soul turns in his language into rhyme with the greatest ease. Chinese is a language more abounding in rhymes than any other, probably, in the world. This is owing to the paucity of sounds, the changes being rung on a few hundred monosyllables, vocalizing with variation of tone many thousands of characters. Herein, also, the history of Chinese poetry differs from that of Western nations. Chinese verse *began* with rhyme, and it seems (*see* the Festal Odes of Shang, the oldest in the book) that the older the poetry is, the greater is the frequency of rhymes; whereas, in Western poetry, as is well known,—whether Greek, Latin, or English,—measure and not rhyme was its characteristic in the earliest stage.

Down to the first half of the eighth century B.C., there had existed in China the practice of collecting the

popular ballads in each of the feudal States. Snatches of verse, many of which were at first mere "poems of occasion," as Goethe would have called them, became at length, if touching a popular chord, national ballads. These collections were, from time to time, communicated to the Government upon its requisition, the avowed object of the ruler being to keep his finger upon the pulse of the nation; for it was recognized even then that national ballads are a power in a country, and show, moreover, how a State is being governed. It is to this practice that we owe the preservation of half of the number of pieces in the Shi King—viz., the *Fung*, or *Volkslieder*, which compose the First Part. Other poems belong to the upper and highest classes of society, such as political songs, often abounding with bitter criticism of the condition of the country, Odes of lamentation by worried and wearied or slandered officials, festal Odes commonly sung on fixed occasions at the court of the sovereign or of the feudal princes, and sacred hymns sung at the sacrifices to the spirits of the royal ancestry.

We are informed by Sze-ma Ts'ien, one of the greatest of China's old historians, that these ancient poems numbered more than three thousand, and that Confucius made selections from them of such as would be likely to be serviceable for the promoting of propriety and righteousness. This was done about the year 483 B.C. The collection, as it left the sage's hand consisted of 311 pieces, of which six have been lost (as indicated in Part II.). Of the remaining 305 all but the last five relate to the dynasty of Chow, and range in date from the twelfth to the seventh century B.C. They are thus often called the Chow poems. The last five,

though placed last, belong to a remoter date, viz., to the time of the preceding dynasty of Shang* (B.C. 1766–1122).

Thus the Shi King claims an antiquity as high as, or even higher than, that of the Hebrew Psalms, and somewhat like that of the Hindu Rig-Veda. Yet it cannot be compared with either, having very little in common with either. There is in it vastly less of religious feeling and sentiment than in the Psalms, and it is wanting almost wholly in the mythology of the Rig-Veda. It is not indeed, in one sense of the word, a religious book. Most of it is eminently secular and human; and when Professor Legge prepared to include it in the Oxford Edition of "Sacred Books of the East," edited by Professor Max Müller, he found that only a small portion could really be denominated sacred, and thereupon contributed that small portion, in prose.

Of many of the ballads Confucius might well have been asked why he retained them on his expurgation of the larger collection, and how they were to conduce at all to propriety and righteousness. His reply would have been, probably, that where the mention of impropriety or vice occurs it is only that it may be inwardly denounced and avoided, or that it was the result of bad government and example, and, as such, a warning. Or he might, as many of the native commentators have done, have interpreted many a simple love-song as having reference to political affairs, and as not being

* It has of late been doubted, chiefly on account of their "elaborate and finished style," whether these five are really older than the Chow poems; yet it is not clear what could be the object of *forging* any such. Each of them refers to matters which could have been of no importance to any other time than that which it commemorates.

what it seemed. It is certain that he himself placed a great value upon the Odes. He loved to discourse upon them, as all his admirers have since done, perpetually quoted them in his teachings, and exhorted his disciples over and over again to study them, with a view to a right education, knowledge of self, and as an incitement to sociability. It is remarkable, however, that he often singles out for especial praise those passages which we should deem as of least worth. For example, of the first twenty-five in this book he does not hesitate to say, "He who has not studied them is like a man with his face turned to a wall." Probably he so regarded these, not so much for their intrinsic merit as for their illustration of the reforms achieved among the people by the beneficent Wăn. Also of the last line but one of IV. iv. 1 ("On a Noble Horse-breeder") he remarks, in the Analects, "The Odes are 300; one expression sums up all—'*mindfulness without deflection.*'" It will be seen, by referring to the piece, and observing the corresponding lines in the other stanzas, how completely he disregarded the connection of these words.

It is in the longer pieces, particularly of Parts III. and IV., that we meet with something approaching to what we should call religious thought; and it is there that we find frequently recurring the name of God (*Ti*), the Supreme God (*Shang Ti*), and Heaven (*T'ien*), regarded always as a personal Being, and as the Maker and Governor of men.*

* I have been repeatedly cautioned by certain missionaries in China against the adoption in my translation of these terms, but I know not how otherwise to translate. Though the Chinese notion of the Supreme Being may be widely different in many respects

So many treatises on the wide subject of the religion of the Chinese have been written, that it is unnecessary to repeat much of the information here. Suffice it to make the following remarks:—First, it must be borne in mind that we have in this book China presented to us previous to the teachings of Confucius himself, previous to the Taoist religion and philosophy, and long previous to the advent of Buddhism from India. We find belief in a Supreme God, invisible and incomprehensible, dwelling in the far-extending Heaven; Whose eye yet searches and scans clearly the world below:—

> "Say not, Heaven is so far, so high;
> Its Servants It is ever nigh;
> And daily are we here within Its sight;" *—

Who punishes and rewards men; Whose power it is vain for the wicked to withstand; Who is the source of all virtue and wisdom, and of all blessing. By Him kings rule, and dynasties rise and fall. In His special oversight are those lesser Rulers of men, who are on that account called "Sons of Heaven." The knowledge of His will is learned from the order of nature; especially, however, through the conscience of the people. In one poem, indeed (III. i. 7), He is represented as "speaking" thrice, as if in person, to King Wăn; a statement which has sorely exercised the minds of the later native expositors. The spirits of good rulers like Wăn and his successors are represented as having at death

from our own, and may be inferior even to those of Jews or Mahomedans, still there ought to be no more offensiveness in translating the terms *Ti* and *Tien* by "God" and "Heaven" than when Christians themselves adopted the Greek *Theos* and afterwards the very term "God" from heathen use.

* IV. III. 3.

gone into Heaven, and as being still actively concerned in the welfare of the kingdom below. They are now "Assessors" of God, and "meet to be linked with Heaven" in worship. They have great influence over the destiny of their descendants. From this we infer a general belief in the personal continued existence of the human soul after death, which belief prevails even now in the great mass of the Chinese people; although in this book there is no mention of retribution for evil in a future state, only temporal punishment, while the good are blessed and held in honoured remembrance on earth. From the same belief arose also the worship of ancestors by prayers, praises, and offerings at certain times; and of other Spirits,—spirits of heroes, of the "Father of Agriculture," the "Father of War," and others, originally, doubtless, men. But from some of the poems we learn that there was moreover a belief, on the part of high and low, in tutelary spirits,—spirits of earth, and air, and sky,—some presiding over mountains, streams, roads, and particular places and objects, some watching over the actions and secret life of men (III. III. 2), and some in the heavenly bodies and constellations. It will be seen also that divination was practised, by the lines on scorched tortoise-shells, by straws or milfoil, or by handfuls of grain; and that there were augurs and interpreters of dreams attached to courts.

Mention is frequently made of temples. But these were in every case halls for ancestor-worship. There were no temples built for the worship of God, or for the propitiation of any spirits other than those of men; for men had been accustomed to dwell in houses. To God and to other spirits were erected altars open to the

canopy of heaven. Although also the rites attending offerings and sacrifices were many and elaborate, the head of the family was the legitimate priest, as in the patriarchal times described in the book of Genesis: only rarely do we find a priest mentioned as acting on his behalf in certain parts of the ritual.

A strange and striking custom at royal sacrifices to ancestors was the employment of some of the younger members of the family as personators of the dead. These were clothed in the garments of the departed, were honoured as if for the while actually possessed by their spirits, ate and drank of the offerings, declared the pleasure of the departed in accepting them, and pronounced blessings on the offerer and his family.

Connected with these rites there was much festivity,—much eating and drinking and social pleasure, though all according to prescribed form and rule; and music and dancing enlivened the after proceedings. Many of the Odes describing them would show that religion with this ancient people was not regarded as incompatible with cheerfulness and conviviality, but as intimately to be connected therewith. It was then that the king was gladdened by being surrounded by his lords and princes, and by his own clansmen; and the bonds of union were strengthened.

To enter upon an exposition of the *social* life of the Chinese in these olden times, interesting as it would be, would be to begin a theme in which it would be difficult to know where to end. It is hoped that the Odes themselves will tell the reader almost all that is known, and that the notes and comments appended to each piece will sufficiently explain all peculiarities. The same remark

applies to geographical matters, and also to the names of persons and unfamiliar things.

The China reigned over by the kings of the House of Chow was not in extent quite a fifth part of the present empire. Its northern limit was a little to the south of the modern capital Peking, and its southern scarcely reached the river Han. It may be described as an oblong tract of (say) 700 miles by 400, stretching from the Gulf of Pechili and the Yellow Sea westwards, and divided into two almost equal parts by the Hwang-ho, or Yellow River. It was surrounded by wild and often turbulent tribes.

A list is here given of the Kings of the Chow line down to the time of Confucius, together with the dates of their accession, and the number of the Odes that may with probability be assigned to each reign. For the last column I am indebted to the investigations of Dr. Legge. The Shang dynasty is placed first, as accounting for the five Odes belonging to it.

THE SHANG DYNASTY.

Kings.	Date of Accession.	No. of Odes.
T'ang, or Ch'ing T'ang to Chow Sin, or Shau (28 kings in all).	B.C. 1766 to „ 1154	5

TRANSITION PERIOD.

"King" Wăn's time,	B.C. 1134-1134	about 35

THE CHOW DYNASTY.

Kings.	Date of Accession.	No. of Odes.
Wu	B.C. 1122	8 or 9
Ch'ing	„ 1115	60
K'ang	„ 1078	
Chau	„ 1052	
Muh	„ 1001	
Kung	„ 946	
I (懿)	„ 934	5
Hiau	„ 909	
I (夷)	„ 894	16
Li	„ 878	
Swăn	„ 827	25
Yiu	„ 781	42
P'ing	„ 770	67
Hwan	„ 719	
Chwang	„ 696	15
Hi	„ 681	5
Hwei	„ 676	12
Siang	„ 651	13
K'ing	„ 618	
K'wang	„ 612	
Ting	„ 606	2
Kien	„ 585	
Ling	„ 571 (Confucius born in 21st year of this reign).	

A short account should be given here of the rise of the Chow dynasty, which will throw light on a great part of the Shi King.

Chow Sin, the last of the Shang kings, although a man of powerful mind and great shrewdness, was yet ferociously cruel, and utterly unprincipled and licentious. The story of his reign, related in the Book of History,

and in the comments on it, is almost too horrible to repeat. One of the princes, Ch'ang, called the "Chief of the West" (afterwards known and honoured by the title of King Wăn), hearing of some of this tyrant's enormities, spoke of them with regret to one of the ministers, who reported the conversation to the king, whereupon Wăn (for so let us now call him) was thrown into prison for a year. After his release, however, the king, at his request, abolished the cruel punishments which he had instituted, and appointed Wăn to be his Minister of War.

In the thirty-second year of his reign the king was admonished by one of his ministers for his bad government, but he paid no heed, and the minister left him; a second expostulated with him, and was imprisoned; a third admonished him still more sharply, whereon the king, angry at the interference, remarked, "I have heard that the heart of a sage has seven cavities; you consider yourself a sage." He then ordered the minister's execution, and that his heart should be torn out for his inspection.

Upon this and similar horrible proceedings one of the feudal princes, Wu, the son and successor of Wăn, who by dint of just and prudent administration had raised his principality to a state of great power and prosperity, was incited to call a conference of the princes of the various States. It was agreed to punish the king, and the agreement was confirmed by a solemn oath to Heaven. Wu marched against him at the head of an armed force on the plains of Muh (*see* III. 1. 2); and though the king had raised an army of 70,000 men to resist him, they proved traitorous to him, and after some fighting opened the way for Wu's forces. The king,

finding himself betrayed, fled to his palace, arrayed himself in his best robes and jewels, set fire to the building, and so perished. His son Wu-Kang was taken prisoner, but gently treated by the conqueror, and afterwards associated with two of his brothers in the government of part of the kingdom. Wu's entrance into the capital was glorious, and his noble yet friendly appearance captivated the people. He sent away all the women of the palace to their homes, but put to death the king's paramour Han Ki, who had urged him on in his iniquities. After some time, not of his own seeking, but by the unanimous desire of the feudal princes and people he was made king, and became the founder of the dynasty of Chow, which lasted 874 years, viz., from B.C. 1122 to 248, during which period thirty-five kings and emperors reigned,—a period unequalled for length, and perhaps for importance, in the history of the many dynasties of China.

The new royal family was a very noble one, and traced itself back to a remote antiquity (*see* III. I. 3; III. II. 1; and III. II. 6). And to this day Wăn, and his two sons Wu and the famous Chow-Kung or Duke of Chow, are regarded as "sages," and as men of renown both in letters and arms. The last named was regent for four years in place of his young nephew Ch'ing, and was the author of the Book of Rites, or rules of etiquette, which are observed throughout the empire at this day. He is the reputed author also of several of these poems.

A word must be added on the structure of the poetry. It has already been noticed that these old Odes and ballads abound in rhymes. Very frequently three occur in a stanza of four lines, viz., in the first, second and

last; sometimes we have quatrains proper, the first and third lines rhyming together, and the second and fourth. But in stanzas of more than four lines the rhymings are not at all regular. Towards the end of the book we find several pieces in blank verse, of lines also of varying length; while in the Odes of Shang there are two poems in which long stanzas contain a rhyme in every line.

A line consists regularly of four characters or monosyllabic words, often strong words, and pregnant with meaning in their collocation, defying an equally terse translation. One such rendering has been made by me (*see* I. III. 2), which affords an excellent example of the enigmatical style of the original. There are exceptions where five, six, and even seven or more characters occur together; and, on the other hand, occasionally two or three are found constituting a line. A great peculiarity is that almost every line is a sentence in itself, which is a source of great comfort amid all the difficulties that beset the translator at every turn.

The number of lines in a stanza varies much. As, however, with very rare exceptions, every ballad and Ode in the book is here rendered in English line for line (much to the detriment of the English, perhaps, but as being a faithful reproduction of the Chinese), the structure in that respect is preserved, and no further notice is necessary. I was struck, on the receipt of a copy of the masterly translation into German by Victor von Strauss, on observing that he had followed the same course as myself, and that he has most admirably succeeded.

A remarkable peculiarity of the ballad style is this, that while in an English ballad we often find a refrain or

chorus at the *end* of the verse, in Chinese there is something corresponding to that in the *beginning*,—some allusion to natural objects, bearing figuratively upon the subject, and repeated perhaps with variations in most of the succeeding verses. In a *few* instances we have indeed the proper chorus or refrain, *e.g.*, in I. I. 9; I. VII. 2; I. VII. 21, &c. In many of these ballads also it will be observed that the whole subject is expressed in the first verse, and that all that follows is merely a playing with the same words or a slight variation from them, with a transposition of them for the sake of rhyme (*see* a good example in I. II. 7). It should however be remembered that these pieces were intended to be *sung*; and what the poet had to say he *wished* to repeat in a round of words, which to him was no more monotonous a thing than the repetition of the *music* that accompanied it!

A specimen is subjoined of a stanza in the ancient and modern characters, with the Cantonese pronunciation *without tones* (the Cantonese dialect being said to be nearest to the ancient pronunciation), and the English equivalents.

The following version I have ventured—from the expressed opinion of some eminent sinologists in Hong Kong—to call a *close translation*. It is based upon a thorough study of the original text, aided by various standard Chinese commentaries; and for my further guidance I have availed myself much of the great work of Dr. Legge (Legge's *Chinese Classics*, Vol. IV.). His critical notes to that prose translation have been invaluable. I could not well have undertaken the present work without the equipment which he provides in his prolegomena and notes. His work will doubtless remain

always the standard one for students; and the erudition, the evidence of wide reading, and the patience and care displayed in it, make one indeed stand aghast. It seems to be the general opinion, however, that in the metrical version which followed, in which he availed himself of coadjutors (*not* sinologists) in England and elsewhere, he has been far from equalling himself. In that version has been adopted the plan of making many difficult pieces intelligible by introducing into them (contrary to his expressed aim) phrases, and often several whole lines of explanatory matter which properly should be relegated to footnotes. It is amusing to find a reviewer of this poetic version inferring from it in one place (I. XIII. 1) a "philosophy of clothes." "No Ritualist," says this reviewer, "could attach more importance to the strings of a tippet or the lining of a robe than do the poets of the Shi"; in support of which he quotes from p. 173,

> "When thus you slight the laws of dress
> You'll heed no laws at all!"

Unfortunately these lines are not to be found in the original "at all."

Decidedly the best European metrical translation of the Shi King has been made by Victor von Strauss, already referred to; and my hope and ambition in publishing the present version is to have done as far as I can in the way of accuracy (though it may often have led to a little awkwardness of style) for English readers what he has done for German.

If it will detract in any degree from the apathy shown by English people towards the literature of the Far East, let me say in conclusion that though the "Poetry Classic" of the ancient Chinese may be despised as poetry, and

may be looked upon only as rhymed prose, yet it has at least the merit of its *age*, and in one important respect it surpasses such poetry as that of Burns, and Byron, and Heine, and many other popular balladists: it has the merit of a greater morality. "I may assure the reader," remarks Professor von der Gabelentz, of Leipsic, in a discussion on these poems, "that in this whole collection of Odes, and indeed in the whole canonic and classical literature of the Chinese, so far as I know it, there is not a line to be found which might not be read aloud without any hesitation in the most prudish society. I know no other literature, of the East or West, on which similar praise could be bestowed."

W. J.

May, 1891.

PRONUNCIATION OF PROPER NAMES, &c.

J, as in French.
Ng commencing a word, like the same letters terminating one.
a, as in *father*.
ai, or *ei*, as in *aisle*, or *eider*.
au, as in German, or like *ow* in *cow*.*
é, as in *fête*.
i (not followed by a consonant), as *ee* in *see*.
u (followed by a consonant), as in *bull*.
iu, as *ew* in *new*.
úi, or *úy*, as *ooi* in *cooing*.
' in the middle of a word denotes an aspirate (*h*).

* N.B.—"Chow" and "How-tsih" should for uniformity's sake be spelled with *au*, but they are too familiarly known in the East as here printed.

SPECIMEN OF A STANZA IN THE ORIGINAL.

(*See p. 81.*)

ho	kwan	hün	hân	ü	ü	kwan	o	K'i	PRONUNCIATION.
hün	tsz	hai	hai	mo	ts'o	tsz	o	o	
throughout	have	imposing	lute-(like)	as	as	have	green	See	
not	talented	ha !	ha !	graven	cut	talented	bamboo	that	VERBATIM
may-be	princely	bruited	dignified	as	as	princely	admirable !	K'i	TRANSLATION.
forgotten	one	ha !	ha !	ground	filed	one	admirable !	cove	

[*To follow page 22.*

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PART I.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE STATES.

BOOK I.

THE ODES OF CHOW AND THE SOUTH.*

I. 1. 1.

SONG OF WELCOME TO THE BRIDE OF KING WĂN.†

Waterfowl‡ their mates are calling,§
On the islets in the stream.
Chaste and modest maid! fit partner
For our lord (thyself we deem).

* By "Chow" is here meant the Royal State, or crown-lands, as distinguished from the Feudal States around. It was the district in which the ancient Chow family had had their seat from B.C. 1325 to King Wăn's time (1231–1135). It lay between the rivers Han and Wai (the latter a tributary of the Ho, or Yellow River). By "the South" we are to understand the States or country south of this Chow.

† The song is supposed to have been made by the inmates of the Palace, the ladies of the harêm, who, it seems, were far from being jealous of her: see Ode 4. Her retiring, gentle ways and chaste disposition made her a proper match as the principal wife of this virtuous prince. For an account of Wán see the whole of Part III. Book I.; in Odes 2 and 4 of that Book will also be found reference to his bride. Her name was T'ai-sze.

‡ There is a difference of opinion as to the name of the birds: some say they are ospreys or fish-hawks, some a species of duck, found always in pairs and inseparable.

§ *Kwân, Kwân*, onomatopoetic, like our "quack, quack"; but the Chinese commentators will have it that it is the harmonious call and response of the pairs of birds.

Waterlilies,* long or short ones,—
Seek† them left and seek them right.
'Twas this chaste and modest maiden
He hath sought for, morn and night.
Seeking for her, yet not finding,
Night and morning he would yearn
Ah, so long, so long!—and restless
On his couch would toss and turn.

Waterlilies, long or short ones,—
Gather,† right and left, their flowers.
Now the chaste and modest maiden
Lute and harp‡ shall hail as ours.
Long or short the waterlilies,
Pluck† them left and pluck them right.
To the chaste and modest maiden
Bell and drum§ shall give delight.

I. 1. 2.

INDUSTRY AND FILIAL PIETY OF WĂN'S QUEEN.

Rarely my creepers grow ‖
Into the vale they flow:
O, 'tis a leafy sea!

* Strictly, an aquatic gentian,—marsh-flower; sought for its beauty and purity.

† I give the meaning of these perplexing verbs as found in the old Chinese Dictionary, the Urh-ya.

‡ "Lute" is here given for an instrument with a single octave of strings; "harp" for a larger instrument of the same kind with several octaves.

§ Bells and drums were much used in old China as musical instruments.

‖ The creeper here specified (*Kŏ*) has no English name. It is a species from the fibres of which a material for clothing is made.

Golden orioles, taking flight,
Now on the bosky trees alight,
  Chirruping all with glee.

Rarely my creepers grow!
Into the vale they flow;
  Thick are their leafy beds.
These will I cut, prepare, and boil,
Lawn, coarse and fine, that ne'er will soil,
  Weaving out of their threads.

Then let the matron* know,—
Know I must homewards go;
  So be my wardrobe clean;
So be my robes rinsed free from spot.
Which then be sullied, and which be not?
  —Parents must aye be seen.

I. 1. 3.

THE ABSENT HUSBAND.†

I PICKED and picked the mouse-ears,‡
  Nor gained one basket-load;
My heart was with my husband:
  I flung them on the road.

I climbed yon rugged mountain,
  My ponies all broke down;
I filled my golden goblet
  Long anxious thought to drown.

* A Court-Stewardess, or Mistress of Ceremonies.

† Referred also to T'ai-sze.

‡ The "mouse-ear" is a Chinese edible fungus; so called from its shape.

I climbed yon lofty ridges,
With my ponies black and bay;
I filled for me my horn-cup*
Long torture to allay.

I climbed yon craggy uplands,
My steeds grew weak and ill;
My footmen were exhausted:—
And here I sorrow still!

I. 1. 4.

THE CREEPERS.†

In the South the trees bend low,
Creepers creeping o'er them.
Happy with her lord is she;
Fortune is behind, before them!

In the South the trees bend low;
Creepers wild caress them.
Happy with her lord is she;
Fortune followeth to bless them!

In the South the trees bend low,
Creepers winding round them.
Happy with her lord is she;
Fortune following hath crowned them.

* A cup made of rhinoceros' or unicorn's horn.

† The creeper is here again the *Kŏ*. The bending trees would naturally seem to represent the husband, and the creepers the wife. But, the speakers being the concubines, some suppose that T'ai-sze is the tree, and those ladies themselves the creepers, delighting in her society, and showing themselves absolutely free from jealousy.

I. 1. 5.

THE LOCUSTS.*

How do the locusts crowd—
A fluttering throng!
May thy descendants be
Thus vast, thus strong!

How do the locusts' wings
In motion sound!
May thy descendants show,
Like them, no bound!

How do the locusts all
Together cluster!
May thy descendants too
In such wise muster!

I. 1. 6.

BRIDAL-SONG (General).

Ho, graceful little peach-tree,
Brightly thy blossoms bloom!
Go, maiden, to thy husband;†
Adorn his hall, his room.

* Under the figure of the locusts—prolific and harmonious—a wish is here expressed for one of the blessings most highly valued by the Chinese,—a numerous progeny; or, if such were already the case with T'ai-sze, then it is congratulation:—*i*, translated "may" in the third line, means strictly "it is fitting." This piece is also supposed to emanate from the Court ladies, who, it is said, were willing even to count their own children as hers!

† The maiden is not thus directly *addressed* in the original; but the above is otherwise exactly literal.

Ho, graceful little peach-tree,
Thy fruit abundant fall!
Go, maiden, to thy husband;
Adorn his room, his hall.

Ho, graceful little peach-tree,
With foliage far and wide!
Go, maiden, to thy husband;
His household well to guide.

I. I. 7.

THE STALWART RABBIT-CATCHER.*

Deftly he sets his rabbit-nets;
Hear what blows, as he drives each stake!
Stalwart and strong,—'tis a warrior's form:
Wall and shield for his Prince he'd make.

Deftly he sets his rabbit-nets,
Midway there where the most tracks be.
Stalwart and strong,—'tis a warrior's form:
Right-hand man for his Prince were he.

Deftly he sets his rabbit-nets;
Right in the heart of the wildwood spread.
Stalwart and strong,—'tis a warrior's form:
Such were a Prince's heart and head!

* Under King Wăn's rule men of all, even the humblest, classes who did their duty well and energetically were qualifying themselves for promotion. Two men are said in his reign to have been raised to the rank of Ministers from their rabbit-trapping.

I. 1. 8.

SONG OF THE PLANTAIN-GATHERERS.*

To gather, to gather the plantain,
To gather it in, we go;
To gather, to gather the plantain,
See now we begin, yoho!

We gather, we gather the plantain,
Ho this is the way 'tis clipped!
We gather, we gather the plantain,
And so are the seeds all stripped!

We've gathered, we've gathered the plantain,
Ho now in our skirts 'tis placed;
We've gathered, we've gathered the plantain,
Now bundled, see, round each waist!

I. 1. 9.

THE UNAPPROACHABLE MAIDENS.†

In the South are stately poplars,
Vainly there we rest for shade;
By the Han maids wander freely,
Vainly there love's quest is made.
O the Han's great breadth (divides us)!
Baffling to the diver's craft.
O the Kiang's great length (divides us)!
Baffling to the toiling raft.

* This simple song is inserted to illustrate the cheerful industry of the time of peace brought about by King Wăn. The women go out collecting ribgrass or plantains for medicinal or other purposes after their ordinary day's labours are over, and sing as they go.

† King Wăn had brought about a great reformation in the manners of the people, which heretofore had been very dissolute. The damsels in the neighbourhood of the river Han could now roam unmolested; men could not mix even with the grass-cutters and fuel-gatherers, under the pretence of helping them. It was as if the broad Han and the long Kiang (the Yang-tse) kept them asunder.

Some are piling high their firewood;
O to cut away each thorn!
Others leaving to be married;
O to give their steeds their corn!
But the breadth of Han (divides us),
Baffling to the diver's craft,
And the length of Kiang (divides us),
Baffling to the toiling raft.

Some are piling high their grass-loads;
O to cut the fragrant weed! *
Others leaving to be married;
O their two-year-olds to feed!
But the breadth of Han, &c.

I. I. 10.

WIFELY SOLICITUDE.†

Along the dykes of Ju I passed,
And lopped the twigs and boughs;
My soul was faint with its long fast:
I saw not yet my spouse.

Along the dykes of Ju I passed,
And lopped the shoots new-grown; ‡
I saw my noble spouse at last,
He left me not alone.

Poor bream! § thy tail is crimson now!
Kings' biddings are severe—
Ordeals of fire!—yet aye hadst thou
Our land's Protector near.

* A kind of southernwood is here named in the original.

† The husband had been absent with Wăn (who at that time was in charge of military affairs) during the wars of Shau, the last and most tyrannical sovereign of the Shang dynasty.

‡ Meaning that a year had passed, and spring had come again.

§ This last stanza is full of confused and certainly confusing

I. I. 11.

THE LIN.*

He, the lin showeth its hoof!
Prince, thy good sons are the proof:
Yea, 'tis the lin!

Ha, the lin showeth its brow!
Prince, noble grandsons hast thou:
Yea, 'tis the lin!

Ha, the lin showeth its horn!
True every relative born!
Yea, 'tis the lin!

metaphor. The bream's tail is not naturally red, but is said to become so after lashing about in shallow waters: such was the husband's sunburnt and beaten appearance when he returned. I have taken some liberty with the last three lines. In the original the characters literally mean

Royal House like flames,
Yet though like flames,
Father, mother, full nigh.

The Chinese commentators treat the words "house" and "flames" as representing government with barbarity; and Chu Hi, one of the best of these commentators, thinks that the expression "father and mother" refers, by way of contrast, to the paternal authority and protection of Wăn.

* The lin was a fabulous creature, somewhat corresponding to our unicorn. It was supposed to appear only when a race of good rulers arose, as the auspice of all good. Its *hoofs* hurt nothing living, it did not butt with its *brow*, and its *horn*, though formidable-*looking*, was tipped with soft flesh. The song is in praise of King Wăn's descendants and kindred. Surely the lin had come! The descriptive "chan chan" in each second line in the original has various meanings assigned to it, which may justify the varied translation given above.

BOOK II.

THE ODES OF SHÂU AND THE SOUTH.*

I. II. 1.

THE WEDDING-JOURNEY OF A PRINCESS.

The magpie has a nest;
The dove yet takes possession.—
Lo! the young bride departs,
In many-wheeled procession.

The magpie has a nest;
The dove yet there will quarter.—
Lo! the young bride departs;
And countless cars escort her.†

The magpie has a nest;
The dove will fill it (quickly).—
Lo! the young bride departs,
With chariots mustered thickly.

* Shâu was a feudal State west of the Chow of last Book, and adjoining it. Both together were originally one district, known as K'i-Chow. "The South" refers to the lands south of Shâu.

† The cockney rhyme must be pardoned; the words are a literal rendering.

II. 2.

A REVERENT HELPMATE.*

THERE gathers she the fragrant herb†
Along the islets, by the pools,
To mingle with the votive gifts
Of him that o'er the princedom rules.

There gathers she the fragrant herb
Amid the mountain streams again,
To mingle with the votive gifts
Her prince will offer in the fane.

With head-gear all erect and high
Ere dawn the temple she attends;
With head-gear all uncared for now
Back to her place her way she wends.

I. II. 3.

A LONG-ABSENT HUSBAND.

Now the crickets chirp and grind;‡
And the hoppers spring and fly.
But my lord not yet I find;
Ay, and sore at heart am I.
O to see him once again!
O to meet him once again!
Stilled were then the swelling sigh.

* The Ode is said to illustrate the influence of the reforms of King Wăn. The wife of a feudal prince is here praised for her diligence in preparing for her husband's offerings in the ancestral temple.

† The white southernwood.

‡ Different seasons of the year are thus poetically referred to in the opening lines of each verse. The ferns were edible ones.

Climbed I yonder up South Hill,
Plucked sweet brackens as I went.
But my lord I saw not still;
Loud was yet my heart's lament.
O to see him once again!
O to meet him once again!
So my heart were well content.

Climbed I yonder up South Hill,
Now to pluck the royal fern.
Yet my lord I saw not still;
Still my heart must pine and yearn.
O to see him once again!
O to meet him once again!
So my heart's-ease might return.

I. II. 4.

THE YOUNG WIFE'S ZEALOUS CARE IN THE WORSHIP OF HER HUSBAND'S ANCESTORS.

She goes to gather water-wort,
Beside the streams south of the hills;
She goes to gather water-grass
Along the swollen roadside rills;

Goes now to store her gathered herbs
In basket round, in basket square;
Goes now to seethe and simmer them
In tripod and in cauldron there;

Pours out libations of them all
Beneath the light within the Hall.—
And who is she—so occupied?
—Who, but (our lord's) young pious bride?

I. II. 5.

IN MEMORY OF A WORTHY CHIEFTAIN.

O PEAR-TREE, with thy leafy shade!
Ne'er be thou cut, ne'er be thou laid;—
Once under thee Shâu's chieftain stayed.

O pear-tree, with thy leafy crest,
Ne'er may they cut thee, ne'er molest;—
Shâu's chief beneath thee once found rest.

O pear-tree, with thy leafy shroud,
Ne'er be those branches cut, nor bowed,
That shelter to Shâu's chief allowed.

I. II. 6.

THE RESISTED SUITOR.*

ALL soaking was the path with dew.
And was it not scarce daybreak, too?
I say: the path was drenched with dew.

Who says the sparrow has no horn?
How bores it then into my dwelling?

* Further illustrating the reformations made by King Wăn. The women by the new rules are able to protect themselves against forcible seizure and marriage. Dr. Legge thus cites the account given by an ancient writer of the origin of these lines: "A lady of Shin was promised in marriage to a man of Fung. The ceremonial offerings from his family, however, were not so complete as the rules required; and when he wished to meet her and convey her home, she and her friends refused to carry out the engagement. The other party brought the case to trial, and the lady made this Ode, asserting that while a single ceremony was not complied with, she would not allow herself to be forced from her parent's house." The language of the piece is, however, very difficult and obscure.

Who says of thee, thou art forlorn? *
Why then this forcing and compelling?
But force, compel me, do thy will:
Husband and wife we are not still.†

Who says of rats, they have no teeth?
How do they bore then through my wall?
Who says of thee, thou art forlorn?
Why force me then into this brawl?
But force me, sue me,—even so,
With thee I do not mean to go!

I. II. 7.

DIGNITY AND ECONOMY OF KING WĂN'S COUNCILLORS.

Clad in lambskin or in sheepskin,
Five white silken seams that show,
To their meal from court retiring,
With what dignity they go!

Bare of wool,‡ the lamb or sheepskin
Five white sutures may reveal,
Still with dignity retire they
From their Master to their meal.

* *Wu kiâ*, lit., "without home"; but the commentators twist it into meaning "without going through the rites of engagement and betrothal."

† *Kiâ shih puh tsuh*;—"*kiâ shih*" often stands for husband and wife, and "*puh tsuh*" (lit., not sufficient) may simply mean "not quite."

‡ These seem to be the meanings of *kih* and *tsung*, as variations from the p'i, the woolly skin of the first stanza. The idea of the writer seems to be that, however faded and worn these garments were, they still retained and exhibited entire their dignity and self-respect.

Though the skins, now rent in patches,
Five white silken seams require,
Still with dignity the wearers
To their meal from Court retire.

I. II. 8.

THE LONELY WIFE.*

HEARKEN! there is thunder
On South Hill's lofty crest.
Hence why must he wander,
Nor dare a moment rest?
True-hearted husband, fain, oh fain
Were I to see thee home again.

Hearken! now the thunder
Rolls lower on South Hill.
Hence why must he wander,
Nor ever dare be still?
True-hearted husband, fain, oh fain
Were I to have thee home again.

Hearken! now the thunder
Is down upon the plain.
Hence why must he wander,
Nor dare awhile remain?
True-hearted husband, fain, oh fain
Were I to find thee home again.

* The husband being constantly called forth for military expeditions, the wife is led to think of him by the occurrence of storms, to which he must be exposed.

I. II. 9.

FEARS OF MATURE MAIDENHOOD.

Though shaken be the damson-tree,
Left on it yet are seven, O.
Ye gentlemen who care for me,
Take chance while chance is given, O.

Though shaken be the damson-tree,
Yet three are still remaining, O.
Ye gentlemen who care for me,
Now, *now*; the time is waning, O.

Ah, shaken is the damson-tree,
And all are in the basket, O.
Ye gentlemen who care for me,
Your question—would ye ask it, O!

I. II. 10.

CONTENTED CONCUBINES.

Starlets dim are yonder peeping,—
In the East are five, and three.
Softly, where our lord is (sleeping),
Soon or late by night go we.
Some have high, some low degree.*

Starlets dim are yonder peeping,—
Pleiades, Orion's band.
Softly nightly go we creeping,
Quilt and coverlet in hand.
Some take high, some lower stand.

* Lit., "callings in life are various." The ladies of the bed-chamber, or inferior wives,—*quasi* servants,—are here represented, like those in Book I. (Odes 1 and 4), as recognizing their position, and as being free from envy of the lady who occupies the rank of "first wife."

I. II. 11.

JEALOUSY OVERCOME.*

The Kiang has arms that wayward wind.†
Our lady erst as bride
Our help declined,
Our help declined;—
Anon she was of other mind.

The Kiang has banks within its bed.†
Our lady erst as bride
Our presence fled,
Our presence fled;—
Anon a calmer life she led.

The Kiang has creeks that leave it long.†
Our lady erst as bride
Spurned all our throng,
Spurned all our throng;—
Her sneering now is turned to song.

I. II. 12.

THE CUNNING HUNTER.‡

In the wild there lies a dead gazelle,
With the reed-grass round it wrapt;
And a maid who loveth springtide well
By a winsome youth is trapped.

* The words are put into the mouths of some Prince's concubines. The new wife was at first jealous of these, but afterwards, owing, it is said, to the example of T'ai-sze in King Wăn's household, she ceased to be so.

† Helping words are used in the translation, to give more clearly the idea in these lines of separation and reunion.

‡ Native expositors find here an instance of maidenly modesty and virtue (another result of Wăn's beneficent rule); but who will take the concluding lines in this light?

In the wood thick undergrowth is found,
In the wild the dead gazelle,
With the reed-grass round its body bound;—
And the maid she looketh well.*

"Ah! gently, not so fast, good sir;
My kerchief, prithee, do not stir;
Nor rouse the barking of my cur."

I. II. 13.

A ROYAL WEDDING.

What radiant bloom is there!
Blossoms of cherry wild.
What care attends the equipage
Of her, the royal child! †

What radiance! Like the bloom
Of peach and plum in one!
Granddaughter of the Just King she,
He a true noble's son.‡

How was the bait then laid?
'Twas trimmed with silken twine.
He the true noble's son (thus caught)
Her of the Just King's line!

* Lit., like a jewel.

† The name "*Ki*," in the original, was the surname of the House of Chow.

‡ This was doubtless the son of one of the feudal lords or princes. Such marriages tended to strengthen the union of the States and the throne.

I. II. 14.

THE TSOW YU.*

Out there where the reeds grow rank and tall,
One round he shoots, five wild boars fall.
Hail the Tsow Yu!

And there where the grass is waving high,
One round he shoots, five wild hogs die.
Hail the Tsow Yu!

* Tsow Yu was the name of a fabulous beast resembling a tiger, supposed to appear only in the time of princes of rare benevolence and uprightness. There is a later explanation of the term, which makes it the name of a celebrated hunter; but the old view is more probably the right one.

Note.—Although this is one of the shortest and apparently most trivial of the Odes in the Book of Poetry, it is credited by the Chinese editors with as much meaning as the largest. It is regarded, like so many more, as illustrating the extent of the reformation brought about by King Wăn. Not only was the kingdom better ruled, society better regulated, and individuals more self-disciplined and improved in manners, but the reformation affected all things: vegetation flourished, game became most abundant, hunting was attended to at the right seasons, and the benign influence of the King was everywhere felt by the people. The poet thinks it is sufficient to dwell upon these last characteristics. Probably the lines were written after some royal hunt.

BOOK III.

THE ODES OF P'EI.

P'ei was one of three principalities which King Wu created after he overthrew the dynasty of Shang. It was in the north; and the two others were—Yung in the south, and Wei in the west. P'ei and Yung were, after a short time, absorbed in Wei, which had a long history. We have, in Books III., IV. and V. titles taken from all three; but evidently the division is only artificial: the three Books might all have been included properly under the title Wei, since it is that State with which all are connected.

I. III. 1.

DERELICT.*

The cedar boat is drifting,
On currents never still.
Sleepless I lie, vexed inly,
As with some unknown ill.
'Tis not that wine is wanting,
Or leave to roam at will.

* It is very probable that the first five Odes in this Book, and the third of the Odes of Wei (Bk. V.), are to be taken as referring to the same lady,—the wife of Duke Ch'wang, of Wei (who ruled that state B.C. 756-734). Putting the six together, and the last first—as the Epithalamium—we have part of the story of this admirable and beautiful lady (Ch'wang Kiang), as given in one or two histories of those times. The chief points in that story may be stated here. Ch'wang Kiang had had the misfortune to be childless, and was in

My heart is no mere mirror
That cannot comprehend.
Brothers I have, but may not
On brothers e'en depend.
Tush! when I go complaining
'Tis only to offend.

No stone this heart of mine is,
That may be turned and rolled;
No mat this heart of mine is,
To fold or to unfold.
Steadfast and strict my life is;
Nought 'gainst it can be told.

Yet here I sit in sorrow,
Scorned by a rabble crew.
My troubles have been many,
My insults not a few.
Calmly I think—then, starting,
I beat my breast anew.

O moon, why now the brighter?*
O sun, why now dost wane?

consequence rudely treated, and at length supplanted by another wife. The second wife, another lady of rank, bore a son, but he died in childhood. There was, however, another son (Hwan) by a concubine, the cousin of Ch'wang Kiang, whom the duke looked upon as his successor, and Ch'wang Kiang, at his wish, readily adopted the child as her own. On the death of the duke, a third son, Chow-Yu, the child of a concubine of meaner birth, brought trouble into the family, and in course of time murdered Hwan, and tried, but without success, to usurp his position.

The lamentations in many of these Odes are the usual tale of the misery resulting upon Eastern polygamy and concubinage; yet they reveal much that is noble and good in the character of the lady Ch'wang.

* *See* Ode 4. The reference to the sun and moon changing positions seems to point to her own abandonment for another.

My heart wears grief as garments
Inured to soil and stain.
Calmly I think—then, starting,
Would fly—but all in vain.

I. III. 2.

SUPPLANTED.

GREEN now my robe! *
Green, lined with yellow.
Ah! when shall Grief
Be not my fellow!

Green is the robe;
Yellow the skirt!
Ah! when shall Grief
Nevermore hurt!

Green is the silk;
Ruled so by you.—
Guide me, ye ancients! †
Harm lest I do.

Lawn,‡ fine or coarse,
Chills in the wind.—
Guide me, ye ancients!
Save me my mind.

* This is truly Chinese. Ch'wang Kiang feels her degraded position, and the expression of her grief takes a very metaphorical turn. Green is a colour less esteemed than yellow. All things are inverted, and out of place.

† Lit., I muse upon the ancients,—*i.e.*, the examples of great women of old time.

‡ Grass-cloth. She must even now wear a cold dress in cold weather.

I. III. 3.

FRIENDS IN DISTRESS.*

O THE swallows onward flying,
Wings aslant, irregular!
O the lady homeward hieing;
O'er the wilds escort her far.
Gaze I till I gaze in vain,
And my tears are like the rain.

O the swallows onward flying,
Soaring upward, darting low!
O the lady homeward hieing;
Far then let her escort go.
Gaze I till I gaze in vain;
Long I stand and weep amain.

O the swallows onward flying,
High and low, with twittering mouth!
O the lady homeward hieing;
Far escort her to the South.
Gaze I till I gaze in vain,
And my heart scarce bears the pain.

Lady Chung †—on love relying,
And of feelings true and deep,
Ever sweet and much-complying,
Strict, yet, self-respect to keep—
Thoughtful of the dead ‡ was she:
Bright example to poor me!

* The supplanted wife seems to have lived harmoniously, and even very amicably, with the lady who took her place. In this Ode she pours out her grief at the departure of the latter, who after the murder of her son Hwan returned home to her parents.

† Chung is properly the "second" sister or daughter. Her name was Tai Kwei.

‡ Lit., the former lord. From this we learn that the husband was now dead.

I. III. 4.

CLOUDS GATHERING.*

O SUN, O moon, ye downwards turn
To earth your glorious gaze.
But ah! that men there be like this,
Forsaking ancient ways!
Where can be peace? Alas, *his* glance
From *me* for ever strays!

O sun, O moon, this earth below
Hath you as crown above.
But ah, that men there be like this,
That give not love for love!
Where can be peace? Alas that he
Should so responseless prove!

O sun, O moon, that morn and eve
Rise in yon Eastern sky.
Alas that men there be like this,
Whose deeds fair words belie.
Where can be peace? Ah, better now
If *memory* could but die!

O sun, O moon, that morn and eve
Rise yonder in the East.
O parents mine! your charge of me
Hath not for ever ceased.
Where can be peace? For to my love
Responds he not the least.

* This and the following piece ought properly to have been placed before Ode 3.

I. III. 5.

THE STORM.

Long, long the stormwind blew, and wild.—
He turned to look at me: he smiled;
But mockery was there, and scorn.
Ah, how my very heart was torn!

Long, long it blew, with dust for rain.—
"Be kind, and come to me again."
He came not, neither went his way;
And long in pensive thought I lay.

On still it blew, with storm-clouds black;
Scarce light there was, so dense the pack.
Wakeful I lay, nor closed mine eyes;
And anxious thought brought fitful sighs.

Black and more black yet grew the gloom;
Then came loud thunder, boom on boom.
Awake I lay, all sleep was fled,
And anxious thought my fever fed.

I. III. 6.

THE SOLDIER SIGHS FOR WIFE AND HOME.

When the beating of drums was heard around,
How we sprang to our weapons with leap and bound!
But the fields must have some, and the walls of Ts'o* ;—
We alone to the South must a-marching go.

So we followed our leader Sun Tse-Chung,
And a peace there was made with Ch'in and Sung.†

* A city in Wei.

† Chow-yu (*see* note on Ode 1 of this Book), after his murder of Hwan, found the people disaffected towards him, and sought popularity by directing an expedition against Ch'in, in the South, for which he obtained the co-operation of these two States, Ch'in and Sung.

But of homeward march is no sign as yet,
And our hearts are heavy, and pine and fret.

Ah! here we are lingering; here we stay;
And our steeds go wandering far astray;
And quest of them all must needs be made
Away in the depths of the woodland shade.

But, though far to be severed in death or life,
We are bound by the pledge each gave to his wife;
And we vowed, as we stood then hand in hand,
By each other in life's last years to stand.

Alas! now wide is the gulf between!
And life to us now is a blank, I ween.
And, alas, for the plighted troth—so vain!
Untrue to our words we must aye remain.

I. III. 7.

THE DISCONTENTED MOTHER.*

From the South the gladdening breezes blow
On the heart of that bush of thorn;
And the inmost leaves in it gaily grow.—
But the mother with care is worn.

From the South the gladdening breezes blow
On the twigs of that thorny tree.
And the mother is wise and good, but oh!
Bad and worthless men are we.

* Seven sons accuse themselves of being the cause of their mother's discontent and fretfulness. It is supposed the fault was her own, and that, although having so many sons, she desired more; and the sons, in making these lines, and laying the blame on themselves, wished delicately to recall her to a sense of duty. The Ode is said by the Chinese commentators to illustrate the licentious manners of Wei. The opening lines of each verse point, by way of contrast, to the glad content of nature all around her.

From the spring 'neath the walls of Tsun there runs
A cool and refreshing rill.
But the mother, though hers be seven sons,
Unrelieved here toils on still.

And the golden bright-eyed orioles
Wake their tuneful melodie.
But the mother's heart no son consoles,
Though we seven around her be.

I. III. 8.

SEPARATION.*

The male pheasant has taken his flight,
Yet leisurely moved he his wings!
Ah, to thee, my beloved, thyself
What sorrow this severance brings!

The male pheasant has taken his flight;
From below, from aloft, yet he cried.
Ah, true was my lord; and my heart
With its burden of sorrow is tried.

As I gaze at the sun and the moon,
Free rein to my thoughts I allow.
O the way, so they tell me, is long:
Tell me, how can he come to me now?

Wot ye not, then, ye gentlemen all,†
Of his virtue and rectitude?
From all envy‡ and enmity free,
What deed doth he other than good?

* The wife of some officer tells of their mutual regret at his absence on foreign service.

† The husband's comrades.

‡ Lit., covetcousness.

I. III. 9.

UNTIMELY UNIONS.

"The leaves of the gourd are yet sour* to the taste,
And the way through the ford is deep" (quoth she).
—"Deep be it, our garments we'll raise to the waist,
Or shallow, then up to the knee" (quoth he).

"But the ford is full, and the waters rise.
Hark! a pheasant there, in alarm she cries."
—"Nay, the ford when full would no axle wet;
And the pheasant but cackles to fetch her mate."

"More sweet were the wildgoose' cries† to hear,
When the earliest streaks of the dawn appear;
And that is how men should seek their brides,—
(In the early spring) ere the ice divides.‡

The ferryman beckons and points to his boat:—
Let others cross over, *I* shall *not*.
The others may cross, but I say nay.
For a (true) companion here I stay."

I. III. 10.

LAMENT OF A DISCARDED WIFE.

When East winds blow unceasingly,
They bring but gloominess and rain.
Strive, strive to live unitedly,
And every angry thought restrain.

* *i.e.*, the gourds (the shells of which were used in crossing rivers) were not yet ripe.

† The proper custom, when a man wished to have a day fixed for the bringing home of his bride, was to send a live goose to her parents' house at the early dawn.

‡ Marriages took place in the spring, and the ceremony of sending the goose was to be observed some time before, ere the winter's ice began to break up. It may be that this explains the allusion to the swollen ford.

The whole piece is very difficult of interpretation, and I see in it no more than the expostulation of a lady against her lover, who seems to have desired to dispense with the usual formalities.

Some plants we gather for their leaves,
But leave the roots untouched beneath;
So, while unsullied was my name,
I should have lived with you till death.

With slow, slow step I took the road,
My inmost heart rebelling sore.
You came not far with me indeed,
You only saw me to the door.
Who calls the lettuce bitter fare?
The cress is not a whit more sweet.
Ay, feast there with your new-found bride,
Well-pleased, as when fond brothers meet.

The Wei, made turbid by the King,
Grows limpid by the islets there.
There, feasting with your new-found bride,
For me no longer now you care.
Yet leave to me my fishing-dam;
My wicker-nets—remove them not.
My person spurned,—some vacant hour
May bring compassion for my lot.

Where ran the river full and deep,
With raft or boat I paddled o'er;
And, where it flowed in shallower stream,
I dived or swam from shore to shore.
And what we had, or what we lost,
For that I strained my every nerve;
When other folks had loss, I'd crawl
Upon my knees, if aught 'twould serve.

And you can show me no kind care,
Nay, treated like a foe am I!
My virtue stood but in your way,
Like traders' goods that none will buy.

Once it was feared we could not live;
In your reverses then I shared;
And now, when fortune smiles on you,
To very poison I'm compared.

I have laid by a goodly store,—
For winter's use it was to be;—
Feast on there with your new-found bride,—
I was for use in poverty!
Rude fits of anger you have shown,
Now left me to be sorely tried.
Ah, you forget those days gone by,
When you came nestling to my side!

I. III. 11.

A PRINCE AND HIS OFFICERS IN TROUBLE.*

Fallen so low, so low!
Wherefore not homeward go?
And we,—how could we for our chief refuse
Exposure to the nightly dews?

Fallen so low, so low!
Wherefore not homeward go?
And did we not our chief himself require,
How lived we here in mud and mire?

* In explanation of this piece we are told that in the time of Duke Swân, of Wei, the chief of the adjoining state of Li had been driven out of his territory by the Tih hordes, and had sought help in Wei; but was long detained there by false promises, and was reduced to great straits, and evidently treated with indignity. His officers, while showing attachment to him, complain of his hardships and their own, and urge him to return to Li.

I. III. 12.

LI FINDS NO HELP IN WEI.*

How have the creepers on the crested slope
Crept with their tendrils far and wide!
And O, ye foster-fathers of our land,†
How have our days here multiplied!

Why is there never movement made?
Comes surely some expected aid.
Why is this long, protracted pause?
'Tis surely not without a cause.

With foxfurs worn and frayed, without our cars,
Came we not Eastward here to you?
O ye, the foster-fathers of our land,
Will ye have nought with us to do?

A shattered remnant, last of all our host,
But waifs and vagabonds are we!
And ye, the foster-fathers of our land,
Smile on, but deaf ye seem to be!

I. III. 13.

BUFFOONERY AT COURT.‡

Calm and cool, see him advance!
Now for posturing and dance,—
While the sun's in middle sky,—
There in front of platform high!

* *See* note on the last Ode. The officers of the Chief of Li complain of the delay and indifference of their brother officers of Wei in their extremity.

† Lit., O ye younger and elder uncles.

‡ Satire. The Duke of Wei was employing his best men as buffoons.

See him, corpulent and tall,
Capering in that ducal hall!
Tiger-like in strength of limb,—
Reins like ribbons were to him!

Left hand now the flute assumes,*
Right hand grasps the pheasant's plumes;†
Red, as though with rouge, the face.
"Give him liquor!" cries His Grace.

There are hazels on the hill,
There is fungus in the fen.
Say to whom my thoughts then flee.—
To those fine West-country men.‡
Those are admirable men!
The West-country men for me!

I. III. 14.

HOMESICK.§

Fain are those waters to be free,
Leaving their spring to join the K'i.‖
So yearns my heart for thee, dear Wei;—
No day but there in thought I fly.
Here are my cousins,¶ kind are they:
O, before these my plans I'll lay.

* and † These refer to various dances. *See* I. VI. 3, and II. VI. 4.

‡ In the West-country was the seat of Chow, where the rulers knew better than to use such a man as this merely as a dancer.

§ A princess of Wei, married to the chief of some other State, desires to visit her native land. This it would have been permissible to do, had her parents been still living; but these being dead, she could not do so. She forms her plans for the journey, and thinks that a visit to her relatives might not be objected to, but again shrinks back in doubt as to the propriety of so doing.

‖ One of the chief rivers of Wei.

¶ The ladies of the palace, who had come with her.

On leaving home I lodged in Tsi,
And drank the god-speed cup in Ni.*
Maids, when their wedding trip they take,
Parents and brothers all forsake.
Yet let me go my aunts to greet;
Let me my elder sisters meet.

And, leaving here, I'd lodge in Kan,
Then drink the god-speed cup in Yen.
Oil me then well my axles, O!
Back in my carriage let me go.
Soon should I be in Wei;—but oh!
Were I not *wrong* in acting so?

Ah!—For that land of fertile streams†
Long do I sigh in waking dreams.
So when I think of Siu and Ts'o,‡
Full is my heart, to overflow.
Drove I but forth to wander there,
Then were unbosomed all my care.

I. III. 15.

OFFICIAL HARDSHIPS.

Out by the northern gate§ I go my way,
Bearing a load of sorrow and of care;

* Places in Wei through which she had passed on her wedding journey. The terms translated "god-speed cup" refer to the parting feast which was usual on the return of the escorting friends. At this feast an offering was first made to propitiate "the spirits of the way."

† Lit., "I think of the Fei-ts'ün, and for it am perpetually sighing." Fei-ts'ün is said to be the name of a river in Wei; but the words signify fertile springs.

‡ Cities of Wei. We have met with the latter in Ode 6.

§ An officer of Wei, hard pressed by work and poor pay, sets forth his grievances and his meek submission to them as the will of Heaven, yet slyly means the whole to be a rebuke to the Government. "Passing out by the north gate" is an apt introduction

Vulgarly poor am I, and sore bestead,
And of my hardships all are unaware.
Ah, so indeed!
Yet Heaven hath so decreed;
What therefore can I say?

On me devolves the business of the king,
On me official burdens fast encroach;
On me, at home, arriving from abroad,
My household all conspire to heap reproach
Ah, so indeed!
Yet Heaven hath so decreed;
What therefore can I say?

All urgent is the business of the king;
Official cares press on me more and more.
And when at home, arriving from abroad,
My household one and all thrust at me sore.
Ah, so indeed,
Yet Heaven hath so decreed;
What therefore can I say?

I. III. 16.

EMIGRANTS.*

Cold north winds † are blowing,
Heavy falls the snow.
Friend, thy hand, if thou art friendly!
Forth together let us go.
Long, too long, we loiter here:
Times are too severe.

to what follows, as symbolizing the way to cold and darkness. Cf. beginning of next Ode.

* In a time of tyranny and confusion in Wei, the peasants felt compelled to emigrate to another State.

† The opening lines are merely symbolical of the oppression felt by the people.

How the north wind whistles,
Driving snow and sleet!
Friend, thy hand, if thou art friendly!
Let us, thou and I, retreat.
Long, too long, we loiter here:
Times are too severe.

Nothing red, but foxes! *
Nothing black, but crows!
Friend, thy hand, if thou art friendly!
Come with me—my waggon goes.
Long, too long, we loiter here:
Times are too severe.

I. III. 17.

IRREGULAR LOVE-MAKING.†

A MODEST maiden, passing fair to see,
Waits at the corner of the wall‡ for me.
I love her, yet I have no interview:—
I scratch my head—I know not what to do.

The modest maid—how winsome was she then,
The day she gave me her vermilion pen!
Vermilion pen was never yet so bright,—
The maid's own loveliness is my delight.

Now from the pasture lands she sends a shoot
Of couchgrass fair; and rare it is, to boot.
Yet thou, my plant (when beauties I compare),
Art but the fair one's gift, and not the Fair!

* The fox and the crow were regarded as ill omens.

† This is said to be directed against the times; therefore, according to this view, the opening words, "the modest maiden," must be understood from the lover's point of view.

‡ The city wall.

I. III. 18.

THE NEW TOWER.*

PAST the New Tower, so spick and span,
The Ho majestic rolled.
There she who sŏught a gallant mate
Found one deformed and old.

'Neath the New Tower's high battlements
The Ho ran smooth and still.
She sought a gallant mate, and lo!
A shapeless imbecile!

The net was ready for a fish,
A goose there came instead.
And she who sought a gallant mate,
Must with this hunchback wed.

I. III. 19.

THE TWO SONS.†

Two youths there were, each took his boat,
That floated, mirrored in the stream;—
And O the fear for those two youths,
And O the anxiety extreme!

* Duke Swân, one of the most dissolute of the rulers of Wei, had contracted for the marriage of his son Kĭ with a lady of T'si. But when the father saw her, he became so enamoured of her beauty that he took her himself, and lodged her in a tower which he caused to be built on an island in the Ho. She is afterwards known by the name of Swân-Kiang.

† Quite a romantic story is attached to this piece, which may be told in the words of the commentator Chu-Hi. Swân-Kiang (*see* note on last Ode) became the mother of two sons, Sheu and Sŏ. Sŏ and his mother brought some charge against Kĭ, the son of a former wife of the Duke (*see* again note to last Ode); and the Duke, believing it, sent him on some errand to T'si, and employed some ruffians to waylay and murder him. Sheu heard of this, and warned Kĭ of his danger. Kĭ answered: "The Duke has given me

Two youths they were, each took his boat,
And floated on the stream away ;—
And O the fear for those two youths ;
If harmed, yet innocent were they.

a command, and I cannot disobey it." Whereupon Sheu secretly disguised himself and took the journey himself, and was killed in the place of his brother. When KI came to the spot he cried: "The Duke gave orders that *I* should be killed. What wrong has Sheu committed?" The murderers killed him also. The country folks were hurt at this, and made this Ode.

BOOK IV.

THE ODES OF YUNG.*

I. IV. 1.

THE FAITHFUL WIDOW.†

THERE let it rock, the boat of yew,
Midway upon the Ho.
One with the twin front locks‡ (I knew)—
My rightful mate—and all life through
I vow none else to know.
My mother, kind as Heaven§ is she,
Yet O, she little knows of me!

There let it rock, that boat of yew,
Now by the river's brim.
One with the twin front locks I knew—
One only—and I vow to do
Till death no wrong‖ to him.
My mother, kind as Heaven is she,
Yet O, she little knows of me!

* On the name Yung *see* note on I. III. page 54.

† The widow's name is given as Kung-Kiang. Her husband, Kung-poh, son of the Marquis Hi (B.C. 854-813), died early, and her mother wished her to marry again, contrary to what she regarded as right and proper. She made a solemn vow to remain true to her departed husband, and here commemorates the fact.

‡ During the lifetime of the parents, sons wore their hair in two tufts over the temples.

§ 母也天只, *Mu ya t'ien chi.* Cf. II. v. 8, last line of 4th stanza.

‖ The "wrong" meant here is re-marriage. To abstain from this "wrong" was, and is still accounted a great virtue in China.

I. IV. 2.

VILE DOINGS AT COURT.*

On the wall when the thorn-crop† clambers,
No brushing will break its hold.
And the tales of my lady's chambers
Are such as may ne'er be told.
What might be told
Would the vilest scenes unfold.

On the wall where the thorn-crop clambers,
It cannot be banished well.
On the tales of my lady's chambers
One may not minutely dwell.
On all to dwell
Were a weary tale to tell.

On the wall when the thorn-crop clambers,
Who'll bind and bear it away?
And the tales of my lady's chambers
Who'll venture to sing or say?‡
To sing or say
The whole, were a shameful lay.

* Contrast with the last. Swân-Kiang (*see* on I. III. 18) was now a widow, and had consented to live with Hwan, the son of her late husband by a former wife. The people condemned this as incest, but dared only speak of it indirectly.

† I have coined this name for a prickly creeper which has not yet, so far as I know, been identified.

‡ *Tuh* (讀) here to recite, or hum over.

I. IV. 3.

FAINT PRAISE.*

A RULER'S wife—to the end of life!
See her the queenly head-dress wear,—
Six jewelled pins within the hair;
What elegance, what grace is there,
The grace of nature's hills and streams!
And O, the figured robe her form beseems.
Yet, with her morals all amiss,
What make we of the like of this!

How rich and rare, how rich and rare
Is her festal robe,—like pheasants' plumes!
And like a cloud her black hair looms.
False locks she scorns, nor e'er assumes.
Of precious stones her ear-plugs are;
A comb of ivory binds her hair;
Her lofty forehead, O so white and fair!
Ah so! celestial, sure, is she!
Ah so! then O—the Deity!

How brilliantly, how brilliantly
Her robes of ceremony shine,
Worn o'er the crape and lawn so fine,
While for her warmth the whole combine.
Arched are her brows, and bright her eyes,
And broad and full her temples nobly rise.
Ha, clearly such a one may stand,
For beauty, foremost in the land!

* Satire on Swân-Kiang. The satire consists probably in the exaggeration of her beauty, but chiefly in the concluding lines of the first and second stanzas, which so quaintly spoil all that goes before and after.

I. IV. 4.

PROMISCUOUS LOVE-MAKING.

When I go to pluck the dodder,*
  Fields and lanes of Mei† among,
Guess you where my thoughts there wander?
  To the fair—the eldest Kiang.‡
    Tryst she gave me at Sang-chung,§
    Was to meet me at Shang-kung;
    And would see me to K'i-shang.

When I go a-gathering wheat-ears,
  North of Mei's the place for me.
Guess you where my thoughts there wander?
  To the fair—the eldest Yih.
    Tryst she gave me at Sang-chung;
    Was to meet me at Shang-kung;
    And would see me to K'i-shang.

When I go to crop the shallots,
  East of Mei I lounge along.
Guess you where my thoughts there wander?
  To the fair—the eldest Yung.
    Tryst she gave me at Sang-chung;
    Was to meet me at Shang-kung;
    And would see me to K'i-shang.

* The names of the plants seem to be of little importance, only introduced in the original to rhyme with the names of the women.

† A district in Wei.

‡ The eldest daughter of the house that bore that family name. So with Yih and Yung. All three were great names; why introduced here in a popular love song? Probably it is satire, and aimed by the people at their superiors.

§ The names in the last three lines are those of small localities in the district of Mei.

I. IV. 5.

FAMILY CONFUSION.*

Quails consort and fly with quails,
Jays will only join with jays;—
I must own as elder brother
One who takes to wanton ways.

Jay will only have his jay,
Quail goes with his consort quail;—
One who takes to wanton courses
I must as "my lady" hail.

I. IV. 6.

THE DILIGENT RULER.†

When Ting‡ had reached its highest point,
Then 'gan he build Ts'u's palace walls;
The sun he took for compass true,§
Then 'gan he build Ts'u's palace halls;
Planted the hazel then, and chestnut-tree,
Dryandras, hardwoods, and the varnish-tree,
Anon to cut for lutes‖—for minstrelsie!

* The wanton ones are Swân-Kiang and Hwan, living together as stated in note on Ode 2 of this Book. The piece is intended as satire, the words being put into the mouth of Sŏ (step-brother of Hwan), who was then ruling, and ought not to have permitted such conduct in the palace. Bitter satire it is, and truly Chinese!

† Duke Wăn—about B.C. 660. Soon after the time of Duke Swân the State of Wei almost collapsed, and its capital was in ruins; but the country found a reformer in this new ruler Wăn, otherwise known as Wei (燬), a son of Hwan and Swân-Kiang.

‡ *Ting* was a small constellation composed of some stars in Pegasus. Its culmination at the termination of husbandry-work signalled the proper time for commencing building operations.

§ Lit., measuring or computing by the sun; the aspect of the palace was thus determined.

‖ This probably points to the duke's love of music.

He climbed yon ancient ruined walls,*
That thence he might his Ts'u behold:
There lay before him Ts'u and T'ang,†
High hills and eminences bold;
Descended then and viewed the mulberry ground,
Asked of the oracle, good omens found,
And in the end with true success was crowned.

Then when the genial rains had fall'n,
He'd bid his groom, while yet 'twas night
And stars were shining, drive him forth,
And in the mulberry lands alight.‡
And yet indeed his *people* were not all§
That for his watchful diligence would call:
Three thousand mares he reared, and stallions tall!

I. IV. 7.

REFORMS IN LOVE AND MARRIAGE.‖

When comes a rainbow¶ in the East,
None dares to raise a finger;
For maidens now go forth and wed,
Nor with the home-folk linger.

* The walls of the old capital.

† A city on the hills of Ts'u.

‡ *Scil.*, to urge and encourage the labourers in their work.

§ I believe this is the correct translation of this concluding passage, though it differs from all I have so far seen. It agrees also with most native commentaries.

‖ Said to refer to the change in the people's morals brought about by Duke Wăn of Wei.

¶ The rainbow was supposed to be the result or offspring of some irregular union between the male and female principles in nature (*Yin* and *Yang*). People were ashamed now to point at the rainbow; greater modesty was seen, and marriage unions were formed according to the established rules.

And when at morn one spans the West,
Ere noon the rain will tarry ;*
But maidens leave the home-folk now,
And go their ways and marry.

But oh, what kind of folk are those,
For marriage always yearning,
While greatly lacking faith and trust,†
Nor laws of Heaven discerning!

I. IV. 8.

MANNERS MAKE THE MAN.‡

See, even a rat hath hide and hair;
And is a man of manners bare?
Nay, sure, a man of manners bare
More fitly dead than living were!

See in the rat how tooth fits tooth! §
And shall a man appear uncouth?
Nay, better than be thus uncouth,
To look for death, not life, forsooth!

See the rat's form—from tail to head.
And shall a man appear ill-bred?
Nay, if a man be so ill-bred,
More soon the better were he dead!

* The meaning seems to be that irregular or unlawful love does not last long. This is contrary to our ideas of "a rainbow in the morning," so far as the rain is concerned.

† Fearing the time may never come, and taking the matter into their own hands, instead of leaving it to the parents.

‡ *See* note explanatory of the last Ode. This refers to the altered tone of manners rather than morals. Man without manners was a self-contradiction; and no more should a man continue to live without them than a rat without skin, teeth, and limbs. In the original the words 儀, 止, and 禮 (*i*, *chi*, and *li*), all represent, with slightly different shades of meaning, the same thing,—propriety in the outward conduct.

§ Lit., "See, the rat has teeth"; but the word for teeth often has the sense given above.

I. IV. 9.

HONOUR TO THE WORTHY.*

HIGH they raise the oxtail-pennons,
There on Tsun's suburban moor,
Staffs all wreathed with white silk wreathing;
Noble teams to meet him—four!†
Yonder worthy, what will he
Render for their courtesie!

High they raise the falcon-banners,
Nearer to the town they drive,
Staffs all wreathed with white silk ribbons,
Noble teams to meet him—five!
Yonder worthy, what shall he
Give them for their courtesie!

High they raise the feathered streamers,
Now upon the walls to fix,—
Staffs all wreathed with white silk bandlets,—
Now the noble teams are six!
Yonder worthy, how shall he
Answer to their courtesie!

I. IV. 10.

THWARTED.‡

O FORTH would I gallop and homeward fly
To cheer in his trouble my lord of Wei;

* There are conflicting opinions as to the meaning of this Ode, even amongst the old Chinese interpreters. It seems to illustrate, further, the good effects of the rule of Duke Wân of Wei;—showing the kind of welcome accorded to men of worth, and showing also that the visits of such would be attended with profit to those who entertained them.

† It will be observed that as one of these worthies approaches a town the attendance upon him gradually increases.

‡ A daughter of Swân-Kiang, married to the baron of Hiu, hears of the troubles in Wei, her native State (*see* note on Ode 6), and wishes to return home to condole and consult with her brother in his distress; this was not permissible, her parents being dead,

And urging my steeds the livelong day
Ts'o's city would reach without delay.
But an officer hies o'er stream and plain,
And I, to my sorrow, must needs remain.

My pleasure, it seems, is not your own;
My hopes of return ye have overthrown.
Yet, though it is plain ye disapprove,
The thoughts of my heart no power can move.
My pleasure is not your own, it seems,
And now can I not recross the streams.
Yet, though ye approve not, as 'tis plain,
The thoughts of my heart can none restrain.

I'd climb to the top of yonder hill,
And gather the lily that care can kill.*
We women are full of wants (ye say),
And every want must have its way.
But wrong are ye there, ye men of Hiu;
And childish and headstrong all are you!

I'd travel across the wide, wide plain,
Now clad in its rich long waving grain,
And make my appeal to the sovereign† State;
For whose is the cause—the need so great?
Ye officers, ye of high degree,
Say not that the error lay with me:
For the counsels of all of you combined
Fall short of the course I had in mind.

and some great officer was despatched instead; but, unlike another princess of Wei (*see* I. III. 14), she clung to her wish as being pardonable under the circumstances, and here expostulates with the ministers of Hiu, although yielding to their decision.

* The "*Mang*" (忘草) is described as a "mother-of-pearl" lily, supposed to have the quality of dissipating cares. The words "that care can kill" are added in the translation, as otherwise no meaning would be conveyed.

† Lit., the great State. This would be that of Ts'i, then the most powerful.

BOOK V.

THE ODES OF WEI.

I. v. 1.

PRAISE OF DUKE WU OF WEI.

(B.C. 811-757.)

SEE in that nook, where bends the K'i,
The green bamboos, how graceful grown!
Ay, and a gifted prince have we,
Polished,—as by the knife and file,
The graving-tool, the smoothing-stone!
What grace, what dignity is there!
What splendour, bruited everywhere!
A gifted prince indeed have we,
And ne'er forgotten shall he be.

See in that nook, where bends the K'i,
The green bamboos, so stout, so fine!
Ay, and a gifted prince have we:—
Rare costly stones his ears adorn,
Gems on his bonnet starlike shine!
What grace, what dignity is there!
What splendour, bruited everywhere!
A gifted prince indeed have we,
And ne'er forgotten shall he be.

See in that nook, where bends the K'i,
The green bamboos, how thick they stand!

Ay, and a gifted prince have we:
Pure as the gold or tin refined,
Sound as the sceptre in his hand!
What ease, what freedom in his gait!
Yet see him in his car of state!
In pleasantry and jest expert,
Withal so careful none to hurt!

---

1. v. 2.

THE HAPPY RECLUSE.*

His cabin rearing† by the mountain stream,
There the great man finds freedom now:
There all alone he muses‡ night and day,§
Ne'er false to his perpetual vow.‖

His cabin rearing on the mountain side,
There the great man his pleasure takes:
There all alone he sings both night and day,
Nor e'er his life-long vow forsakes.

His cabin rearing there among the hills,
The great man's world¶ is that alone:
There by himself he sojourns night and day,
Nor lets his life-long vow be known.

* Said to be directed against Duke Chwang (B.C. 756-734). Under his rule men of virtue and talent withdrew from public service and lived in obscurity.

† The two first characters 考 槃 may be translated a dozen different ways; but they do not seem important.

‡ Lit., speaks or talks.

§ Lit., sleeping and waking.

‖ I have ventured to differ from all commentators and translators I have seen in the rendering of this line. I take the "vow" as the *object* and not as the verb, for as a verb it has no object in any of the three verses.

¶ Pivot—centre.

I. v. 3.

AN EPITHALAMIUM.*

Stately her person—tall and fair,
Clad in her robes embroidered and plain :—
  Child of the lord of Ts'i,
  Bride of the lord of Wei,
Sister of one who is Ts'i's next heir,
Sister of wife of the lord of Hing,
Same of the lord of the T'an domain!

Fingers, as softest buds that grow!
Skin, as an unguent, firm and white!
  Neck, as the tree-worm's breed!
  Teeth, as the gourd's white seed!
Mantis' front, and the silk-moth brow!
Dimples playing in witching smile;
Beautiful eyes, so dark, so bright!

Stately in person—proud and free,
Halts she awhile in the lands close by,
  Her four male steeds, full-fed,
  Bright in their trappings red;
Screened by her plumes, then to court comes she.
Haste, ye councillors, quick depart;
Do not your chieftain's patience try!

Wide and deep is the river, the Ho,
Northwards flowing, majestic, grand.
  Broad nets splash for a haul!
  Sturgeons are in, big and small!

* On the reception of Chwang-Kiang as bride at the Court of Wei. *See* note on the first Ode of Book III.

In the first stanza the lady's high connections are proclaimed; in the second (in true Chinese metaphor!) her personal charms; in the third her arrival in Wei; and in the last the splendour of her new surroundings.

Tall, too, its reeds and sedges grow.—
Richly adorned are her maids, the Kiang!
Martial the men that round her stand!

I. v. 4.

BETRAYED.*

Rustic simpleton you seemed,
Hawking cloth, for silk to sell;
'Twas for no such thing you came,
'Twas to me your plan to tell:
Would I cross with you the K'i?
Would I follow to Tun K'iu?
Would I not forego the time?
No good go-between † had you.—
Nay, but be not wroth, I cried;
Let it be at harvest-tide.

Yonder ruined walls I'd climb
For a glimpse of far Fu-kwan; ‡
When Fu-kwan I could not see,
Down the tears incessant ran;
When Fu-kwan had been in sight,
Ah, how I would laugh and cry!
You were questioning the straws; §
"Nothing wrong" they gave reply:—
You must with your waggon come,
I must pack, and with you home.

* This pathetic Ode tells its own tale. The Chinese say that in it "a lewd woman who has been rejected by her husband repeats her story to herself, and so expresses her repentance"! All that can be said against her is that after much resistance she consented to marry her lover at last without going through all the prescribed forms of marriage.

† The arranger of marriages between the parents—an indispensable personage; *see* I. VIII. 6 and I. XV. 5.

‡ The lover's place of abode.

§ Divining—trying his fortune.

Ere the mulberry leaves are fall'n,
They are fresh and fair to see.
Ah for thee, thou little dove! *
Eat not fruit upon that tree.
Ah for thee, thou tender maid!
Dally not with gentlemen.
Gentlemen may do rash deeds,
Yet be pardoned even then;
Maidens, if they do the same,
Never can escape the blame.

When the mulberry leaves are cast,
Yellow fall they from the tree.
After joining you, three years
Ate I bread of poverty.
Foamed the K'i, and reached the hood
Of my (then returning) cart.
Never change had been in me:
'Twas your own divided heart!
For restraints you could not brook,
And to changeful courses took.

Three years lived I as your wife;
Nought for household toil I cared:
Early rising, late to sleep,
Never morning was there spared.
So did I my vow fulfil,
Till began your cruelty;
And my brothers do not know,
And they only laugh at me.
On my silent thought I'm thrown,
Bearing all my hurt alone.

"Live united to old age?" †
Age to me but discord yields.

* There is a small dove that suffers from eating these berries.
† An allusion to the words of the marriage vows.

By its banks the K'i is held,
By their bounds the swampy fields.
O my happy maiden days!
Days of mirth and converse sweet.
—Daily true, yet, to that vow,
Never dreamt I of retreat.
Thought of breaking it I'd none;
Yet, ah me! 'tis done, 'tis done!

I. v. 5.

HOME RECOLLECTIONS.*

Rods of long and lithe bamboo,†
Used for angling in the K'i,
Go not back my thoughts to you,
Now too far away to see?

To the left the Fountains ‡ flow,
To the right that river K'i.
Ah, when maids a-marrying go,
Parents, brothers, far must be.

To the right that river K'i,
To the left those purling Springs.
Sweet bright smiles (I seem to see),
Tinkling gems on girdle strings,

And the K'i's swift waters bear
Boats of pine with oars of yew.
O to drive and wander there,
Then my frettings would be few!

* A lady of Wei, married in some other State, recalls here the scenes of her youth.

† The K'i valley seems to have been noted for its bamboos (*see* Ode 1 of this Book).

‡ The Ts'ün-yün, known as the Hundred Springs.

I. v. 6.

A CONCEITED LORDLING.

O THE sparrow-gourd * its pod (would show)!
At the stripling's girdle a bodkin † see!
The bodkin may at his girdle be,
Yet of us can the stripling nothing know.
What calm conceit, what a swaggering air!
With ends of his girdle dangling there!

O the sparrow-gourd is now in leaf!
At the stripling's waist is an archer's ring! ‡
Let him wear at his waist the archer's ring,
Over us can a stripling ne'er be chief.
What calm conceit, what a swaggering air!
With ends of his girdle dangling there!

I. v. 7.

SO FAR, AND YET SO NEAR.§

WHO saith the Ho is wide?
A single rush will span it.

* The *hwan lan* is a delicate creeping plant, full of milky juice, unable, it is said, to rise from the ground without support,—introduced therefore here to characterize the weak youth, otherwise so precocious.

† An ivory or horn stiletto, worn by adults for the loosening of knots about the dress; said to be an emblem also of capacity for difficult business.

‡ This ring, also of ivory or horn, was worn by archers on the right thumb in shooting, but at other times was one of the girdle ornaments.

§ A daughter of Swân-Kiang had been married to Duke Hwan of Sung. She bore him a son, but was afterwards divorced, and returned to her native Wei. On her son's succession to the dukedom, she desired to go back to him, but the terms of her divorce, and probably her own sense of the proprieties, forbade her doing so. The river was wide, and the way long, that separated her from the son, but she regards these as *nothing* to overcome, had there been no other obstacle.

Who saith that Sung is far?
On tiptoe I can scan it.

Who saith the Ho is wide?
—E'en narrow boats impeding!
Who saith that Sung is far?
—Not a morning walk exceeding!

I. v. 8.

THE ABSENT HERO-HUSBAND.

My lord, a warrior bold is he,
The hero of the land!
Before his king he speedeth on,
With spear and lance in hand.

Since East he went, my hair has flown
Like flax-weed in the breeze.
I might anoint and dress it now,
—But whom were this to please?

'Come rain, come rain!' yet still the sun
Appears in cloudless sky.
Thoughts of my lord my fond heart fill,
My head, too, sorely try.

O for the herb that memory kills,
To plant behind my wall!
Thoughts of my lord my fond heart fill,
And anguish are they all.

I. v. 9.

WIFELESS AND FORLORN.*

Poor fox, so friendless
There by the weir across the K'i!
Ah me, 'twas pity
The goodman trouserless to see!

* In a time of anarchy and confusion in Wei, there were many who could not marry. Here a widow or unmarried woman has met

Poor fox, so friendless,
There as the K'i's deep ford he faced
Ah me, the pity!
No girdle had he to his waist.

Poor fox, so friendless,
There by the margin of the K'i!
Ah me, the pity!
For garments none at all had he!

I. v. 10.

RECOMPENSE.

Some quinces once to me were sent,
A ruby * was my gift again;
Yet not as gift again;—
Enduring love was its intent.

Peaches were sent me; I a stone
Of jasper sent as gift again;
Nay, not as gift again;—
Enduring love it meant alone.

Plums I had sent me; and I sent
A dusky gem for gift again;
Yet not as gift again;
But long enduring love it meant.

with a vagabond male, and his forlorn condition has so roused her matronly instincts that she is willing to marry him and look after him! Such is the usual interpretation of the piece. In the ancient Preface to the Book of Poetry it is said to be directed against the times. "The males and females of Wei were losing the time for marriage. . . . Anciently, when a State was suffering from the misery of famine, the rules were relaxed so that there might be many marriages; and men and women who had no partners were brought together, in order to promote the increase of the people."

* The names of the stones in all three stanzas are difficult to give. Known ones are given for the unknown.

BOOK VI.

THE ODES OF THE ROYAL DOMAIN.*

I. VI. 1.

THE DESOLATED CAPITALS: LAMENT OF A STATESMAN.†

Rice here drooping lowly,
Millet there in blade;
Wandering through them slowly,
I was sore dismayed.
Said the folks who knew me,
I with sorrow fought;
Folks who did not know me
Asked if aught I sought.
Powers of azure Heaven's abyss!
Who, alas! was cause of this?

* This is the expansion of the single title "*Wang*" (royal). The royal domain or State was in Eastern Chow. Fung and Hâu were two successive capitals (*see* III. I. 10). On the accession of King P'ing, there was a removal still further East (B.C. 769), and from this time the dynasty began to wane.

† The old Preface says: "A great officer of Chow, travelling on the public service, came to the old capital, and, as he passed by, found the places of the ancestral temple, palaces, and other public buildings, all overgrown with millet. Struck with sorrow for the downfall of the House of Chow, he moved about the place in an undecided way, as if he could not bear to leave it, and made this piece."

Rice here drooping lowly,
Millet there in ear;*
Wandering through them slowly,
Drunk I might appear.
Said the folks who knew me,
I with sorrow fought;
Folks who did not know me
Asked if aught I sought.
Powers of azure Heaven's abyss!
Who, alas! was cause of this?

Rice here drooping lowly,
Millet there in grain;
Still I wandered slowly,
As in stifling pain.
Said the folks who knew me,
I with sorrow fought;
Folks who did not know me
Asked me what I sought.
Powers of azure Heaven's abyss!
Who, alas! was cause of this?

I. VI. 2.

THE HUSBAND ABROAD.

My good man is a-marching gone:
No knowing when his term expires.
Ah! whither wends he now?
The rooster to his ledge retires
As day draws on to its decline,
And from the hill come goats and kine.
My goodman is a-marching gone:
How should I cease these musings then of mine?

* The slight variations in the second and third stanzas seem to point to his lingering some months in the neighbourhood.

My goodman is a-marching gone:
Not days, not months—no certain time.
When shall we meet again?
The roosters to their perches climb,
As days their lengthening shadows throw,
And goats and kine are housed below.
My goodman is a-marching gone;
O could he never thirst nor hunger know!

I. VI. 3.

THE HUSBAND RETURNED.

The goodman is now at his ease, content!
His left hand holding an instrument,*
He beckons me forward with his right
To the (music) room. And O the delight!

The goodman is happy: no happier man!
His left hand holding the feathered fan,†
He beckons me forward with his right
To the (dancing) stage. And O the delight!

I. VI. 4.

HOME-LONGINGS OF THE FRONTIER-GUARDSMEN.

The pent-up waters‡
Float not away the faggots placed therein.

* Properly, the mouth-piece of the reed-organ.

† A dancer's fan or screen, Both of these meanings are, however, attempted to be brought out by the bracketed words in the fourth lines.

‡ The explanation of the metaphorical allusion to the water and faggots seems to be that as the course of a stream is choked, and the water deepens till it finds some way of proceeding, so the thought of home-ties was growing upon the soldiers till it threatened some ebullition.

And yonder dear ones!
We miss them keeping watch and ward in Shin.
How long! how long! so do we yearn
To know the month of our return.

Ye pent-up waters!
Bundles of thorns rest motionless on you.
And yonder dear ones!
We miss them keeping watch and ward in Fu.
How long! how long! so do we yearn
To know the month of our return.

Ye pent-up waters!
Bundles of rushes idly rest on you.
And yonder dear ones!
We miss them keeping watch and ward in Hiu.
How long! how long! so do we yearn
To know the month of our return.

I. VI. 5.

THE WIFE DIVORCED BY FAMINE *

In the midst of the vale the motherwort grows;
All parched on the waterless ground.
There a woman away from her husband goes;
Ah, hear her sighs!
Ah, hear her sighs!
Hard times with her man she has found.

In the midst of the vale the motherwort grows;
All parched where it grew so tall.

* The old Chinese interpreters here put the blame for the separation on the government. "When the government is good, husbands and wives support each other; when the State is disordered they separate."

There a woman away from her husband goes,
With long, loud moans,
With long, loud moans!
Upon *her* his misfortunes fall.

In the midst of the vale the motherwort grows;
All parched in the spots once wet.
There a woman away from her husband goes,—
Tears rolling down,
Tears rolling down!
And, alas! what awaits her yet!

I. VI. 6.

A WEARIED STATESMAN.*

Wily were the hares;
  Pheasants came to net.†
In my early days
  Cares I never met;
While my later life
  Meets with all these ills.
Welcome were that sleep
  That all trouble kills!

Wily were the hares;
  Pheasants took the bait.
In my early days
  Calm was every State;

* Referred to the time of King Hwan (B.C. 719–696), when the States revolted from him, and his army was defeated, and calamity followed calamity.

† By the wily hares are meant those statesmen who had been the cause of these disorders, and sought to escape the consequence of their own acts; by the pheasants, those who acted straightforwardly, and suffered.

On my later life
Come these hundred woes.
Welcome were that sleep
That no waking knows!

Wily were the hares;
Pheasants were decoyed.
All my early days
Lived I unemployed;
On my later life
Fall these hundred cares.
Welcome were that sleep
That the senses spares!

I. VI. 7.

THE EMIGRANT.

THERE intertwine the creepers fine
Beside the Ho luxuriantly.*
Through life I roam far from my home,†
And call a stranger father,
And call a stranger father,
Yet none will turn to look on me.

There intertwine the creepers fine,
And the Ho's banks they overrun.
Through life I roam far from my home,
And call a stranger mother,
And call a stranger mother,
Yet none will take me for a son.

* *i.e.*, flourishing on their native soil.

† Lit., far from my brothers, *i.e.*, clansmen or kin. The old interpreters give a historical significance to this Ode. "King P'ing's relatives find fault with him for slighting 'the nine classes of his kindred.'"

There intertwine the creepers fine,
And o'er the Ho's steep bank they crawl.
Through life I roam, far from my home,
And call a stranger brother,
And call a stranger brother,
Yet none will listen to my call.

I. VI. 8.

ABSENCE MAKES THE HEART GROW FONDER.

Ha, there he crops the creepers,* see!
One only day, with him away,
Is aye three months to me!

Ha, there he crops the fragrant grass! †
Be he away one only day,
Three autumns seem to pass!

Ha, there the mugwort now he clears!
One only day, with him away,
Is aye to me three years!

I. VI. 9.

WHY SHE CAME NOT.‡

His grand carriage—hark, how it is rumbling!
The furred robes, green-emblazoned,§ are there!
Are my thoughts, then, to thee never turning?
But I fear him, and nothing must dare.

* The *Kŭ*, as in I. I. 2 *et al.*

† A kind of southernwood. The plants named seem only to have been chosen for the sake of the rhymes in the original.

‡ In the decline of Chow there was much licentiousness between the sexes, but here and there it was curbed by stringent officers. Here is an instance of fear to elope under such an officer's rule.

§ Lit., like the young sedge—one of the five colours on the robes of great officials. Dark red, another of these colours, is referred to in the second stanza.

Slowly, pond'rously moves his grand carriage,—
His furred robes as with garnets bedight.
Are my thoughts, then, to thee never turning?
Fear of *him* makes me halt in my flight.

Though in life we have separate dwellings,
Yet in death in one grave may we lie.
Call me faithless, yet still am I faithful,
While* the sun yonder shines in the sky!

I. VI. 10.

THE LOITERING LOVERS.

Amid the hemp along the hill,
Tse-tsiĕ must there be loitering still,
Tse-tsiĕ must there be loitering still:
Would he but come, my heart with joy to thrill!

Along the hill amid the wheat—
Tse-kwŏ is there, why lag his feet?
Tse-kwŏ is there, why lag his feet?
Would he but come to me and sit and eat!

Where on the hill the plum-trees grow
My swains are loitering, why so slow?
My swains are loitering, why so slow?
And each has girdle-trinkets to bestow!

* Lit., as; but here the phrase has the appearance of an oath.

BOOK VII.

THE ODES OF CH'ING.*

I. VII. 1.

DEVOTION OF THE PEOPLE TO DUKE WU OF CH'ING.

O THE jet-black† robes, how becoming they are!
And when these are outworn we will others prepare.
And where lodgeth our prince we'll attend; ‡
And, returning, a feast to him send.

O the jet-black robes, they are goodly and grand!
And when these are outworn, we'll have others in hand.
And where lodgeth our prince we'll attend;
And, returning, a feast to him send.

O the jet-black robes, how his figure they grace!
And when these are outworn, shall be more in their place.
And where lodgeth our prince we'll attend;
And, returning, a feast to him send.

* Ch'ing was a feudal State of later foundation (805 B.C.). Duke Wu was its second ruler (773–742).

† Jet-black was the official colour of the king's ministers' robes, worn at their own audiences.

‡ The people would first make sure that all preparations were made for him in the Court-lodgings (which were sometimes out of repair), and then furnish his table. Evidently the verses were written on his succession to the dukedom.

I. VII. 2.

MASTER CHUNG.*

MASTER CHUNG would better please,
Came he not with sudden bounds
Trespassing within our grounds,
Broke he not our willow-trees.
Not that much I care for these:
'Tis my parents that I fear.
Chung is doubtless very dear,
What yet would the parents say?
That I also have to fear.

Master Chung would better please,
Came he not with sudden sprawl
Climbing o'er our garden wall,
Broke he not our mulberry-trees.
Not that much I care for these:
'Tis my brothers that I fear.
Chung is doubtless very dear,
What yet would my brothers say?
That I also have to fear.

Master Chung would better please,
If still nearer came he not—
Bounding o'er the garden plot,
Broke he not our sandal-trees.
Not that much I care for these:
'Tis the people's talk I fear.
Chung is doubtless very dear,
What yet would the people say?
That I also have to fear.

* *Chung* (仲) is the second of two or more brothers. The eldest is called *pih* (伯), the second *chung* (仲), the third *shuh* (叔), the fourth *ki* (季). In the next two pieces we have a *shuh*, a third brother; but this appellation is often given to younger brothers indiscriminately.

I. VII. 3.

A DASHING, POPULAR YOUNG HUNTER.

When Shuh * goes to the meet,
There's ne'er a man left in the street.
Nay, scarce may that be true,—
Yet none there is like Shuh,
In grace and manliness complete.

When Shuh goes to the chase,
No feasting is there in the place.
Nay, scarce may that be true,—
Yet none there is like Shuh,
For right good-fellowship and grace.

When Shuh goes to the plains,
No horsemen are there in the lanes.
Nay, scarce may that be true,—
Yet never one like Shuh
For grace and dash indeed remains.

I. VII. 4.

THE SAME.

Away goeth Shuh to the plains:
He is mounted and off with his team;
And like ribbons to him are the reins,
And his off-steeds † dancers would seem!

* *See* note to last piece. This *Shuh* is said to have been a son of Duke Wu of Ch'ing; and of him Chu-hi remarks in his commentary, "though a scape-grace, he yet won all: his countrymen loved him."

† The two outer horses (of the four). "Like dancers"—moving with regular step.

See him now in the jungle alight;
See the fires * all blazing up bright;—
Body bared, on a tiger he springs!
To the duke the brave offering he brings!
Yet, O Shuh, be less rash with thine arm:
And beware, lest one do thee some harm.

Away goeth Shuh to the hunt:
He is mounted and off with his bays;
With his inner pair well to the front,
And the outer—wild-geese † in their ways!
See him now in the jungle appear;
See the fires all ablaze far and near;—
O an excellent archer is Shuh;
And a good one at horsemanship too!
See him gallop, and draw up his steed,
Shoot his arrow, and after it speed!

Away to the hunt he is gone:
He is mounted and off with his greys;
And his inner ones' heads seem as one,
While the outer like wings he arrays!
See him there in the jungle once more;
Hear the masses of flame, how they roar!
—Now less quickly he urges his steeds,
And more seldom the arrow he needs;
And the quiver he now doth unbrace,
And the bow give again to its case.

* Viz., to beat up the game.

† Being a little behind the two inside horses, they presented the wedge-shaped appearance of a flock of wild-geese.

I. VII. 5.

IDLE MANŒUVRING ON THE BORDERS.*

THE men of Ts'ing † were quartered first in P'ang;
And there the mail-clad teams dashed to and fro.
From spear and lance the double plumes would hang.
And idly hovered all upon the Ho.

The men of Ts'ing were quartered next in Siau:
There were the mail-clad teams in brave array.
The spear and lance their hooks ‡ were showing now!
There by the Ho the time was spent in play!

The men of Ts'ing were quartered last in Chuh:
There, too, the mail-clad teams pranced merrilie.
The right wing wheeled, the left its weapons drew;
The leader in the midst—how proud was he!

I. VII. 6.

PRAISE OF A HIGH OFFICIAL.

CLAD in his lamb's-fur, as with unguent shining,
Strictly in form, and befitting his estate,—
Mark ye the statesman, heart and will resigning
Duty to stand to, ne'er to deviate!

Clad in his lamb's-fur, panther-skin at border,
Speaking of martial prowess and of might,—
Mark ye the statesman: he it is will order
Trusts of his country ably and aright

* Duke Wăn of Ch'ing (B.C. 662–627), through dislike to his minister Kâu K'ih, despatched him with some troops to the Ho, and he was stationed at different places along the river without being recalled. Evidently he enjoyed his banishment.

† A city of Ch'ing.

‡ These weapons seem to have had hooks near the point for grappling, and from these hooks the plumes of v. 1 were suspended. At this second stage of their banishment the plumes were evidently worn off.

Clad in his lamb's-fur, there in all its beauty
Brightly adorned with the honour-badges three,
Mark ye the statesman: skilled in every duty,
Right worthy servant of his land is he!

I. VII. 7.

OLD LOVE SHOULD NOT BE RUPTURED.

O I FOLLOWED down the highway;
O I grasped and held him by the sleeve;
And I cried, "O do not hate me,
Nor so quick thine old companion leave!"

O I followed down the highway;
O I grasped and held his hands in mine;
And I cried, "O do not spurn me,
Nor thy love so hastily resign!"

I. VII. 8.

THE GOOD HOUSEWIFE.

"THE cocks are crowing," quoth the wife;
"The dawn scarce glimmers yet," quoth he.—
"But rise, and see how goes the night:
The morning star shines brilliantly;
Out and about! Go, take thy bow:
Wild ducks and geese are waiting thee!

"And of the game thine arrow hits,
I'll make for thee a fit repast;
And o'er it we will drink the cup,
'To live, as one, while life shall last.'
And, lutes in hand, nought else shall be
But peace and happy harmony.

"And when I know whom thou wouldst have to see thee,
My girdle-pendants* with me they shall share;
And when I know whom thou dost find congenial,
Like offerings also I will bid them wear;
And when I know whom thou hast found to love thee,
Still more for their requital I will spare."

I. VII. 9.

MY LADY'S CHARMS.

In the carriage I ride,
A young wife at my side,
With a face like the hedge-rose fair;
And we ramble at will,
And mine eyes roam still
To the gems at her girdle there.
O handsome is she, the eldest Kiang,—
Handsome truly, and debonair.

And when walking I go
She is with me, and O
Like the hedge-rose blooms her face;
And in rambling around
I can hear the sound
Of the gems that her girdle grace.
O handsome is she, the eldest Kiang,—
Her good name shall no time efface!

* Seven of these were usually worn strung together with pearls, dangling from the girdle. They would vary in costliness with the rank of the wearer, but as a rule seem to have been of precious stones.

I. VII. 10.

BY-PLAY.*

For the hill the myrtle-tree,†
For the swamp the water-lily.
No Tse-tu‡ see I for me,
Only some one crazed and silly!

For the hill the stately fir,
For the swamp the dragon-vetch.§
No Tse-ch'ung ‡ see I astir,
Only you,—sly little wretch!

I. VII. 11.

AN APPEAL.‖

Fading, fading tree!
Winds thy leaves will strew.
O good sirs, good sirs!
Lead,—we follow you.

* A woman's playful mockery of her lover.

† The *fu-su* (扶 蘇) tree does not seem to be identified.

‡ *Tse-tu* and *Tse-ch'ung* are probably not to be taken as names, but as somewhat equivalent to our Adonis and Apollo. Mencius refers to a Tse-tu who lived about B.C. 800, as the type of a handsome man. Tse-ch'ung, after the allusion to the lofty fir, may refer to some other *tall* and handsome person, then well known.

§ Lit., the "wandering dragon"—a sort of marsh plant.

‖ The old expositors say that this piece is directed against the ruler of the State, who was weak while his ministers were strong. The speakers, according to this view, would be the inferior officers, addressing their superiors; and the "fading tree" would be the decaying state of the country. But later expositors see in it the solicitations of immodest women. The position which the piece occupies would seem to favour this latter view; yet it ought to be mentioned that a historical interpretation has been given to almost *all* these Odes, whether they will bear such or not.

Fading, fading tree!
Sport of winds when high.
O good sirs, good sirs!
Lead,—and we comply.

I. VII. 12.

TIT FOR TAT.

O THE artful boy!
Now so dumb to me whene'er we meet.
And for his sole sake
I must be unable now to eat!

O the artful boy!
Now no more to be my table-guest;
And for his sole sake
I must be unable now to rest!

I. VII. 13.

A CHALLENGE.

IF, boy, thy thoughts of me were kind,
I'd lift my skirts and wade the Tsin;
But if thou be of other mind,
Is there none else my love would win?
O craziest of crazy boys!

Ay, if thy thoughts of me were kind,
I'd lift my skirts and wade the Wai;
But if thy thoughts are else inclined,
Is there none other gallant nigh?
O craziest of crazy boys!

I. VII. 14.

REGRETS.

O so handsome looked my swain,
Waiting for me in the lane!
O I rue he came in vain.

Noblest looked he of them all,
As he waited in the hall!
O I rue I shunned his call.

O'er broidered robe and broidered skirt
My mantle I will throw.
And then, good sirs, good sirs, my steeds!
And with him I will go.

O'er broidered skirt and broidered robe
The mantle I have thrown.
So now, good sirs, good sirs, my steeds!
His home shall be my own.

I. VII. 15.

SO NEAR, AND YET SO FAR.

BEYOND the East-gate, where the space is clear,
And where the madder-plant grows on the brae,
The house is there, so near,
The man so far* away!

Beyond the East-gate, where the chestnuts grow,
There are the houses standing in a row.
There think I not of thee?
Thence com'st thou ne'er to me.

* "Far" only in the sense of his never showing himsel

I. VII. 16.

JOY AT THE GOODMAN'S RETURN.

THOUGH cold it be with wind and rain,
The cock crows out his "cockaloo";
The goodman I have seen again,
How were not I contented too?

Though wild the gusts of wind and rain,
The cock crows out his "cockalee";*
The goodman I have seen again,
How should not every trouble flee?

Dark though it be with wind and rain,
The cock unceasing lifts his voice.
And, having seen my lord again,
How should not now my heart rejoice?

I. VII. 17.

NEGLECTED.

DEAR wearer of the collar blue!
Long hath my heart no peace.
What though I may not come to thee,
Must then thy missives cease?

Dear wearer of the cincture blue!
Long is my anxious thought.
What though I may not come to thee,
Must *I* be left unsought?

There by the watch-tower on the wall
Thou mak'st thyself full free!
While, with no glimpse of thee, one day
Is like three months to me!

* The sounds of the cock's crowing are thus varied in the original for the sake of the rhyme.

I. VII. 18.

TRUST THY LAST FRIEND AGAINST THE WORLD.

A BABBLING current fails*
To float a load of thorns away.—
Of brothers, few are left us now,
Yet we remain, myself and thou:
Believe not others' tales,
Others will lead thee far astray.

The babbling current fails
To float the firewood faggots far.—
Of brothers there are left but few,
Yet I and thou remain, we two:
Believe not others' tales,
For verily untrue they are!

I. VII. 19.

ONE MODEST MAID IS MORE THAN ALL.

THROUGH the East-gate, outward bound,
Cloud-like groups of maids I found;
Cloud-like though the beauties were,
She I thought of was not there,—
She in white, with kerchief blue,
She who gives me pleasure true.

Past the outer gate and tower
Maids I found like reeds in flower.
Though with these they might compare,
She I thought of was not there,—
She in white, with madder dyes,
She my happiness, my prize!

* This seems to have been a proverbial expression, and capable of different applications. Here it seems to point to the inability of slander to affect the hearts of those who are joined together in the bonds of friendship. They are like bundles of thorns or fuel.

I. VII. 20.

FORTUITOUS CONCOURSE.

WHERE creeping plants grew on the wild,
And heavy dews declined,
There was a fair one all alone,
Bright-eyed, good-looking, kind.
Chance brought us to each other's side,
And all my wish was gratified.

Where creeping plants grew on the wild,
And thick the dew-drops stood,
There was the fair one all alone,
Kind, as the looks were good.
Chance let us meet each other there,
Our mutual happiness to share.

I. VII. 21.

A SPRINGTIDE CARNIVAL.

WHEN Tsin and Wai
Their floods expand,
Go men and maids
Marsh-flowers in hand.*
And maids will ask,
And men reply,
"Hast looked around?"
"Ay, that have I!"
—"But shall we go look round
Beyond the Wai?
There, sure, is room, and there
We can be jolly!"

* Evidently these flowers were of a medicinal character, and the annual search for them in spring was now undertaken with a very different object.

So men and maidens join
In playful folly;
And to each other bring
The floral offering.*

When Tsin and Wai
Flow deep and clear,
Then men and maids
In crowds appear.
And maids will ask, &c., &c.

* The precise flower here mentioned is the small sweet-smelling peony.

BOOK VIII.

THE ODES OF TS'I.*

I. VIII. 1.

THE GOOD WIFE EARLY WAKES HER LORD.

"THE cock has already crowed!
And crowds in thy Court are found."
—"Nay, that was no crowing of cocks;
'Twas the blue flies humming round."

"The daylight is in the East!
All gay is thy Court, so soon."
—"Nay, that is no daylight there;
'Tis the light of the rising moon."

"Ah, with murmur of insects around,
'Twere sweet to lie dreaming here with thee;
But the folks there gathered may go;
And let none think scorn of thee and me."

* Ts'i was one of the first and greatest of the feudal States of Chow. It lay between the Yellow River and the Sea, in the modern province of Shan-tung.

I. VIII. 2.

THE CONCEITED SPORTSMEN.*

O THE master is sharp as you will!
Once he met with *me* as he crossed the Nau Hill,
And as neck by neck our two boars we chased,
He bowed, and he praised my skill!

O the master, he knoweth the knack!
Once he met with *me* on the Nau Hill track,
And as neck by neck our two beasts we chased,
He bowed, and called me a "crack"!

O the master's the man to ride!
Once he met with *me* upon Nau's south side,
And as neck by neck our two wolves we chased,
He bowed, and "good man!" he cried.

I. VIII. 3.

THE COMING OF THE BRIDEGROOM.

AT the gate awaits me now, screened from sight, hi-ho!
One with tassels† o'er his ears all of white, hi-ho!
And adorned with coloured gems, gleaming bright, hi-ho!

Now he waits me in the court, past the screen, hi-ho!
And the tassels o'er his ears are of green,‡ hi-ho!
And his jewels have a lustre rarely seen, hi-ho!

* A satire on the hunters of Ts'i in general. The writer represents one as unable to praise another without praising himself.

† Silken strings depending from the head-dress over the ears, and strung with gems.

‡ The variations of colour seem only introduced to vary the rhymes; or it may be that as the lover approached nearer more of his jewels became visible.

In the hall he waits me last (now more bold), hi-ho!
And the tassels o'er his ears are of gold, hi-ho!
And his jewels—they are brilliant to behold, hi-ho!

I. VIII. 4.

THE WINSOME VISITOR.*

O WITH the morning sun
Is yonder winsome one
At my abode,
At my abode,
And follows at my heels anon! †

O with the rising moon
Is yonder winsome one
Within my door,
Within my door,
And follows at my heels full soon! †

I. VIII. 5.

AN UNTIMELY SUMMONS.‡

OR e'er in the East the daylight grows
All topsy-turvy I don my clothes;
And topsy-turvy they now must be:
A summons is here from my lord for me!

* This piece is said by all to illustrate the licentious intercourse of the men and women of Ts'i, and their disregard of all rules of propriety; and the visitor is taken to mean the lady. But the original is ambiguous, and I have therefore preserved the ambiguity in the translation. The visitor may be either male or female (姝者 *ch'u che*): the same expression is used of a male in I. IV. 9.

† I take 卽 *tseih* and 發 *fa* adverbially.

‡ A satire on the disorder and irregularity of the Court of Ts'i.

Or e'er in the East a ray has shone
All upside down are my garments on ;
And upside down they will have to be :
An order is here from my lord for me !

A garden hedge, though of willows slight,
E'en reckless fellows will fear to climb ;—
But they who cannot tell dark from light*
Will, if not before, be behind the time.

I. VIII. 6.

CRIMINAL RELATIONSHIPS.†

PERCHED high upon the South Hill's rocks,
There lonely musing sits the fox.
Ah, long 's the way to Lu !
That way Ts'i's daughter went, a bride,
And having once gone there a bride,
Why crave for her anew ?

In pairs they make all‡ fibre-shoes,
And bonnet-strings are worn by twos !
Ah, long 's the way to Lu !
Ts'i's child that way has journeyed o'er,
And since her journey now is o'er,
Why still her steps pursue ?

* Or, cannot keep count of the hours of night. As the garden hedge marks off private property, so the dawn of day is the boundary line between working and non-working hours.

† Said to be directed—the first two stanzas—against the Duke Siang of Ts'i, and the last two against Duke Hwan of Lu. Duke Siang loved a princess of his own family named Wăn-Kiang, though married to Duke Hwan. She reciprocated his love, and persuaded her husband to accompany her on a visit to Ts'i, during which visit he was murdered by Siang. The piece was evidently composed before this climax was reached. Date about B.C. 700.

‡ "The five (kinds of)." More freely we might translate,—

"Pairs we may find for everything,
From fibre-shoe to bonnet-string."

As when a field of hemp you'd grow,
You plough and crossplough ere you sow,
So when you take a wife;
The parents first must needs be told,
But when the parents have been told,
Why lead such reckless life? *

In cleaving firewood first you need
An axe, or vainly you proceed.
So when a wife you wed,—
Without a go-between 'tis vain;
But why, when so the wife you gain,
To such extremes be led? *

I. VIII. 7.

SEEK NOT TO BE A MAN BEFORE THY TIME.

BROAD fields plant not,
Where thrive most the weeds;
Man's years† want not,
To heartaches it leads.

Broad fields plant not,
Or weeds will prevail;
Man's years want not,
For grief 'twill entail.

Sweet, ay, and pretty,
The twin tufts of hair!
Soon, ah the pity,
The cap will be there! ‡

* Complaint against Hwan's carelessness with regard to his wife.

† The usual interpretation is a historical one, and this line is taken quite literally, "Do not think of people far away," referring, it is thought, to Duke Siang's ambition; but is it not more in keeping with the last stanza to translate 思遠人 *sze yüen jên* as wanting to be a man—to overleap the distance in *time*?

‡ There was a *ceremony* of capping when the youth arrived at maturity.

I. VIII. 8.

THE HOUNDS AND THE HUNTSMAN.

"CLINK-CLINK" goes hound with hound.
A gallant, generous master they have found.

There go they, leashed in pairs.*
A gallant master, and a manly,† theirs.

Now run they three and three.‡
A gallant master, and a brave,† is he.

I. VIII. 9.

WĂN-KIANG'S BOLD ESCAPADES TO TS'I.§

RENT is the fish-trap at the weir,
Where bream and sturgeon crowd.
Ts'i's daughter seeks her former home,—
Her escort like a cloud.

No more the fish-trap at the weir
Can roach or bream retain.
Ts'i's child comes back,—and onward sweeps
Her escort like the rain.

It fails—the fish-trap at the weir:
In—out—the fishes gleam.
Ts'i's child comes back,—and onward flows
Her escort like a stream.

* Lit., with a second ring.

† Chu-Hi's explanation of these words, as "full-whiskered," and "full-bearded," make the piece ridiculous.

‡ Lit., with two rings attached to a third.

§ After the murder of her husband (*see* on Ode 6), the lady continues her unlawful visits to Ts'i, unrestrained by her son, Duke Chwang. His power over her was no better than that of a broken fish-trap over the fish.

I. VIII. 10.

HER SHAMELESS MEETINGS WITH DUKE SIANG.

On flies her car,—with wicker blinds,
And leather mounts vermilion dyed.
The way from Lu takes long to go;
Ts'i's daughter leaves at eventide.

Proudly the four black coursers speed,
As the long flowing reins are eased.
The way from Lu takes long to go;
Ts'i's daughter is triumphant, pleased.

Full flow the waters of the Wan,
And travellers in troops appear.
The way from Lu takes long to go;
Ts'i's child maintains her proud career.

The waters of the Wan roll on;
More travellers the highway throng.
The way from Lu takes long to go;
Ts'i's daughter heedless hies along.

I. VIII. 11.

LAMENTFUL PRAISE OF DUKE CHANG OF LU.*

What pity! and a man so fine!
Erect and tall, straight as a line!
What graces in his looks combine!
What fire is in those glancing eyen!
In every movement how divine!
And as an archer doth he shine.

* In true Chinese fashion the complaint against him is not openly expressed. The fault bewailed in the opening exclamation in every verse was his weakness in not restraining the lawless conduct of his mother already referred to. *See* note on Ode 9.

What pity! praised by every one!
Brighter than those fine eyes be none!
Perfectly all his acts are done.
Before the disc, till sinks the sun,
Never a shot but centre won!
Ay, none mistakes Our Sister's Son!

What pity! and so winsome he!
What countenance more fair to see?
Who'll dance a dance so gracefully?
Who'll shoot a shaft so sure as he?
Where enters one, there follow three!
Born queller, sure, of anarchy!

BOOK IX.

THE ODES OF WEI.*

I. IX. 1.

A WEALTHY NIGGARD.

Sparsely woven fibre-shoes
Serve to walk on frozen dews!
Dainty fingers of his bride
Are to tailoring applied,—
Trimming here, and edging there,
What the gentleman shall wear!

With what ease and courteous grace
He can yield the honoured place![†]
[Mark the dress][‡]—the ivory pin
As a girdle-pendant strung.
'Tis the stingy heart within—
That alone—moves satire's tongue.

* This Wei is different from that of the 5th Book. It was a small State situated within the modern province of Shan-si, and was incorporated in the seventh century B.C. with the State of Tsin.

† Lit., withdraw to the left.

‡ A line seems to have been lost here, which I have ventured to replace with the bracketed words, the meaning of the whole verse being that though the gentleman was *outwardly* correct in all things in public, he was a niggard at home.

I. IX. 2.

OFFICIAL NIGGARDS

To yonder swamps along the Făn*
The sorrel-gatherers repair.
And there behold a gentleman
Comely beyond compare,
Comely beyond compare!
Sure, not† the noble Equerry is there!

To yonder plot beside the Făn
Now mulberry-pickers all repair.
And there behold a gentleman
As any floweret fair,
As any floweret fair!
Sure, not the Chariot-Marshaller is there!

Again, where yonder curves the Făn
They gather marsh-plants, root and stem.
And there behold a gentleman
Bright as a polished gem,
Bright as a polished gem!
Sure, not the Clan-Recorder is with them!

* The Făn, or Hwun, is a tributary of the Ho, and the capital of Wei was near their junction.

† In all the stanzas, "not"=one different from (異乎 *i hü*).

It is not meant that these high officials actually shared the labours of the peasantry; only their parsimony was such that they might well be mentioned side by side with these.

I. IX. 3.

SECRET GRIEF OF A STATESMAN AT THE APPROACHING DOWNFALL OF THE STATE.

WHO peach-trees in his garden grows
The peach anon will eat.
I, with a sad heart, sing my song.
And on my lute the song repeat;
And those who understand me not
Call me a master of supreme conceit.
"'Tis *those** are right," say they;
"And thou, what wouldst thou say?"
And so my heart still grieveth;
Yet none the cause perceiveth,
Not one the cause perceiveth;—
And why?—their thoughts are far away.

Who date-trees in his garden grows
Anon will eat the date.
I, in the sadness of my heart,
Thought I would travel through the State;
But those who understood me not
Called me the master insubordinate!
"'Tis *those* are right," said they;
"And thou, what wouldst thou say?"
And so my heart still grieveth;
Yet none the cause perceiveth,
Not one the cause perceiveth;—
And why?—their thoughts are far away.

* His opponents in the government.

I. x. 4.

RECIPROCATED AFFECTION.*

He climbs the wooded hills,
And turns his wistful gaze
There, where afar his father dwells;
The while the father prays,—
Alas, my son a-soldiering has gone,
And morn and night must aye be toiling on:
O may he still, by watchful care,
Return, nor end his travels there!

He climbs the barren fells,
And turns his wistful eyes
There, where afar his mother dwells;
The while the mother cries,—
Alas! my child a-soldiering is led,
And morn and night rests not his weary head:
O may he still, by watchful care,
Return, nor lie unburied there!

He climbs the rocky scar,
And still his eye pursues
The spot where elder brothers are;
The while the brothers muse,—
Alas, our younger one is at the war,
And morn and night must aye be with his corps:
O may he still, by watchful care,
Return, ere death o'ertake him there!

* This Ode is a favourite one as giving an example of filial piety, and of the feelings which ought to exist between parents and children, and elder and younger brothers. It is quoted as such in commentaries on the *Shing ü hâu* (成語考), a well-known school-book.

I. IX. 5.

WEARY OFFICIALS CONTEMPLATING A RETREAT.*

'Mid his acres ten,† contented, free,—
O the mulberry-planter's life for me!
There fain would I, friend, retire with thee.

By his acres ten, without one care,—
O the mulberry-planter's life to share!
There fain would I, friend, with thee repair.

I. IX. 6.

THE THRIFTY WOODMAN AND THE HOARDING OFFICIAL.

Rap, rap! the sandal-trees‡ he slaughters,
And lays beside Ho's barriered waters,
Ho's clear and rippling laughing waters.

* On account of the confusion in the government and the dangers threatening the State.

For similar sentiments *see* III. III. 3, verse 6:—

"Better be farmers—working men—
Than live on such emolument."

† Dr. Legge has a lengthy note on the question "Why *ten* acres are here specified?", and on the allotments made to farmers on the original division of the country; but does not see the force of the mention of "*ten*" acres. As a Chinese acre (*mau*) is less than a sixth of an English one, a plot of ten acres would represent one of the very smallest holdings; and with such some men could live *contentedly*.

‡ This wood was much used in making carriages (*see* III. I. 2, v. 6). This will explain the "spoke-wood" and "tire-wood" in the 2nd and 3rd stanzas.

And thou, that reapest not, nor sowest,—
How cam'st thou by the grain that full three hundred farms should grow?
And, since thou ne'er a-hunting goest,
How see we there the badgers hanging in thy court below?
Ah, sure, the honourable man is *there!* *
Though lacking even simple homely fare.

Rap, rap! the spoke-wood he is mowing,
And by the Ho the timber stowing,—
Ho's waters clear and smoothly flowing.
And thou, that reapest not, nor sowest,—
How cam'st thou by the grain thou hast—three hundred lakhs of stooks?
And, since thou ne'er a-hunting goest,
How see we in thy courtyard there the game upon the hooks?
Ah, sure, the honourable man is *there!*
Though lacking even simple homely fare.

Rap, rap! the tire-wood he is cleaving,
And by the Ho the timber leaving,—
Ho's waters clear and gently heaving.
And thou, that reapest not, nor sowest,—
How cam'st thou by the grain that in three hundred barns is found?
And, since thou ne'er a-hunting goest,
How see we in thy courtyard there the quails that hang around?
Ah, sure, the honourable man is *there!*
Though wanting even simple homely fare.

* There is great diversity of opinion as to the last two lines. I think they must refer to the woodman, and translate accordingly.

I. IX. 7.

SONG OF FARMERS DRIVEN FORTH BY EXTORTION.

O MONSTER * rats! O monster rats!
Eat not our millets, we implore.
Three years we've borne with you,
And still our presence you ignore.
Now we abandon you,
And to yon pleasant lands repair.
O pleasant lands! O pleasant lands!
A refuge have we surely there.

O monster rats! O monster rats!
Devour not all our crops of wheat.
Three years we've borne with you,
Still with no mercy do we meet.
Now we abandon you,
And take to yon glad Land our flight.
O gladsome Land! O gladsome Land!
There justice shall we have, and right.

O monster rats! O monster rats!
Devour not all our springing grain.
Three years we've borne with you,
Nor heed you still our toil and pain.
Now we abandon you
For brighter plains † that yonder lie.
O brighter plains! O brighter plains!
Whose, then, will be the constant cry?

* Huge. The State officials had grown fat on their extortion, and were no less troublesome than rats.

† Borders, frontiers.

BOOK X.

THE ODES OF T'ANG.*

I. x. 1.

SONG OF PEASANTRY AT THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

The crickets are in the hall,†
  And the year is waning fast.
If now to our mirth we fail to fall,
  Will its days and months be past.
Yet let us have no excess:
  On our ways and means reflect;
Make merry, but wanton waste repress:
  Good fellows are circumspect.

The crickets are in the hall,
  And the year is hasting on.
If now to our mirth we fail to fall,
  Will its days and months be gone.
Yet let us have no excess;
  But the future keep in view;
Make merry, but wanton waste repress:
  Good fellows are careful too.

* One of the oldest and greatest of the feudal States. Its name was at an early date,—earlier perhaps than that of these poems,—changed to Tsin, the latter taken from the river Tsin, which flowed to the south of it. It lay in the present province of Shan-si.

† For the time of the appearance of the cricket *in the house*, see the Odes of Pin, I. xv. 1, verse 5.

The crickets are in the hall,
And at rest is every cart.
If now to our mirth we fail to fall,
Will its days and months depart.
Yet let us have no excess:
First think of the evil day;
Make merry, but wanton waste repress;
Good fellows may then be gay!

I. x. 2.

ENJOY LIFE'S GOOD THINGS WHILE YOU MAY.

On the hills are the thorny elms,
The white elm in the vales.*—
The master has robes and gowns,
Yet never a train he trails.
The master has carriage and steeds,
Yet drives not, rides not he.
In death he must part with all,—
To another's delight and glee!

On the hill is the varnish-wood,
The wood for the bow below.—
The master has courts and halls;
Nor water nor brush they know.
The master has bells and drums;
Nor bell nor drum strikes he.
In death he must part with all,—
And some other the owner be.

On the hill is the lacquer-tree,
And the chestnut at the foot.—

* Here is an instance where the introductory lines seem to have absolutely no connection with the subject, and only supply words to rhyme with.

The master has meats and drinks;
Why daily not thrum the lute,
And cheery enjoyment take,
And livelong make the day?
For in death he must leave his home,
Where another will find his way.

I. x. 3.

HWAN-SHUH AND HIS SECRET BAND.*

The stream runs low,†
White rocks are jutting, pointing through.—
With the white red-collared robe we go,‡
And will follow thee to Yuh.§
Let our eyes but once behold our Chief,
What joy shall not ensue?

The stream runs low,
White rocks are gleaming whiter now.—
With the white red-bordered robe we go,
And will follow thee to Kâu.‖
Let our eyes but once behold our Chief
Whose, then, the troubled brow?

The stream runs low,
White rocks stand bare where once it ran.—
Our orders we now have heard and know,
And must ne'er divulge to any man.

* Ch'âu, lord of Tsin (B.C. 744–738) had handed over to his uncle Hwan the important city of K'iu-yuh; and the growing popularity of the latter led to a conspiracy by which it was sought to bring the whole State under his rule. The above is the song of the secret followers of Hwan, addressed to one of his captains.

† *i.e.*, the power of Ch'âu is greatly weakened.

‡ The robe described in the two first stanzas is the sacrificial robe of a ruling prince.

§ Yuh is the K'iu-yuh mentioned above.

‖ Kâu was another city in the vicinity.

I. x. 4.

ADMIRATION OF SOME CHIEF, AND JOY AT BEHOLDING HIS NUMEROUS FAMILY.*

Mark ye the fruit of the pepper-tree,†
So fine, so full,—and a pint to the brim.—
Mark ye the Chief with the stalwart form;
Ne'er will you meet with the like of him.
Then hail to the pepper-tree,
And its shoots that spread so free!

Mark ye the fruit of the pepper-tree,
So fine, so full, the two hands 'twould fill.—
Mark ye the Chief with the stalwart form;
I' faith, and a man of great goodwill.
Then hail to the pepper-tree,
And its shoots that spread so free!

I. x. 5.

AN UNEXPECTED UNION.‡

(She): The firewood bundles are tied and bound,
Aloft in the heavens the Three Stars shine.

* Supposed to refer to Hwan-shuh (*see* last Ode), and his house.

† The pepper-plant is in China an emblem of prolificness; but it may be that this Ode originally suggested it. It might even, taken with the last Ode, refer simply to the number of Hwan's constituents.

‡ Why unexpected is a question not yet settled. All that the Ancient Preface says is that the piece is directed against the disorders of the State, and that owing to such disorders it was impossible for the people to marry at the proper season, *i.e.* in the Spring.

The allusion to the fuel-binding may have some reference to the bonds of wedlock; but it is perhaps more probable that both this and the allusion to the Three Stars (if these are the three prominent ones in Orion, visible there in the 10th month) simply express the season of the year,—winter.

This evening—what may the evening be
That I thus behold this goodman (mine)?
Aye thee! aye thee!
How came such a worthy man to me?

(Both): The bundles of grass are tied and bound,
Declining * there the Three Stars appear.
This evening—what may the evening be
That sees this unlooked-for meeting here
With thee? with thee!
How came it—so unforeseen—to be?

(He): The bundles of thorns are tied and bound,
The Three Stars shine through the doorway there.
This evening—what may the evening be
That I thus behold this creature fair?
Aye thee! aye thee!
How came such a creature fair to me?

I. x. 6.

BROTHERLESS.

Russet pear-tree, solitary standing,
Still with foliage thick art thou expanding;—†
I must wander, lone, no friends commanding.
Not that no one else is near me,—rather,
None there be sprung from a common father.
Wherefore then, ye travellers all, I pray you,
Ne'er a sign of sympathy betray you?
Wherefore, as a *man*, bereft of brothers,
Should I find no friendly help in others?

* Lit., at an angle. The three positions in the stanzas seem to point to the time of night—first high, then declining, and lastly setting.

† The *contrast* should be noted.

Russet pear-tree, solitary growing,
Yet rich foliage all around thee throwing,—
I must wander, lone, no succour knowing.
Not alone,—but rather, so wayfaring,
None I find the common clan-name sharing.
Wherefore then, ye travellers all, I pray you,
Ne'er a sign of sympathy betray you?
Wherefore, as a *man*, bereft of brothers,
Should I find no friendly help in others?

I. x. 7.

COMPLAINT AGAINST A HIGH OFFICIAL.*

He of the lamb's-fur and the cuffs of pardskin
His hatred of us all too long hath shown.†
Hast thou not yet another?
[We ask it], sir, for thine own sake alone.

He of the lamb's-fur bordered with the pardskin
Hath shown us all too long sore enmity.†
Hast thou not yet another?
[We ask it], sir, alone for love of thee.

* This is one of the most perplexing pieces. In the Ancient Preface we are told that it is directed against the times, and that the people of Tsin thus stigmatized those who were in exalted positions and who failed to show compassion to them. But the question is, to whom is it addressed? I cannot but agree with Victor von Strauss in his opinion that the people are appealing to the ruler to make some change *in his own interests*. There is then some sense in the 3rd and 4th lines.

† So, according to the *Urh-ya*.

I. x. 8.

CONFLICTING DUTIES.*

What flapping and flutter of gannets' wings,†
  Alighting now on the oak-tree tops!
Relentless biddings are those of kings:
  None now can attend to his millet crops.
  Who now is the stay of the aged pair?
O Heaven, thou vast and azure Heaven,
  When, when shall we be as once we were?

What flapping and flutter of gannets' wings,
  Alighting now on the copse of thorn!
Relentless biddings are those of kings:
  None now can attend to his crops of corn.
  And how do the aged parents fend?
O Heaven, thou vast and azure Heaven,
  When, when may we now expect the end?

What flapping and flutter of gannets' wings,
  As the mulberry grove beneath them sways!
Relentless biddings are those of kings:
  None now can attend to his rice and maize.
  On what do the parents sup to-day?
O Heaven, thou vast and azure Heaven,
  When, when shall we live in the wonted way?

* Said to have been written in a time of incessant warfare, when of course agriculture was neglected and the parents left to live as they could.

† The fluttering of the birds would seem to represent the restless movements of the army, and also, as these particular birds were *not wont to light on trees*, having no hind-claws, their difficulty in doing so is an apt image of the peasant engaged in soldiering.

I. x. 9.

A HAUGHTY USURPER'S PETITION TO THE KING FOR CONFIRMATION OF HIS POSITION.*

Who denies I have robes with the badges seven ?†
Yet they seem not *thine*, until thou, O King,‡
Hast therewith thy "Peace and Prosper" given.

Who denies I have robes with the badges six ?†
Yet they seem not *thine*, until thou, O King,
Shalt thy "Peace and Goodwill" thereto affix.

I. x. 10.

TOO POOR TO ENTERTAIN.§

Here is a lonely russet pear-tree ||
Grows on the left, beside the road.
Ah! yonder worthies might be willing
To visit me here in my abode.

* Duke Wu, the grandson of Hwan of K'iu-yuh (*see* Ode 3), having become, in the year 678 B.C., complete master in the State of Tsin, sent to the king some of his ill-gotten treasures as a bribe, and was thereupon invested legally with the rulership.

† Seven of the ten royal orders were worn by a feudal prince in his own State; six when he was serving at Court as the king's minister.

The opening lines show the arrogance of the man. He speaks as already potentially possessing the authority which he demands.

‡ *Tsze* for *T'ien tsze*, Son of Heaven. So Chu-Hi. The king was Li, *alias* Hi (B.C. 681–676).

§ Originally supposed to be a satire on Duke Wu (*see* last Ode), who dwelt by himself and *would* not entertain the worthy men around him,—a view now given up.

|| An image of the writer himself.

And in my heart right well I love them.
But—meat and drink how should I give them? *

Here is a lonely russet pear-tree
  Grows where the road doth backward bend.
Ah, yonder worthies might be willing
  To come,—an idle hour to spend.
And in my heart right well I love them.
But—meat and drink how should I give them?

I. x. 11.

A WIDOW'S SORROW AND DEVOTION.

The creeper † grows, and wraps the shrubs,
  Convolvulus the moorland hides.—
My well-beloved no more is near;
  Who with the lone ‡ one now abides?

The creeper grows, and wraps the thorns,
  Convolvulus the grave o'ergrows.—
My well-beloved no more is near;
  Who with the lone one takes repose?

O pillow of horn,§ so beautiful!
  O figured coverlet, so gay!
My well-beloved no more is near;
  Who with the lone one waits for day?

* These last lines do not rhyme in the original.

† The *Kŏ*. These lines seem to point to conjugal affection, or protection.

‡ "The lone one" might mean either the dead husband or the widow.

§ It is usual still in China to use hard pillows of wood or other material, upon which the upper part of the neck rests without disarranging the elaborately dressed hair.

Through summer day,
Through winter night,
Long years will pass, and then myself
Will take to his abode my flight.*

Through winter night,
Through summer day,
Long years will pass, and then myself
Will to his dwelling wing my way.

I. x. 12.

MIND NOT IDLE TALES.

Who, a-gathering mouse-ear fungus,
Gathers it on Shau-yang's crest?—†
People's stories are but fiction,
And on no foundation rest.
Put them from thee, put them from thee;
Fictions are they, and untrue;
Tales invented by the people,—
Tush! what can they do?

Who, a-gathering in the rue-leaf,
Gathers it at Shau-yang's base?—†
People's stories are but fiction,
Ne'er agree they with the case.
Put them from thee, put them from thee;
Fictions are they, and untrue;
Tales invented by the people,—
Tush! what can they do?

* The word 歸 (*kwai*) is used, as if the bridal journey was to be taken over again.

† On this particularly barren mountain none of these things ever grew. As likely were they to be found there as that truth should be found in idle gossiping stories. These opening lines may not really be interrogative, but by taking them so the sense becomes more apparent.

Who, that goes a-gathering parsley,
East of Shau-yang ever went?—*
People's stories are but fiction,
And are all-inconsequent.
Put them from thee, put them from thee;
Fictions are they, and untrue;
Tales invented by the people,—
Tush! what can they do?

* *See* note on previous page.

BOOK XI.

THE ODES OF TS'IN.*

I. XI. 1.

LIFE AT COURT—BUDDING INTO OPULENCE AND GAIETY.

Now hath he rumbling carriages,
And the white-crested steeds.
And lo! to come before the Chief
The Eunuch's pass one needs.

The varnish-tree adorns the slope,
The chestnut the moist ground.—
Here sit we now around our Chief,
And lutes are thrumming round.
If joy be not for present years,
What will *fourscore* have found?

The mulberry-tree adorns the slope,
The willow the wet plains.—
Here sit we now around our Chief,
And hear the organ's strains.
If pleasure be not for to-day,
Years pass, till nought remains.

* The State of Ts'in was about 900 B.C. quite a small fief in the North-West. Many of its inhabitants belonged to the wild Mongolian tribes, and probably also some of its princes. The State grew by degrees into importance, and in the third century B.C. the ruling Chief made himself master of the whole of China and established the Ts'in Dynasty.

The first Ode seems to celebrate the growing dignity of the feudal lord, and the gayer life at his Court.

I. XI. 2.

THE COURT-HUNT.

FOUR irongreys, of height superb,
Lo! held by half-a-dozen reins.
The Chief's own favourites their Chief
Are following to the hunting plains.

They beat him up the season's game,*
The season's game superb for size.
"Off to the left," calls out the Chief:
Lets fly the shaft, and bags the prize.

Then through the north park strolls he back,
The while his four well-broken steeds,
With bells at bits,† in light-built carts,
Draw home the hounds of various breeds.‡

I. XI. 3.

THE ABSENT WARRIOR-HUSBAND.§

CURRICLE of war, so narrow,
With its pole with five gay bindings,
Sliding rings at shoulder-braces,‖

* Lit., males.

† The light vehicles, with small bells at the horses' bits, seem to have been used for beating up the game, and for conveying home the dogs; or, in the latter case, it may have been that the tinkling bells simply kept together the dogs.

‡ "Long and short-nosed."

§ The first six lines in each stanza give a rapid confused picture of the equipments of the husband on his setting out to the wars,—a picture which is ever present to the wife's mind; and in the last four she explains herself and passes on to the thought of his present surroundings. The Expedition would be against the wild tribes of the West.

‖ Some provision for keeping under control the outside horses.

Silvered fastenings at the cross-bar,*
Tiger-skin, naves far-projecting,
And my piebalds at the traces—†
Ay, my thoughts are of my husband
So beloved,‡ so good and kind,
Now amid the log-huts yonder;
And what tumult fills my mind!

Team of four strong colts and stalwart,
Half a dozen reins to hold them,§
Piebalds for the inner twain,†
Dappled greys the two outsiders,†
Dragon shields, each matching other,‖
Silver-clasped each inner rein—
Ay, my thoughts are of my husband
Good and kind, in towns far hence.
When, when shall his term be ended?
Long, too long, this thought intense!

Four mailed chargers, well assorted,
Trident spears, with shaft-ends silvered,
Shields adorned with painted wings,
Case of tiger-skin steel-mounted
For the bows, two bows containing,
Bound to bamboo frames by strings—¶
Ay, my thoughts are of my husband,
When I rise or lay me down.
Worthy man, may peace attend him,
And his name win wide renown.

* *i.e.*, at the ends of the traces.

† The colours of the horses throughout are only approximate in the translation. One of them is described, in one syllable, as *a horse with a white left foot!*

‡ Lit., like a jewel.

§ Two interior reins were attached to the carriage front, and these are those referred to in the 6th line.

‖ A pair of shields, showing the imperial emblem, stood on the front of the carriage.

¶ An instrument to keep the bows from warping.

I. XI. 4.

CHASING THE PHANTOM.*

WHEN reed and rush grew green, grew green,
And dews to hoar-frost changed,
One whom they speak of as "that man"
Somewhere the river ranged.
Upstream they went in quest of him,
A long and toilsome way;
Downstream they went in quest of him;—
In *mid*-stream there he lay!

When reed and rush grew tall, grew tall,
And dews lay yet undried,
He whom they speak of as "that man"
Was by the riverside.
Upstream they searched for him, along
The toilsome, deep defile;
Downstream again—and there he lay,
Midway, upon the isle!

When reed and rush were cut and gone,
And dews still lingered dank,
He whom they speak of as "that man"
Was on the river's bank.
Upstream they searched for him, along
The toilsome right-hand road;
Downstream,—and on the island there,
In *mid*-stream, he abode!

* No other title than this which I venture can well be given to this piece. All Chinese guesses as to the meaning seem far-fetched and absurd. Perhaps the "happy mean," which so many miss, is the answer to the riddle.

I. XI. 5.

THE RULER'S RETURN FROM THE KING'S COURT AFTER PROMOTION TO HIGHER RANK.

What see we on the Chung-nan* mountain?
Here silver firs, and plum-trees there.
Behold our noble lord arriving
In broider'd robe and fox-furs fair,—
His countenance as rouged, so ruddy:
A prince is he indeed beyond compare!

What see we on the Chung-nan mountain?
Here shady nook, there open glade.†
Behold our noble lord arriving,
In flowery robe and train arrayed,
With jewels at his girdle tinkling:
Long life be his, and fame that shall not fade!

I. XI. 6.

THE LIVING BURIED WITH THE DEAD.‡

In flocks the yellow birds
Flew in and out each thorny tree.—§
Who followed dead‖ Duke Muh?
He of the clan Tse-Kü, Yen-Si.

* A noted mountain in the State of Ts'in, at the foot of which was the ruler's seat. The beauties of the scenery seem introduced in comparison with the ruler's new adornments.

† 紀 *Ki* and 堂 *t'ang*, are thus explained by Chu Hi and his followers.

‡ A practice evidently learnt from their barbarous neighbours in the West, and unknown in any other State in China.

§ It seems hopeless to seek any meaning in these introductory lines.

‖ "Dead" is not in the original, but the sense requires it.

Gazing into his grave
He shrank with shuddering dread.
Powers of yon blue concave! *
Our best men all lie dead.
O, could a ransom save,
A hundred died instead!

In flocks the yellow birds
Hovered the mulberry-trees among.—
Who followed dead Duke Muh?
He of the clan Tse-Kü, Chung-Hang.
Match for a hundred men
Was he, the same Chung-Hang.
Gazing into his grave
He shrank with shuddering dread.
Powers of yon blue concave!
Our best men all lie dead.
O, could a ransom save,
A hundred died instead!

In flocks the yellow birds
There in and out the thicket flew.—
Who followed dead Duke Muh?
He of the clan Tse-Kü, Chin-Hu.
Withstand a hundred men.
Could he that same Chin-Hu.
Gazing into his grave
He shrank with shuddering dread.
Powers of yon blue concave!
Our best men all lie dead.
O, could a ransom save,
A hundred died instead.

Duke Muh died 620 B C., and not only these three clansmen, but 170 persons in all, it is said, were buried alive with him.

* Lit., yonder azure Heaven!

I. xi. 7.

OUT OF SIGHT AND OUT OF MIND.

Swiftly sped the sparrow-hawk,
Northward where the woods grow dense.—
Absent is my husband still,
And 'tis sad, this long suspense.
Why is he, methinks, and how
So unmindful of me now?

Groves of oak adorn the hill,
Elm-trees, six of them, the mead.—
Absent is my husband still;
Sad and cheerless life I lead,
Why is he, methinks, and how
So unmindful of me now?

On the hill wild cherry-trees,
On the meadowland wild pears.—
With my husband absent still
I seem stupefied with cares.
Why is he, methinks, and how
So unmindful of me now?

I. xi. 8.

COMRADES IN WAR-TIME.

How say we have no clothes?
One plaid for both will do.
Let but the king, in raising men,
Our spears and pikes renew,—
We'll fight as one, we two!

How say we have no clothes?
One skirt our limbs shall hide.
Let but the king, in raising men,
Halberd and lance provide,—
We'll do it, side by side!

How say we have no clothes?
My kirtle thou shalt wear.
Let but the king, in raising men,
Armour and arms prepare,—
The toils of war we'll share.

I. XI. 9.

A REFUGEE HEIR OF TSIN ASSISTED IN HIS RIGHTS.*

Escorting my cousin
There north of the Wai so far,
What gifts did I leave him?
Bay team for a ducal car.†

My cousin's escorting
Aye long in my thoughts abides.
What gifts did I leave him?
Rich gems for his belt besides.

* A long history is attached to this piece, for which see Dr. Legge's "Shi King," Vol. I. p. 203. The writer is Duke K'ang of Ts'in (son of Duke Muh of Ode 6), at that time, however, only heir-apparent; and the cousin was Ch'ung-urh, afterwards Duke Wan of Tsin.

† *i.e.*, on the king's acknowledgment of him as rightful heir, when the king would present him with the car of state. The cousin had, however, to fight his way in order to regain his rightful possessions; and the danger attending this enterprise seems to be the cause of the anxiety expressed in verse 2.

I. xi. 10.

OLD OFFICIALS LEFT IN THE COLD.*

Alas for us!
Fine houses first and all on liberal scale;—
Now, each meal o'er, remains naught more!
Ah, welladay!
So to begin and afterwards to fail!

Alas for us!
Four platters once at meals for every man;
And now each feeds within his needs!
Ah, welladay!
Not to go on as we at first began!

* Supposed to satirize Duke K'ang's treatment of the old servants of his father (Muh).

BOOK XII.

THE ODES OF CH'IN.*

I. XII. 1.

A PLEASURE-LOVING OFFICIAL.

O THE master's truanting!
There on Yün-hill's shoulder.
Jovial is he, true, but wins
Praise from no beholder.†

Down below at Yün-hill's foot
We may hear his drummers;
Still he waves the egret-plumes,‡
Winter's day or summer's.

On the roads around Yün-hill
Porcelain drums they beat him;§
Winter, summer, ne'er without
Egret-fan we meet him.

* Ch'in was a marquisate in the present province of Ho-nan, given originally by King Wu (1121–1114 B.C.) to Mwan, his chief potter, who claimed descent from the Emperor Shun. Mwan is known as Duke Hu. His capital was built around, or near, the Yün-hill mentioned in the two first pieces.

† Lit., is without regard.

‡ Egret-plumes, or fans, were used in dancing (*see* I. VI. 3).

§ The *body* of these drums was of porcelain or earthenware.

I. XII. 2.

THE YOUNG FOLKS' HOLIDAY.

Now under the East-gate elms,
  Now under Yün-hill's oak-trees,
The maid of the clan Tse-chung
  Romps idly about at ease.

The day that was fixed is fine,
  To the South Moor all repair;
"No plaiting of hemp to-day,
  But frolicking at the fair."

The day for the trip is fine,
  And there with the crowd goes she.
"I see thee—my blushing rose,
  With a pepper-spray for me!"

I. XII. 3.

CONTENTEDNESS.

BELOW my rude and crazy door,
  'Tis mine to lounge at leisure,
And while my purling fountain flows
  To bear my wants with pleasure.

And needs one, for a meal of fish,
  A bream from out the Ho, then?
And needs one, if a wife he wish,
For a Kiang of Ts'i to go, then?

Or needs he, for a meal of fish,*
  A carp from those same waters?
Or, for a wife, to take a Tse,—*
  One of the Sung's proud daughters?

* Kiang was the clan name of the ruling House of Ts'i, and Tse that of the ducal House of Sung.

I. XII. 4.

A TRYSTING-PLACE.

SHE well might use the East-gate moat
To steep her hemp along.
And there my fair and graceful queen*
Might join with me in song.

The East-gate moat to steep her flax†
Convenient place would be.
And there my fair and graceful queen
Could meet and talk with me.

So might she use the East-gate moat
To steep her couch-grass too.
And there my graceful queen and I
Our converse might renew.‡

I. XII. 5.

THE BROKEN TRYST.

THE willows by the Eastern gate
Their wealth of leaves are showing.
The gloaming was the trysted time,
The daystar now is glowing.

The willows by the Eastern gate
With glossy leaves are teeming.
The gloaming was the trysted time,
The daystar now is gleaming!

* *Ki*, strictly one of the House of Chow, but often used as a euphemism.

† This is in the original another species of hemp. The three varieties of plants mentioned—out of which clothing-material was made—were probably cut and prepared at different seasons.

‡ "Renew" is not in the text, but the argument I have adopted would suggest it as understood.

I. XII. 6.

A WARNING.

THERE are thorn-trees by the lych-gate,*
O, an axe to lay them low!
Here is one of graceless habits,
As the country well doth know;†
Well doth know, yet ne'er he pauseth;
From of old it hath been so.

There are plum-trees by the lych-gate,
Screech-owls haunting every tree.
Here is one of graceless habits,
Let this song his warning be.
Should my warning be unheeded,
Ruin may bring thoughts of me.

I. XII. 7.

WHO LURED MY LOVE AWAY?

THE dyke retains the magpie's nest,
The brae the bright wild-pea.
But oh! what anguish fills my breast!
Who lured my Love from me?

Fair tiles adorn the temple-path,
Bright ribbon-plants the brae.
But oh! my heart! what pain it hath!
Who lured my Love away?

* Lych-gate, lit., "tomb-gate," whether a gate of the city leading to a cemetery, or the cemetery-gate, is doubtful. The opening lines in each stanza are ominous of evil.

† Evidently the person held some important position in the State.

I. XII. 8.

LOVE'S CHAIN.

O MOON that climb'st effulgent!
O ladylove most sweet!
Would that my ardour found thee more indulgent!
Poor heart, how dost thou vainly beat!

O moon that climb'st in splendour!
O ladylove most fair!
Couldst thou relief to my fond yearning render!
Poor heart, what chafing must thou bear!

O moon that climb'st serenely!
O ladylove most bright!
Couldst thou relax the chain I feel so keenly!
Poor heart, how sorry is thy plight!

I. XII. 9.

DUKE LING'S VISITS TO THE LADY OF CHU-LIN.*

"WHAT takes me" (say you) "to Chu-lin?"
I seek Hià-nan.†
'Tis not a visit to Chu-lin:
I seek Hià-nan.

* This Ode brings us down to the time nearest of all to that of Confucius. Duke Ling ruled in Ch'in B.C. 612–598. Chu-lin, or Chu, was a city of Ch'in, where resided Hià-ki, a daughter of Duke Muh of Ch'ing, now married to an officer of Ch'in. Duke Ling's intrigues with this lady were notorious.

† Hià-nan was the lady's son. The duke excuses himself, saying he seeks only the son's companionship. The son afterwards murdered him. The whole story connected with this intrigue is to be found in the Tso-chün, and the Ode is only interesting to those who are acquainted with that history.

Come put my team of four abreast;
Out on the wilds of Chu we'll rest.
There put my team of young ones to—
My breakfast I will eat at Chu.

I. XII. 10.

LOVE'S GRIEFS.*

By the margin of the mere
  Rush with lotus-flower may dwell.
Handsomest of men is here,—
  How shall I my trouble tell!
Waking, sleeping,—no repose—
Stream the tears from eyes and nose.

There they stand beside the mere,
  Rush and king-cup, side by side.
Handsomest of men is here,
  Tall, robust, in manhood's pride.
Waking, sleeping—both are vain,
For my heart's core feels the pain.

By the margin of the mere
  Rush with mallow may combine.
Handsomest of men is here,
  Tall, robust, of presence fine.
Waking, sleeping—all unrest—
Tossing on my back and breast.

* The writer, according to Chu-Hi, is a woman.

BOOK XIII.

THE ODES OF KWAI.*

I. XIII. 1.

A RULER FONDER OF HIS ROBES THAN OF HIS DUTY.

In the lambskin loitering at thy leisure!
In the foxfur seated in thy Court!†
How then should I take no thought about thee?‡
Ah, my thoughts are of the saddest sort!

In the lambskin wandering off at pleasure!
In the foxfur seated in thy Hall!
How then should I take no thought about thee?
Ah, with pain and grief I note it all.

Ay, the lambskin, as with unguent shining,
How it glistens in the morning sun!
Wherefore should I take no thought about thee?
Ah, my heart with sorrow is undone!

* Kwai, like Ch'in, was a small but ancient fief in the present province of Ho-nan, but about the eighth century B.C. it was incorporated with Ch'ing. It lay between the rivers Tsin and Wai.

† The lambskin was for wear in the ruler's Court or hall at public receptions, &c.; and the foxfur robe only at the Court of the king.

‡ The writer was evidently some officer of Kwai, justly offended at this irregularity and vain display.

I. XIII. 2.

DECAY OF FILIAL PIETY SEEN IN THE DECAY OF MOURNING.*

O FOR a sight of the bonnet white,†
And the rigorous wearer, spare and slight!
Sore were my heart at the moving sight!

O for a sight of the plain white dress!
How my heart would feel for the fatherless!
Fain would I homeward with him press.

O that I saw the white apron worn!‡
How my heart would cling to the youth forlorn,
Ay, and as *one* with him would mourn!

I. XIII. 3.

CONTRASTS WITH NATURE.

SEE the goats'-peach grow on the wet land low,
With its branches supple and fair,
And the glossy sheen of its vernal green:—
Happy creature, of nought aware!

See the goats'-peach grow on the wet land low,
With its dainty delicate bloom,
And the glossy sheen of its vernal green:—
Happy thing, with no (ties of) home!

See the goats'-peach grow on the wet land low,
And the dainty fair fruit it bears,
And the glossy sheen of its vernal green:—
Happy thing, with no household (cares)!

* The old custom had been that mourning for parents should be worn for three years. Now, evidently, the sight of it was rare.

† White was then, as now, the colour of the mourning-dress. The white bonnet or cap was to be worn during the *third year*.

‡ Knee-covers made of white leather.

I. XIII. 4.

LAMENT OVER THE DECAY OF CHOW.

O IT is not the wild wind's blast,
Nor sound of wheels that hurry past;
Reviewing but the ways of Chow,*
My heart is pained: I stand aghast.

O it is not the gale severe,
Nor yet the chariots' wild career;
Reviewing but the ways of Chow,
My heart is filled with sorrow drear.

Who knows the art of cooking fish?
Cleansed are his pots that hold the same.†
Who seeks his homeland in the West?‡
Dear should he hold its honoured name.§

* In opposition to the view of Dr. Legge and Herr von Strauss, who follow Chu-Hi in his interpretation of this Ode, I prefer the simpler one of Mao, and translate *tao*—"ways," "manners." I inclined to do so in Odes 6 and 10 of Book VIII.; but there the word and context are equivocal.

† So here I think Chu-Hi has beclouded the simple construction, although the terseness of the language allows of some variation in translating.

‡ Western Chow, the capital which lay west of this State of Kwai.

§ Probably the meaning of the whole verse is that purity and patriotism are synonymous.

BOOK XIV.

THE ODES OF TS'ÂU.*

I. XIV. 1.

AGAINST FOPPERY.

O THE butterflies' wings!†
O the dresses so gay!
'Tis a trouble to me;
To my home I'll away.‡

O the butterflies' wings!
O the ways they are dressed!
'Tis but trouble to me;
I will homeward and rest.

See the chrysalids burst!
See the linen§ like snow!
'Tis but trouble to me;
To my home let me go.

* Ts'âu was a small Earldom lying in the present province of Shan-tung. It was annexed to Sung in the fifth century B.C.

† The insect (*fau-yiu*) in the original is a dung-fly, an ephemera, —otherwise called the dung-beetle, or tumble-dung. *Fau-yiu* literally means "floating—wandering." Our "butterfly" suits the spirit and meaning of the piece. The fops were probably some persons of high standing at Court.

‡ The last lines are generally held to be very puzzling. The above is a *verbatim* rendering, the "I'll" only being added.

§ Lit., "hempen clothes."

I. XIV. 2.

WORTHLESS DISPLAY AT THE COURT.*

Lo the convoy officers†
  Lance and pike that bear!
Lo the striplings—hundreds three—
  Scarlet greaves that wear!‡

—Pelicans upon a dam!
  Wetting ne'er a wing.
Ah the striplings, ne'er is one
  Worth his garnishing.

—Pelicans upon a dam,
  Wetting ne'er a bill;
Ah the striplings, never one
  Worth his lord's goodwill!

O rank growth! O mists that climb§
  The south hill at morn!
O the tender fair young wives‖
  That are famine-worn!

* Satire by some man of worth, who, along with a few others like himself, had been dismissed from office, and saw a number of useless and inexperienced men about the Court in their stead.

† Officers employed to meet and to escort guests.

‡ Servants about the Court. Only persons of high rank were entitled to wear the scarlet aprons.

§ Our "mushroom-growth," and "morning cloud that vanisheth."

‖ There is nothing to show *whose* wives are intended. They may be the neglected wives of those "striplings" in office, or the wives of men such as the writer who had no employment. The Chinese commentators say,—some, that they represent the worthy *men themselves!* some, that the *people* of the State are meant!

I. XIV. 3.

PRAISE OF AN EXCELLENT RULER.

THERE in the mulberry-tree the dove*
Sits on,—seven young ones at her side.—
A virtuous man our Chief doth prove,
In action dignified,
So *wholly* dignified
As were he† bound thereto and tied.

Still in the mulberry-tree the dove
Sits on,—her brood to plum-trees flown.—
A virtuous man our Chief doth prove;
And by his silken zone,
Ay, by his silken zone,
And checkered bonnet, may be known.

In the mulberry-tree still bides the dove,
And now on thorn-trees are her brood.—
A virtuous man our Chief doth prove,—
Of faultless rectitude;
And by such rectitude
Is all his land reformed, renewed.

In the mulberry-tree still bides the dove;
Her brood in hazel copses stray.—
A virtuous man our Chief doth prove,
And points his folk the way,
The good, the better way;—
Why not for ever and for aye? ‡

* The turtle-dove. The number of her brood—*seven*—in the original is unnatural, but "seven" there makes a rhyme with the fourth line!

† Lit., his *heart* bound, &c.

‡ Lit., for 10,000 years.

I. XIV. 4.

HARD TIMES IN TS'ÂU—NO HELP FORTHCOMING AS FORMERLY FROM THE ROYAL CAPITAL OF CHOW.

O COLD and chill yon fountain's rill,*
That swamps the weed-beds on its brink.
Heigh-ho! I lie awake and sigh,
When of Chow's capital I think.

O cold and chill the fountain's rill,
That swamps the wormwood on each side.
Heigh-ho! I lie awake and sigh,
As on Chow-king† my thoughts abide.

Yea, cold and chill the fountain's rill,
The milfoil it is swamping now.
Heigh-ho! I lie awake and sigh:
My thoughts are of the Court of Chow.

Once sprouting grain, like grassy plain,
Grew rich with fertilizing rain.
Each State around its Sovereign owned,
And in Siün's Chief a refuge found.‡

* The fountain points to the king, now not fostering, but chilling, his people.

† Chow-king. King=capital, as in Pe-king, Nan-king.

‡ The reference to the Chief of Siün is obscure. Probably, as is supposed by some, he was a sort of vice-roy, exercising authority over a number of the States, and was turned to in times of trouble.

BOOK XV.

THE ODES OF PIN.*

I. xv. 1.

LIFE IN PIN IN THE OLDEN TIME.†

In the seventh month wanes the heat, ‡
In the ninth are garments doled,
Through the eleventh§ beat winter winds,
Through the twelfth 'tis chill and cold.
How without the clothes and wraps
Could one see the twelvemonth close?

* Pin was the name of a district in the west of the present province of Shen-si, and was the home of the ancestry of the Chow family from 1796 to 1325 B.C.

† We might almost call the piece the "Georgics" of Pin. It is said to have been written by the famous Duke of Chow (Chow-kung,—son of King Wăn, and brother of King Wu) for his young nephew and ward, known afterwards as King Ch'ing, so the date assigned to it would be between 1116 and 1112 B.C. (the period during which Chow-kung was Regent). The language is put into the mouth of the farmers, and is supposed to represent the life of the country people some centuries before its date.

‡ Lit., *sinks the Fire-star*. The Heart of the Scorpion was so called. It is computed that about this time this star passed the meridian in August. The *first* month therefore would begin during our February.

§ Lit., *the first's days*. The nomenclature of some older calendar seems to have been used for the *winter months;* but I have continued the numbers known to us,—11th, 12th, 1st, 2nd.

Through the first, at sock and share
(For the ploughing we prepare).
Through the second—lilting toes ! *
And with wives and children now
Picnic we upon South Lea.†
Comes the Steward, pleased is he.

In the seventh month wanes the heat,
In the ninth the clothes we dole.
In the sunny days of Spring
Comes the warbling oriole;
Maids their dainty baskets seize,
And along the narrow paths
Seek the supple mulberry-trees.
Spring days lengthen—all begin
The white wormwood to get in. ‡
One maid's heart feels a smart:
Time is hastening—she must soon
With the Master's son depart.§

In the seventh month wanes the heat,
In the eighth thrive rush and reed.
When the silkworm-month arrives,‖
Then the mulberry leaves we need;
Then with axe and bill we go
Laying vagrant branches low;

* *i.e.*, *following* the plough. Any one who has seen ploughing in China through mud and water nearly knee-deep will understand this "lilting of toes."

† Lit., have open-air meals on the south-lying acres.

‡ Or, white southernwood. Besides being used in sacrifice (*see* I. II. 2) this herb served in some way to assist in the hatching of the silkworm.

§ *i.e.*, to be married.

‖ No certain month, but that in which the silkworm creeps out, when it must be fed with mulberry leaves.

Virgin trees we strip, not strike.
In the seventh month pipes the shrike.
In the eighth, from spinning-wheel
Dark and yellow threads we reel,
While our brightest red is spun
To adorn the Master's son.

In the fourth month seeds the grass;
In the fifth cicadas call;
In the eighth is harvest-tide;
In the tenth the leaves will fall.
Through the eleventh we hunt the brock;
Fox and wild-cat, too, we take;
The young Master's furs they make.
In the twelfth the Meet takes place,*
Where brave deeds once more be shown;
To our lot the young boars fall,
To the Master's the full-grown.

In the fifth month hoppers grind;†
In the sixth their wings they find;
In the seventh out in the fields,
In the eighth in eaves o'erhead,
In the ninth about the door,
In the tenth beneath the bed,—
So do crickets entrance gain.
Holes be filled, smoked out the rats,
Windows stopped, doors plastered o'er.
Ah! wife and children mine,
So things tell the year's decline!
Go indoors, and there remain.

* A general hunt, which was intended also to keep the people in training for war.

† In this verse three separate insects seem to be named, the locust, the "spinner," and the cricket; but the Chinese commentators say they are names of the same insect at different stages of its existence.

In the sixth month eat we plum and grape;
In the seventh we boil the pulse and rape;
In the eighth, date-trees are stripped;
In the tenth, the rice is clipped,
And Spring-drinks are brewed from it
For old age's benefit.
In the seventh we melons eat;
In the eighth we cut the bottle-gourd;
In the ninth the seed from hemp is stored,
And lettuce cut, and fuel of worthless wood,
And the farm-labourers supplied with food.

In the ninth month we beat down the space
In the garden for the stacking-place;
In the tenth we bring therein the grain,—
Millets, early sown and late,
Rice, and hemp, and pulse, and wheat.
Ah, my tillers of the soil,
When our crops are all got in
Home you go to other toil,
To the homestead industries,—
Thatching while you have the light,
Twisting ropes when falls the night!
—Yet they scarce the housetop gain
When they must begin again
Sowing every sort of grain!

In the twelfth month boring ice,
How the thuds and cracks resound!
In the first we store it up
In the houses underground.
In the next, at early morn,
To the shrine a lamb, with leeks, is borne.*

* An offering to the Spirit who was supposed to preside over the cold season.

In the ninth month frost is keen.
In the tenth we sweep the stackyards clean.
Then the pair of spirit-flasks are filled,
"Let the sheep and lambs," we cry, "be killed,
Now up to the Master's hall we'll go,
And the horncup there upraise,
Wishing him long life, and endless days!"

T. xv. 2.

THE NEST, SO HARD TO BUILD, NOW ROBBED.*

O HAWK! O robber-hawk!†
My young ones from me thou hast torn;

* This Ode is said to have been written by the Duke of Chow to vindicate his fidelity at a time when he was accused of treachery towards the young King Ch'ing (*see* Note 2 on last Ode). A little history must here be given, which will throw light on this as well as the remaining pieces in this Book.

King Wu, after his overthrow of the Shang dynasty and the establishment of that of Chow, gave to Wu-Kăng (the son of the last of the Shang kings) a small State in the East, and associated with him two of his own younger brothers (brothers therefore also of the Duke of Chow). After King Wu's death these two brothers joined Wu-Kăng in a conspiracy against the young King Ch'ing, their nephew, and also spread a rumour that laid the Duke under suspicion of infidelity. The young King believed the rumour, and showed to the Duke that he no longer had faith in him. The latter, instead of defending himself, composedly withdrew to the East, where he remained two years; but the conspiracy resulting now in open rebellion, he raised an army and took the field against the rebels, and vanquished them, after a long and severe contest, in which Wu-Kăng was killed, and also one of the Duke's own brothers. Afterwards he wrote this Ode, which he presented to the King, showing his attachment to him, and how much he had done to consolidate the young dynasty.

† On all hands I see this bird is called an owl; but the picture of it in the *Urh-ya t'u* is decidedly that of a hawk. The hawk is evidently Wu-Kăng, the "young ones" the Duke's brothers, and the "nest," or "house" (v. 3) the infant dynasty of Chow.

My nest I pray thee spare.
With toil and tender care
I reared those young ones now I mourn.

Ere rain-clouds hid the sky*
The mulberry bark I brought to bind
My lattice and my door.
You folks below no more
Would dare molest me, I opined.

With claws I pulled and tore;—
With tugging at each stalk I met,
With getting in my store,
My beak grew very sore:
Said I, "No house have I as yet."†

My wings are worn and frayed;
All torn and tattered is my tail;
My nest is hard to gain,
Rocked, thrashed by wind and rain:—‡
Nought can I do but shriek and wail.

* This beautiful allegory Confucius has commented upon. (*See* Mencius II., Part i. IV. 3, Legge's Classics.)

† Many were still unwilling to abandon the fallen dynasty of Shang.

‡ The young dynasty still in danger.

I. xv. 3.

SONG OF THE TROOPS ON RETURNING FROM THE EASTERN CAMPAIGN.*

To the hills in the East we marched away,
And ne'er came home for many a day;
When we did come back from the East again,
Then down came the dripping, drizzling rain.—
In the East when we talked of our return,
O then for the West our hearts would burn.
"Make ready the gear we then shall wear;—
No marching there, no gagging there!"†
Like caterpillars that creep and crawl
In mulberry grounds, there were we all,
And each in his lonely shelter slept,
Ay, under the waggons, too, we crept.

To the hills in the East we marched away,
And ne'er came home for many a day;
When we did come back from the East again,
Then down came the dripping, drizzling rain.—
And we thought of our creeping gourds, and how
Their fruit must be over the eaves by now,—
Of the woodlice roaming the rooms by scores,
Of the spiders weaving across the doors,
Of our paddocks now the haunt of the deer,
With the glowworms flickering far and near—
O sure there was cause for grave concern,
And well might we long for our return.

* The Duke of Chow's Expedition to quash the rebellion (*see* Note 1 on last Ode).

† In the ranks the troops wore a kind of gag in the mouth to prevent their talking.

To the hills in the East we marched away,
And ne'er came home for many a day;
When we did come back from the East again,
Then down came the dripping, drizzling rain.—
On the ant-hills were the white cranes crying,
In their rooms our wives were sadly sighing,
As they sprinkled and swept, and filled each crack,
When suddenly we from our raid came back!
And there, on their sticks from the chestnut-tree,
Grew the bitter-gourds all orderly,
Though three long years by now had passed
Since eyes we had set upon them last!

To the hills in the East we marched away,
And ne'er came home for many a day;
When we did come back from the East again,
Then down came the dripping, drizzling rain.—
Now orioles are to be seen in flight;
Far and near their wings flash in the light.
And maids are out on their wedding-day,
On ponies chestnut or white-flecked bay,
Wearing sashes that mothers have fondly tied,
And paraphernalia much beside.
If so happy these younger ones we see,
Then what must the meeting of old ones be!

I. xv. 4.

THE SAME.

All broken are our axes,*
All shattered are our bills.—
Chow-Kung with arms went Eastward
To right the country's† ills.
Yet pity for our people
His heart most surely fills.‡

All broken are our axes,
Our chisels suffered harm.—
Chow-Kung with arms went Eastward
The country to reform.
Yet showed he for our people
A sympathy most warm.

All broken are our axes,
Our picks in sorry plight.—
Chow-Kung with arms went Eastward
The country to unite.
His pity for our people
We marked with true delight.

* It is to be much doubted whether the implements in these verses are weapons of war. It is more probable that they were agricultural and other tools, which had become rusty, blunted, and almost useless during the men's three years' absence. At present, when a Chinese wishes to express the fact of his having been long absent from friends, he uses the two opening lines of this Ode.

† Lit., the four States; but this phrase often means the four sides of the State.

‡ He did not go to fight so much as to make peace, and thereby to show his love and pity for his country, then so disturbed.

I. xv. 5.

COMPARISONS.*

How do we hew our axes' helves?
Not without axes, sure, themselves.
What if to take a wife we mean?
Hopeless, save with a go-between.†

As in the hewing of helves, of helves,
Not far off are the types themselves,‡
Haply have I my lady met,
So is the feast in order set! §

I. xv. 6.

LAMENTS IN THE EAST AT THE DUKE'S RECALL.

We have netted the fish,—the rudd, the bream!
We have met with our Chief in the dragon-robe
And the skirts that with broideries gleam.

* This piece is thought by all Chinese critics to refer to the Duke of Chow. Its place in the book lends some support to their view. The substance of Chu-Hi's comment is, that the first verse expresses the desire of the Eastern people to see the famous Duke, and that the second speaks of their satisfaction on seeing him. Victor von Strauss thinks that if we *are* to take the lines metaphorically, they may be interpreted thus:—the young monarch Ch'ing is seeking full possession of his kingdom (the bride), and can do nothing without the Duke as his mediator and example; whilst *with* him as such all is brought about happily.

† The match-arranger (*see* I. v. 4) was thus, even in the twelfth century B.C., as now, a *sine quâ non*.

‡ *Scil.*, in the *hand*.

§ "Feast," lit., vessels of bamboo and earthenware, used in feasts convivial and sacrificial.

There the wild-geese wing o'er the isles their way!
And the Duke returns? Hath he here no room?
Must our guest but a brief time stay?*

Ha, the wild-geese fly o'er the upland plain!
So the Duke must leave, to return no more!
Could our guest but two nights remain?

O for *this* was the dragon-robe then worn!
Yet O suffer our Duke not thus to go,
Nor allow us his loss to mourn!

I. xv. 7.

THE DUKE'S CALMNESS UNDER CALUMNY.†

The wolf upon his wame‡ would forward fall,
Or on his tail would backward tread.
The Duke, fine stately man, yet bears with all,
And calmly wears the slippers red.§

The wolf upon his tail would backward fall,
Or forward stumble on his wame.
The Duke, fine stately man, yet bears with all;
Untarnished is his honoured name.

* Lit., with *you* staying two nights. But the "you" is unimportant: the people are supposed to be talking with each other.

† His serenity is contrasted with the action of a wolf at bay. For the calumny, *see* Note 1 on the second Ode.

‡ *Scoticé.* Lit., dewlap.

§ Red slippers were worn by the king and the chief princes.

PART II.

THE MINOR FESTAL ODES.

BOOK I.

II. 1. 1.

AT THE ROYAL BANQUETS.

Hear the happy bleating deer
Browsing on the fragrant meads.—
Noble guests surround me here;
Strike the lute, and blow the reeds,
Blow them, let their tongues resound;*
Gifts in baskets pass around.
Men that love me, sure, are they,
Pointing me the Perfect Way.†

Hear the happy bleating deer
Cropping the wild southernwood.—
Noble guests surround me here,
Famed afar for all that's good;
Teaching thrift to those below,
Patterns, guides, to every man of worth.
I have choicest wines, shall flow:—
Feast, my noble guests, and take your mirth.

* The pipes had metal tongues; hence the whole instrument is sometimes called an organ.

† "*Chow hang*," the way of Chow, is taken also to mean the Perfect Way.

Hear the happy bleating deer
Browsing on the grassy plain.—
Noble guests surround me here;—
Strike the lute and harp again.
Strike the lute and harp again!
Mirth harmonious long maintain.
Flow the wine, my choicest, best,
Cheer the heart of every noble guest.

II. 1. 2.

FOREIGN SERVICE.*

On, right on, ran my team of four,
O'er the long winding roads from Chow.
Thought I then to return no more?
Kings' affairs yet no rest allow:
Grief at my heart-strings tore.

On, still on, went my team of four;
Snort and pant would each black-maned steed.
Thought I then to return no more?
Kings' affairs yet no rest concede.
Leisure and rest were o'er.

Fluttering round were the turtle-doves,
Soaring upwards, and darting low,
Resting at last on the oak-tree groves.
Kings' affairs yet no respite know:
Son from father must go.

Fluttering round were the turtle-doves;
Forth would they fly, then rest would take,

* Said to have been sung at Court on the return of great officials from abroad. The words, though seemingly those of such an official himself, were really used by others, by way of complimenting him on his diligence, combined with his sense of filial duty.

Settling at last on the medlar groves.
Kings' affairs yet allow no break:
Son must mother forsake.

Yoked were the steeds, my black-maned four;
Forth they sped in their wild career.
Thought I then to return no more?
Ah! in this song my thoughts appear,
Mother, thy soul to cheer!

II. 1. 3.

THE ZEALOUS ENVOYS.*

WHERE sparkle the flowers,
Here over the moor, there down in the vale,
Forth sally the envoys,
Each anxious alone lest in aught he fail.

"My horses are young ones,—
The reins, three pairs, as if newly tanned;
Post-haste I am driving,
And pushing my quest upon every hand."

"My horses are dappled,—
The reins, three pairs, as of silken braid;
Post-haste I am driving;
All round are my plans and my reckonings made."

* *See* Note to last Ode. This seems to have been written for a similar purpose. But the variations in each stanza after the first would suggest that only one of these was used, viz., the one adapted to the particular case.

Probably a hint is intended throughout that such officers *should be* zealous and prudent in the execution of their duty; and the pleasantness of travel is suggested by the opening lines of v. 1.

"My horses are piebalds,—
The reins, three pairs, all glossy and smart;
Post-haste I am driving,
And matters well weighing in every part."

"My horses are brindled,—
The reins, three pairs, well balanced in hand;
Post-haste I am driving,
Advising, consulting, throughout the land."

II. 1. 4.

BROTHERLY AFFECTION.*

Is not the cherry-tree, all round,
With opening blossoms grandly crowned?
So, nowhere in the world of men
Is aye the like of brothers found.

Bereaved by death in ways we dread,
How is the brother's heart oppressed!
O'er hill and dale, 'mid heaps of dead,
Brother for brother makes his quest.

Quick, like the wagtails on the moor,
Are brothers, when sore needs arise;
Though each may have good friends and sure,
Their help is in continual sighs!

Though brothers may have private feud,
They fight (as one) the alien foe;
And each has friends, both sure and good,
But friends to *help?* Ah, surely no!

* Sung at feasts given by the King to those of his own clan or surname. Clansmen might perhaps be substituted for brothers throughout.

When woes and strifes are at an end,
And peace and quietness prevail,
Though some have brothers, now the *friend*,
The incomparable friend, they hail!

Make thee a feast, make all complete,
And drink thy heart's content of wine;
'Tis when the band of brothers meet
That mirth and childlike joy combine.

Union with wife and child is sweet,
Sweet as when lutes in concert blend;
'Tis when united brothers meet
That mirth and concord know no end.

Ye then who rule your households well,
Ye who in wife or child delight,
Study these words, and let them tell
If I have spoken truth and right!

II. 1. 5.

ENTERTAINMENT OF FRIENDS.

While woodmen's axes echoing ring,
Will bird to bird responsive sing,
And out of darksome glens will fly
And settle on the tree-tops high,
And there the song renew, still fain
Responses from their mates to gain.
Mark well the instinct of the bird,
Thus singing till its mates be heard.
How much the more should not mankind
Thus set about their friends to find?
Then would the Spirits hearken, too,
And harmony and peace ensue.

"*Together!*" hear the woodmen cry.—
Here drinks well-strained and pure have I,
And well-fed lambs have been brought in,—
I must invite my father's kin.*
Better their coming were debarred
Than I should fail in my regard.
Well scoured, how bright my floors are made!
And the eight bowls are all displayed;
Fat wethers, too, have been brought in;
So must I bid my mother's kin.
Better that *these* perforce decline
My bidding, than that blame be mine.

Now on the slope the trees lie low.—
Now have I brewed an overflow!
My trenchers stand in long array,
And not a clansman stays away.
Good-humour fails sometimes, but why?
The fault may be that the food is *dry!*
What drinks we have, make pure for us!
And those we lack, procure for us!
So shall the drums resound for us!
So shall the dance go round for us!
And long as hours to us remain
The well-brewed liquors let us drain!

* "Father's kin" and "mother's kin" in this stanza should properly be paternal and maternal uncles respectively; but even these terms would not quite convey the meaning. By the first are meant those nobles who bore the same surname as the speaker; by the second those who belonged to other clans.

II. I. 6.

RESPONSE OF THE KING'S GUESTS.

Heaven guard thee and preserve thee,
And make thy throne most sure;
Grant thee its signal favours,
Such blessings as endure;
Give thee great measure of success,
Yea, ever more, and never less!

Heaven guard thee and preserve thee,
Grant thee its fullest good;
Right worthy art thou—take thou
Its gifts in plenitude;
Its lasting blessings on thee fall,—
Days all too brief to taste of all!

Heaven guard thee and preserve thee,
No good success deny.
Like mountains looming largely,
Like ridges frowning high,
Like streams with everflowing tide,
Be all thy blessings multiplied.

Timely thy pure oblations
Thou filially dost bring,
Each at its proper season,
To each lord and ancient king,—
Whose oracles responsive say
"Live thou for ever and for aye!"

Their spirits are about thee
And bless thee with great good.
Thy people, true and honest,
Lack never drink and food.
And all the dark-locked race, each clan,
Reflects thy virtue, man by man!

Like crescent moon, not waning,
  Like climbing sun, not low,
Like hills that stand for ages,
  And know no overthrow,—
Yea, like the cypress and the pine,
The evergreen,—be all thy line!

II. I. 7.

SONG OF THE TROOPS DURING THE EXPEDITION AGAINST THE HÎN-YUN.*

They gather the fern, the royal fern,†
  Now at its first appearing.
O when shall we turn, aye homeward turn?
  One year its end is nearing.
O still, because of the wild Hîn-Yuns,
  From house and home remain we;
O still, because of the wild Hîn-Yuns,
  Nor rest nor leisure gain we.

They gather the fern, the royal fern,
  Now supple grown and flexile.
O when shall we turn, aye homeward turn?
  For grievous is this exile.
Disconsolate hearts here ache and ache,
  And thirst we bear, and hunger;
And endless patrols forbid us make
  The home inquiries longer.‡

* The Hîn-yun (probably the *Huns*, as is thought) were wild tribes on the North.

† So, according to the pictures illustrating the *Urh-ya*. The mention of the fern at three different stages of its growth points to the lapse of time. At its first sprouting the fern was edible.

‡ They were no longer able to send home messages of inquiry.

They gather the fern, the royal fern,
Now age and hardness gaining.
O when shall we turn, aye homeward turn?
For fast the year is waning.
Ah, service of kings no respite knows,
No halting, no adjourning;
Our trouble to utter misery grows;—
On, on,—yet no returning!

What flowers are those that bloom so fair?
The blossoms of wild cherries?
What car is that on the highway there?
One that our leader carries.
His war-car is ready, the steeds are in,
His team of four, so splendid.
Who'll stay then behind?—Nay, thrice we'll win
Or e'er the month be ended!

The chargers are in, the team of four,
All four with ardour prancing,—
Our leader's trust, as he goes before,
Shield of the troops advancing.
With steady sure team, bow ivory-tipped,
And fish-skin quiver beside him,
O was he not daily well equipped? *
Yet the Hîn-Yuns sorely tried him.

At first, when we started on our track,
The willows green were growing.
And now, when we think of the journey back,
'Tis raining fast and snowing.
And tedious and slow the march will be,
And food and drink will fail us.
Ah, hard to bear is the misery!
None knows what griefs assail us.

* Lit., guarded.

II. I. 8.

THE SAME.*

O FORTH in our cars we rode
As far as the pasture land;
For now from the King's † abode
Our orders had come to hand:
"Call out every charioteer,
And bid them their tasks to ply;
Your King hath a task severe,
Your energies all 'twill try."

So forth in our cars we rode
Till the frontier we drew nigh,
Where the tortoise-flag ‡ we showed,
And the "oxtails" § reared on high;
And the banners with tortoise and bird — ||
O made they not fine display!
Yet sadly some hearts demurred:
The drivers were far from gay!

The King had thus charged Nan-Chung:
"Go build me a frontier wall."
So rattled our cars along,
Our war-flags ¶ fluttering all.
The royal command had we
To wall and defend the North;
And dread was Nan-Chung to see
As he swept the Hîn-Yuns forth.

* With special reference to the leader Nan-Chung, and to the charioteers, whose song it appears to be.

† Lit., the Son of Heaven.

‡ Flags bearing pictures of tortoises and serpents.

§ The oxtail-pennons, as in I. IV. 9.

|| The tortoise and serpent flag, and the falcon-flag.

¶ Dragon-flag, and tortoise and serpent flag.

At first when we took the track,
The millets were all in bud ; *
And now for the journey back
'Tis snowing, and all is mud.
O hard for the King we've slaved,
With never a moment free ;
And often for home we craved,
But feared that royal decree.†

" The crickets now chirp and grind,‡
The hoppers now spring and fly ;
But my lord not yet I find,
And sore at my heart am I.
Ah, once be my husband seen,
My heart should be then at rest.
The dread Nan-Chung, I ween,
Strikes now at the Yungs § out West."

Spring days are lengthening out,
The trees and the plants grow green,
The orioles twitter about,
Crowds gathering herbs || are seen.
With prisoners for trial,¶ and crowd
Of captives, we homewards move.
By the dread Nan-Chung thus cowed
The Hîn-Yuns now quieter prove.

* Were flowering.

† Lit., "we stood in awe of those bamboo tablets": the King's orders were evidently written on these.

‡ The wives at home are supposed to be speaking here. Six of the lines are quoted from a previous song. *See* I. II. 3.

§ Another wild tribe far to the West.

|| Southernwood.

¶ For the "question," or torture. These would be the chiefs of the tribes.

II. 1. 9.

THE SAME.—ANXIETY OF THE WIVES AT HOME.

Alone the russet pear-tree grows,
With fruit upon it fair to see.*
Kings' service knows not speedy close;
Day in, day out, 'tis long to me.
The year is fast receding, O;†
My woman's heart is bleeding, O;
My soldier rest is needing, O.

Alone the russet pear-tree grows,
And now is full of leaves (again).
Kings' service knows not speedy close;
My heart still battles with its pain:—
While trees and plants are springing, O,
My woman's heart 'tis wringing, O;
Then speed my brave's home-bringing, O.

Up yonder northern hills I'll climb,
The fruit to pluck from medlar-trees.
Kings' service takes no count of time;
The old folks' hearts are ill at ease.
Their teams are tired and flagging, sure;
Their sandal-cars‡ are dragging, sure;
Not far my brave is lagging, sure.

But no, they come not yet away!
And O, my heart misgives me sore.

* The fruit would be ripe in the tenth month.
† Properly, the sun and moon are in the tenth month.
‡ Cars of sandal-wood.

The time is past, and still they stay;
I grow despondent more and more.
But shell and straw* now cheer me, O!
Both tell me he is near me, O!
My brave will soon be near me, O!

II. 1. 10. *MISSING.*

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* Lit., divining by the tortoise-shell (scorched) and the milfoil, or straws.

BOOK II.

II. II. 1. *MISSING.*

II. II. 2. *MISSING.*

II. II. 3.

SONG OF THE GUESTS AT COUNTRY FEASTS.

Finest fish the baskets line,*
  Roach and parr.†
And our host hath right good wine,
  And great store.

Finest fish the baskets line,
  Bream and rudd.
And our host hath store of wine,
  And right good.

Finest fish the baskets line,
  Carp and ray.
And our host hath right good wine,
  Fine display.

* I take *liu* rather as an adjective than a verb—"fine," "elegant," &c.

† Some of the fish here named are not quite the same as in the original, but as everything there seems sacrificed for the sake of rhyme, so here. It will also be observed that the adjectives, &c., describing the wine are all again applied in the same order to the other portions of the feast.

And of (other) things great store!
See how grandly in they pour!

And these (other) things, right good!
Blending, aye, as blend they should.

So, too, have they fine display,
And in season all are they.

II. II. 4. *MISSING.*

II. II. 5.

THE WELCOME OF GUESTS.

Good fish* men find in the South,
And shoals are caught by the net.—
The worthy master hath wine;
Good guests, then feast with him, all well met!†

Good fish men find in the South,
And shoals are caught in the creel.—
The worthy master hath wine;
Good guests, enjoy then the cheering meal!

The trees bend low in the South;
Sweet gourds all over them wind.—
The worthy master hath wine;
Good guests, then feast, with a gladsome mind.

The doves were scattered in flight,
Then all together they drew.—
The worthy master hath wine;
Good guests, then feast, and the feast renew!

II. II. 6. *MISSING.*

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* The two words signifying good fish are also a name given to the barbel. I retain the former meaning because of the apposition intended with "good guests."

† The piece, being complimentary to both host and guests, was probably sung by the musicians and taken as coming from them.

II. II. 7.

THE PRINCE TO HIS MINISTERS.

On the hills in the south the sedges* grow,
And the orach on those of the north.
The delight of my life are ye, good sirs,
For the State is built up on your worth.
The delight of my life are ye good sirs;
May ye live through myriad—yea, countless years!

On the hills in the south are the mulberry-trees,
And the willow on those of the north.
The delight of my life, good sirs, are ye,
Whence the light of the land shines forth.
The delight of my life, good sirs, are ye;
May your years through unnumbered æons be!

On the hills in the south the medlars grow,
On the hills in the north the plum.
The delight of my life are ye, worthy men,
And to you as to parents men come.
The delight of my life are ye, worthy men;
May your virtuous fame ne'er fail men's ken!

On the hills in the south is the varnish-tree,
On the north ones wood for the bow.
The delight of my life, good sirs, are ye,
And the honours of age ye show.
The delight of my life, good sirs, are ye;
May the fame of your worth spread gloriously!

On the hills in the south is the honey-tree,
On the northern the sycamore.

* The trees in this piece are not all identified; nor is it at all clear what their mention is intended to suggest.

The delight of my life, worthy sirs, are ye,
And are ye not wrinkled and hoar?
The delight of my life, worthy sirs, are ye;
(Heaven) defend and maintain your posterity!

II. II. 8. *MISSING.*

II. II. 9.

THE KING TO THE FEUDAL PRINCES.

Strong grows the southernwood, and fast,
Bespangled with the dew.*
My noble guests I see at last;
Light beats my heart anew.
Now to the feast and to the merry jest!
And so shall glad content fill every breast.

How grows the southernwood apace
Moist with its dewy load!
My noble guests are come, to grace
And brighten my abode.
Upright and good, with ne'er a taint of blame,
Long life be yours, and unforgotten fame!

Strong grows the southernwood, and fast,
With heavy dewdrops wet.
My noble guests I see at last;
Eat, drink your fill, be all well met!
And let all brothers live as brothers should!
Long life and joy await the nobly good!

* Probably the dew is to represent the princes, and the plant the king.

Yea, well the southernwood must thrive
That dew so rich sustains.
My noble guests I've seen arrive
With the long dangling reins!
Their bells before and aft* made music fine!
May thousand blessings on them all combine!

II. II. 10.

THE SAME.—AT THE FEAST.

Heavy, heavy lies the dew;
Till the sun shines must it stay.
Drink ye all your fill to-night:
Till well drunk† must none away!

Heavy, heavy lies the dew
On the meadows richly grassed.
Drink ye all your fill to-night:
In my chamber‡ drink your last.

Heavy, heavy lies the dew
On the willows, on the thorns.
Noble men are here, and true:
None but Virtue's path adorns.

Like those monarchs of the wood,§
That with grace their fruit display,
Are my lords, at happy ease:
None but acts in courtliest way.

* "*Wo*," bells in front of the carriage; "*lwan*," bells at the horses' bits.

† In the sense of "when they have well drunk."

‡ There seems to have been a custom of drinking the last cup in the king's private apartment.

§ Two trees are mentioned in the text, thought to be the *Paulownia Imperialis*, and a hardwood tree like the Brazilian kingwood.

BOOK III.

II. III. 1.

ON THE PRESENTATION OF THE VERMILION BOW.*

VERMILION bows, unbent as yet,
Were left me,† and apart I stored them.
Now have I here distinguished guests,
To whom I cordially award them.
And ready be the drum and gong! ‡
We'll feast them well the whole morn long.

Vermilion bows, unbent as yet,
Were left me, and on frames I strung them.
Now have I here distinguished guests;
Right proud am I to be among them.
Then ready be the drum and gong!
We'll honour them the whole morn long.

Vermilion bows, unbent, have I,
And had them cased for their protection.
Now have I here distinguished guests,
And such as win my true affection.
Then ready be the drum and gong!
We'll drink to them the whole morn long.

* Given by the king to princes of extraordinary merit. Vermilion was the colour of rank and merit affected by the House of Chow, and the presentation of a vermilion bow was the highest mark of favour a prince could receive.

† Lit., I received.

‡ Lit., bell.

I. III. 2.

JOYOUS GREETING OF A GOOD KING.*

Brightly the aster flowers † unfold
There midway on the height.
Our eyes our Ruler now behold:
Hail him with festal rite.‡

Brightly the aster flowers unfold
There midway on the isle.
Our eyes our Ruler now behold;
Our hearts rejoice the while.

Brightly the aster flowers unfold
There midway on the mound.
Our eyes our Ruler now behold;
And gifts he scatters round.§

Ah, boat of willow-wood, impelled ||
By waves—o'er trough and crest!
Our eyes our Ruler have beheld;
Our hearts are now at rest.

* Supposed originally to be expressive of joy because of the king's encouragement of education and talent. When the Ruler does this, says the Preface, "then all under Heaven rejoice and are glad thereat." Probably the Ode commemorates a royal visit to some school.

† The aster-southernwood. It has a broad chrysanthemum-shaped flower.

‡ Or, "rejoice, and show fitting demeanour."

§ Lit., he gives us 100 sets of cowries.

|| The boat on troubled waters represents the condition of those who had not felt the benign influence of the king.

II. III. 3.

KI-FU'S EXPEDITION AGAINST THE WILD NORTHERN TRIBES.*

'Twas the sixth month. In hurry and flurry
Chariots of war were equipped for the road;
Quadruple teams were dancing and prancing;
Baggage and arms in waggons were stowed.
Fiercely the Hîn-Yuns raged and blustered,
So was there need of the utmost haste.
Forth must we march at the royal bidding,
Royal dominions to save from waste.

Evenly matched were the dusky coursers,
Patterns of training each team of four.
While the sixth month was yet unended
Ready were all our trappings of war.
Trappings of war were all completed;
Stages were fixed at miles eleven; †
Forth then we marched at the royal bidding,
Forth to the aid of the Son of Heaven.

Fine, strong males were the teams of chargers,
Bearing their heads right loftily.
At the Hîn-Yuns we dashed, and smote them,
Bent on a brilliant victory.
Sternly, steadily moved our battalions;
Soldierly service we rendered then;
Soldierly service we rendered, bringing
Peace to the royal domains again.

* This and the next thirteen pieces belong to the time of the reign of King Swân (B.C. 826-781).

† Lit., 30 *li*. About equal to 11 English miles.

Ah, the Hîn-Yuns showed scant discernment,
Making in Tsiâu and in Hwo so free,
Pushing to Hau and to Fang their encroachments,—
North of the King eventually.
(Now came) our banners with birds emblazoned,
And the white pennons in proud display,—
Ten of the largest fighting chariots
Going in front to clear the way.

Steady and sure proved the fighting chariots,
Well were they balanced, before and aft;
Strong were the teams of colts that drew them,
Strong, and rare proofs of the trainer's craft.
At the Hîn-Yuns we dashed, and smote them,
Far as T'ai-yün we stayed not our hand.
Ki-fu (our leader) in peace or in war-time
Stands out a pattern for every land.

Now at the feast Ki-fu makes merry,
Great is the joy befalls him now.
Long was our march, aye long and tedious,
Homewards coming again from Hau.
Wine and good cheer he gives to his comrades,—
Slices of carp, roast turtle too;
Aye, and who takes his place beside them?
Chang-Chung* the Filial and the True!

* Some celebrity of the time, but not known in history.

II. III. 4.

FANG-SHŬ'S EXPEDITION AGAINST THE MÂN-KING.*

O THEY bade us gather forage,—†
There on lands of tillage new,
Here on plats of one year's clearing,—
For upon us came Fang-Shŭ!
He had chariots, full three thousand,
And of guards a well-tried band;
And he rode along before them
With his piebalds four in hand,
With his piebalds sure and steady,
In his red grand car of state,
With his screen, his fish-skin quivers,
And his dangling reins and gear ornate.‡

O they bade us gather forage,—
There on fields of tillage new,
Here amid the village farmsteads,—
For upon us came Fang-Shŭ,
With his chariots full three thousand
Waving flags,—he in the van.
And his car had hide-bound§ axles,
And, in front, the gilded span,‖

* B.C. 825. The Mân-King were wild tribes in the South, of whom more hereafter.

† There is a difficulty as to the meaning of the opening lines, and as to who are the speakers. I take the language as being that of some country-people who witnessed the passing by of the army, and foraged for horses and men. The word translated "forage" above is the name of some edible herb. Dr. Legge translates "white millet."

‡ Lit., metal hooks and breast (trappings—for the horses). All these, including the car itself, were the gift of the king.

§ Bound round with red leather.

‖ An ornamental yoke.

And the eight bells making music.
His high uniform he wore,
And the stately scarlet apron,
And the green gem tinkling down before.

Swift as darts the glede kite yonder,
Soaring up into the blue,
Settling down anon and resting,
So upon us came Fang-Shŭ,
With his chariots full three thousand,
With his guards, the well-tried band.
These he led; and now his cymbals,
Now his drums, spoke his command,
Ranged his hosts, wheeled his battalions:—
Trusty and renowned Fang-Shŭ!
Gravely boomed his drums (to battle),
Gaily sounded they as all withdrew.

Ah, ye Southerners* are dullards
Our great country to oppose!
With great age Fang-Shŭ is weighted,
Yet rare strategy he shows.
With his men he seized the Chieftains,†
And brought off a captive crowd;
Onward rolled his war-cars, swarming,
Swarming, overwhelming, loud
As the crash and din of thunder:—
Trusty and renowned Fang-Shŭ!
Once he went Hîn-Yuns to punish,
Now he makes these tribes come trembling too.

* Lit., Mân-King.
† Seized those who should be "questioned" (Cf. II. I. 8).

II. III. 5.

GRAND ROYAL HUNT GIVEN IN HONOUR OF THE FEUDAL-LORDS WHEN AT COURT.

Our cars are stoutly made and manned,
In equal drafts the horses stand
In teams of four, superb and grand:—
Then Eastward ho! there lies the land.

Trim are the hunting-cars, and sound,
Right sturdy teams for each are found.
Fine covers in the East abound:—
Away! there lies our hunting-ground.

The masters of the chase appear,
Tell off their men, give orders clear,
The banners fix, the "oxtails" rear:—
At Ngâu, (quotha), we'll have the deer.*

Ho now the teams are on the way,
Four after four in long array!
Gilt shoes, red aprons,—what display!
The pageant of an audience-day!

Gantlet and thumb-ring† we attach,
And to the bows the arrows match;
Each bowman has the same despatch;
Each adds to our great pile his batch.

The teams of bays are now inspanned;
The off-steeds well are kept in hand,
Nor e'er their rapid pace relax.
Each shaft goes hurtling like an axe!

* Lit., the beasts, game.

† A ring protected the right thumb in drawing the string of the bow; and on the left hand and wrist was a glove guarding these against the arrows in shooting.

And now what noise of neighing steeds,
As the long bannered train recedes!
Runners and drivers made no scare,
So yields the Larder each a share.*

And they who led the chase to-day
Great praise have won, without display.
Ay, lordly men indeed are they;—
Of skill comsummate, sooth to say!

II. III. 6.

ROYAL HUNT, WITH GUESTS AND FRIENDS.

There is luck in the day with the fives† in the date,
And our prayers we have made at the shrine,‡
And the cars for the hunt are in excellent state,
And the teams look colossal and fine.
The lofty hill yonder we'll breast,
And chase the wild herds on its crest.

There is luck in the day with the sevens§ in the date;
We have chosen and drafted our nags;
And now where is the spot where the herds congregate,
And the haunt of the does and the stags?
Where the T'sĭ and the T'siŭ streams flow—
It is there Heaven's Son must go.

Look you there, in the midst of the upland plain,
How the creatures are herding in troops!

* Lit., "the Great Larder is not full." The king shared the game with all who took a proper part in the chase.

† Lit., the *mau* day,—the 5th of the cycle, or, as Dr. Legge thinks, the *mau-shin*, a combination of two numbers of the cycle, both being fives. Odd numbers in dates are still considered lucky in China.

‡ Of the Ruler of horses.

§ *Kăng-wu*, the 7th day of the cycle.

Now they scamper away, now they settle again,
And in threes and in pairs are the groups.
Lead the way! men and masters away!
Heaven's Son shall have pleasure to-day.

And now we are ready with bows to the fore,
And the arrows are put to the string;
Ho, yonder one sticks in a two-year-old boar,
To the ground here a monster we bring.
On these shall our visitors dine,
With tankards of new-made wine.

II. III. 7.

WAR AND PEACE.*

The wild-geese rose upon the wing
Rustling and flapping as they left in haste.
So once our men went to the wars,
To toil and moil in wilderness and waste.
Unhappy men! and yet unhappier they
Who here remained, the widowed and the grey.

The wild-geese rose upon the wing,
But rest from flight they found upon the mere.
Our men-folk now build up our walls,
And all at once a hundred roods they rear.
Though toiling still and labouring past their strength,
Yet homes we now shall have, and peace at length.

* A contrast between the reigns of King Li and King Swân, as affecting the condition of the people. Dr. Legge is here evidently for once at fault, and might well say, from his point of view, that "the whole piece is perplexing and obscure." Victor von Strauss has followed him, but being more literal in his rendering, approaches the true interpretation.

The wild-geese rose upon the wing,
With lamentable cry as if distressed.
It was this wise and prudent One *
Who spoke of us as toilers and oppressed.
And it was he, the man of little sense,†
Who spoke of our unbounded insolence!

II. III. 8.

THE KING'S ANXIETY TO BE PUNCTUAL AT THE MORNING AUDIENCE.

How speeds the night?
Scarce yet the half is fled:
The great torch‡ gleams out red.
Yet will my lords anon be here,
Bells tinkling gaily on their gear.

How speeds the night?
Scarce yet is darkness gone:
The great torch glimmers on.
Yet will my lords anon be here;
Their tinkling bells announce them near.

How speeds the night?
Now towards the morn it turns:
No more the great torch burns.§
And now my lords will soon be here;—
Ho, there at last their flags appear!

* King Swân.

† The former king, Li. Perhaps the expression is a little too strong; the word in the original signifies the opposite of "wise and prudent,"—ignorant, rude, stupid.

‡ Lit., the Court-torch,—a large bundle of faggots kept burning nightly in the Court-yard.

§ Lit., has blazed; here, has done blazing.

II. III. 9.

A STATESMAN'S LAMENT ON SEEING THE APATHY OF HIS BROTHER-OFFICERS IN A TIME OF ANARCHY AND TROUBLE.

THERE the rolling river, brimming,
Makes the sovereign* sea its quest.
There the soaring glede kite, hasting,
Flees away and finds its rest.
But, ah me! of all my brethren,
All my friends and countrymen,
None will take to heart our troubles.
Is there none has *parents*, then?†

See the rolling river, brimming,
Dashing, splashing down its bed.
See the soaring glede kite, hasting,
Mounting up on wings outspread.
Pondering on those wayward courses,
Restless I arise and stroll,
But, alas! can never banish
The great sorrow from my soul.

Swiftly flies the glede kite yonder,‡
Midway by the mountain side.
"Spread the people idle stories?
Can the tongues of none be tied?"
Ah, my friends, be ye more watchful;
Scandal *must* go far and wide.

* Attends the Court of the Sea—visits its king.

† An appeal to the sense of filial piety, a supreme duty with the Chinese. Fathers and mothers were involved in these troubles.

‡ Chu-Hi is of opinion that two lines here have been lost.

II. III. 10.

RANDOM THOUGHTS ON COMMON THINGS.

In the depths* of the marsh though the crane may cry,
It is heard in the lands around.
In the deep dark pools though the fish may lie,
In the shallows may some be found.
Yonder lawn may be fragrant† with sandal-trees,
Yet are withered dead leaves in their shade.
And the rocks on the hills that one yonder sees
Into polishing-stones may be made.

In the depths of the marsh though the crane may scream,
Yet its notes may be heard in the sky.
And though fish be found in the shallow stream,
There are those that in dark pools lie.
Yonder lawn may be fragrant with sandal-trees,
But the nettles‡ will grow in their shade.
And the rocks on the hills that one yonder sees
Serve to polish your gems of jade.

* Lit., ninth pool, *i.e.* furthest away.
† Lit., pleasant.
‡ Lit., paper-mulberry-shrub,—an unwelcome growth.

BOOK IV.

II. IV. 1.

COMPLAINT OF THE ROYAL GUARDS ON BEING SENT TO THE FRONTIER.*

Grand Commander!†
Why be we,—the teeth and talons of the King,—
Moved about, in miserable case,
With no longer an abiding place?

Grand Commander!
Why be we,—the braves, the talons of the King,—
Moved about, in miserable plight,
With the end still hidden from our sight?

Grand Commander!
Surely here is lack of judgment shown.
Why transport us to this misery,
Who have mothers managing the meals alone?‡

* They were sent, contrary to custom, in the year 788 B.C., to assist the regular army at the northern frontier, the latter having sustained a severe defeat at the hands of the barbarous tribes.

† Commander of troops in the Royal Domain, who was also Minister of War.

‡ This may appear a childish plea; but not so to the Chinese. It was usual for *only sons* to be exempted from military service abroad, so that aged parents should not be left unassisted; and doubtless there were some of these amongst the complainants.

II. IV. 2.

"FIGHT WITH THY WISH THE WORLD TO FLEE." *

His spotless snow-white colts shall browse
(E'en) on my plot of sprouting corn;
Go tether them, go tie them there,
For we must lengthen out this morn.
So be their master made aware
Here he may rest and banish care.

His spotless snow-white colts shall feed
Upon my plot of vetches young;
Go tether them, go tie them them there,
And so the morning hours prolong.
So to their master manifest
That here he is a welcome guest.

Thy spotless snow-white colts and thou
Came hither, aye, like sunny glint!
Art thou a duke—art thou a prince?
And must have freedom without stint?
'Ware thou of reckless errantry!
Fight with thy wish the world to flee.

—(Methinks I see) the snow-white colts
Within some lone sequestered glen,
With but one sheaf of new-cut grass,
(Beside) their master—best† of men!
Yet do not, as one hoarding gems or gold,
Hold back thy news,—nor let thy heart grow cold.

* The writer seeks in vain to detain some officer whom he admires, and to dissuade him against his purpose of retirement from public service. The officer, disgusted with the state of public affairs, meditates leading a hermit-life.

† Lit., like a gem.

II. IV. 8.

DISAPPOINTED EMIGRANTS.

YELLOW birds, yellow birds !*
Do not crowd the tree-tops ;†
Come not pecking our crops.—
From the folk of this land
We no welcoming win ;
Up, let us return
To our country and kin.

Yellow birds, yellow birds !
—Not the mulberry-trees.
Come not pecking our maize.—
With the folk of this land
Understanding is vain ;
Up, let us return
To our brethren again.

Yellow birds, yellow birds !
—Nor the thicket of thorn.‡
Come not pecking our corn.§
With the folk of this land
We can never remain ;
Up, let us return
To our fathers again.‖

* The birds are appealed to, only as leading up to the greater hindrances put in their way by the inhabitants.

† The paper-mulberry-tree is specified.

‡ Properly a small species of oak. Variation merely for rhyme.

§ Panicled millet.

‖ Lit., paternal uncles, or relatives on the father's side.

II. IV. 4.

INHOSPITABLE KINSFOLK.

I took my journey o'er the wilds,
  Where throve the foul Ailantus tree.
As thou hadst married kin of mine
  I thought to go and stay with thee.
But since thou thought'st the cost too great,*
Back came I to my clan and State.

I took my journey o'er the wilds,
  And gathered sorrel by the way.
As thou hadst married kin of mine,
  I thought some nights with thee to stay.
But since the cost thou canst not bear,*
Back homewards I again repair.

I took my journey o'er the wilds,
  Plucking the pokeweed as I went.
Ah, thou forgettest the old ties,
  Now on a new alliance bent.
E'en if not *wealth* thy object be,
'Tis all the same—thou'rt changed to me.

II. IV. 5.

ON THE COMPLETION OF A NEW PALACE.†

Where gentle slopes lead to the river's rim,
And with South Hill as background, distant, dim,
(It stands)—firm based like cluster of bamboos,
With rafters stretching like far-spreading yews.
When brother comes to brother in this place,
Let lovingkindness be the aim of each,
Nor one strive other e'er to overreach!

* Since thou didst not provide me with the necessaries of life.

† Said to have been built on the accession of King Swân, about 825 B.C.

Lo, he who now the heritage acquires,
Succeeding to the olden dames and sires,
Hath here his palace reared, pile unto pile,
With portals looking to the South and West,—
His future Seat, his future domicile,
For sober counsel, as for mirth and jest.

Firmly they fixed the frames, rows straight on rows,*
Loud was the thumping of the pounders' blows;
Nor wind nor rain should find admittance there,
Nor bird nor rat find crevice anywhere;—
A noble dwelling for our Prince uprose.

Here, grave as human form erect, attent,†
Here, straight as arrow e'er from bow was sent,
Here, like as when a bird her wings extends,
Here, like the (bright-plumed) pheasant in his flight;—
Such is the (audience-hall) our Prince ascends.

All smooth and even are the palace-courts,
And tall and straight the pillars and supports;
The (chambers) cheerful, flooded here with light,
There darkened with recesses, deep and wide;—
Here shall our Prince in calm content abide.

With rush-mat 'neath him, bamboo-mat above,
So shall his sleep serene and tranquil prove;
So shall he sleep, and, when he quits the bed,
Demand, "Now be my dreams interpreted;
"And whether of these twain good fortune brings:
"For I have dreamt of brown and grisly bears,
"Of vipers too, and other snake-like things."

* For the adobe walls.

† This verse, exceedingly terse in the original, is intended to describe the architecture of this portion of the palace, its loftiness and dignity, the straight lines of the walls, and the curving roof with its ornamentation and colouring.

When the great Augur then these dreams declares,
Thus will he answer: "Brown and grisly bears
"Are tokens of the birth to thee of sons.
"And vipers and the other serpents tell
"Of daughters to be born to thee as well."

And it shall be, whenever sons are born,*
These shall be laid on beds to sleep and rest;
In loose long robes they also shall be dressed,
And sceptrelets be given them for their toys!
And when they cry, what music in the noise!
Once these shall don the scarlet aprons grand,
And be the king and princes of the land.

And it shall be, when daughters shall be born,
These shall be laid to sleep upon the ground;
In swaddling-bands their bodies shall be bound;
And *pots* shall be their playthings. 'Twill belong
To these to meddle not with right or wrong:†
To mind alone the household drinks and food,
And cause their parents no solicitude.

II. iv. 6.

ON THE PROSPEROUS CONDITION OF THE KING'S FLOCKS AND HERDS.

And who shall say thou hast no sheep?
Where hundreds three each flock compose.
Or that no cattle thou dost keep?
Where ninety show black mouth and nose.‡

* In these two concluding stanzas appears already in these early times the different estimates at which sons and daughters were valued.

† Lit., without wrong, without right. Explained by Chu-Hi as being without desire to be distinguished for either good or evil, content to remain in the background.

‡ *i.e.*, belong to that particular breed alone.

Lo, there thy sheep are coming in,
Horned, yet unused to fight or feud;
And there thy kine are coming in,
Their ears with (healthy) moisture dewed.

And some are winding down the hill;
Some drinking at the pools their fill;
Some sleep, some wander at their will.
And now, behold, thy herdsmen come,
Rain-cloak and large round hat in hand,
And some with provender behind.
There, too, thy victims ready stand,
Sorted by thirties of a kind.

Thy herdsmen come, each from his herd,
With loads of wood and sticks to burn,
With quarry both of beast and bird.
Anon thy flocks of sheep return,
All strong and vigorous and bold,
All free of ailment, free of harm;
And at a movement of the arm
They all betake them to the fold.

And now the herdsmen lie and dream:
And people all like fishes seem!
And every snake-and-tortoise-flag
Is turned into a falcon-flag!
And the great Augur gives the sense:—
"The folk as fish" rich years foreshow;
And "tortoise-flag as falcon-flag"
Reveals how vast the clans shall grow.

II. iv. 7.

COMPLAINT AGAINST KING YIU AND HIS CHIEF MINISTER YIN.*

There South Hill rears high its summit,
Crag on crag, a frowning pile.
So, dread Chancellor Yin, *thou* standest,
All men's eyes on thee the while.
Like consuming fire their trouble;
Fear they even converse light;
Fast the land to ruin vergeth;
Why dost thou avoid the sight?

There South Hill rears high its summit,
Yet its slopes have verdure fair.
So, dread Chancellor Yin, *thou* standest,
Yet thy faults who shall declare?
Heaven is sending trouble on trouble;
Wreck and ruin far have ranged;
People hint their disaffection:
Thou, alas! remain'st unchanged.

Yin, the Chancellor of the Kingdom,
Might be Chow's chief corner-stone,
Hold the balances of empire,
Weld the various parts in one,
Be the Son of Heaven's supporter,
Make men all wrong ways forego;—
Ah, great Heaven hath no compassion!
'Tis not meet to plunge us *all* in woe.

* King Yiu (780–770 B.C.) was son and successor of Swân, but reflected but few of his father's virtues. The complaint is chiefly against his Chief Minister, who gave all the best appointments to his relatives by marriage; but the king is also thus censured indirectly.

Thou thyself dost nought in person,
So men trust not to thy word.
None consult'st thou, nor employest:—
Yet betray not thou thy lord;
Be straightforward, make an end o't,
Risk not on mean men our fate,
Nor give good-for-nought relations *
Best appointments in the State.

Not in justice doth high Heaven
Send disorders dire as these;
Not in kindness doth high Heaven
Send us these great miseries.
If our rulers did their duty †
They would ease the nation's heart;
If our rulers were straightforward
Hate and anger would depart.

Ah, great Heaven hath no compassion!
For the tumults never cease;
Month by month they grow, depriving
All the people of their peace.
O, my heart is drunk with sorrow!
Who will guide the land aright?
He who rules it not in person
Leaves the folk in weary plight.

I had put my team in harness,
Aye, my nobly-crested four;
Everywhere I looked, but always
Found distress. No place to flee to more!

Now the evil in you rages,
And we see you wield the spear;

* Relatives by marriage.
† Arose to the occasion, or, came up (to the standard).

Now you are appeased, contented,
And like pledging host and guest appear.

But high Heaven is not made tranquil;
And our King is not content.
While a heart is uncorrected
Its corrector it will still resent.*

Kia-fu wrote this song, exposing †
The disorders of the reign.‡
O that change of heart thou showedst,
And wouldst thus the thousand States sustain

II. IV. 8.

THE KINGDOM VERGING TOWARDS RUIN

Hard frost 'neath a summer moon!
With its sorrow my heart is sore.
The scandal the people spread
Is increasing more and more.
Methinks how I stand alone,
And the trouble grows hard to bear;
Ah me for my anxious thought!
Smothered grief will my health impair.

Ye parents, who gave me life,
Why thus was I born for pain?
Not thus was it ere my time,
Not thus will it be again.‖

* These two lines may refer to the king or to his minister. I leave them thus as expressing a general truth.

† Lit., probing, searching into.

‡ Lit., of the king.

§ Describing the worst period of King Yiu's reign.

‖ Lit., after my day.

Words, now, both of praise and blame,
From the lips (not the heart) proceed;
And though deeper my sorrow grows,
Contempt is my (only) meed.

My soul is oppressed with grief
As I muse on our hapless fate.
The innocent people all
Are reduced to the serf's estate;
And alas for our worthies here!
They may seek for place—but where?
Watch a crow when about to rest;
To whose roof will the bird repair? *

Look there in the forest's depths;
Fine logs and poor twigs we find.
The people, now jeopardized,
See in Heaven no discerning mind.
Yet, once be its purpose fixed,
There is none can against it fight;
For there is the Most High God!
—Ah, on whom shall His hate alight? †

As if calling a mountain low,
That has ridges and lofty crest,
So false are the people's tales;—
Are they never to be repressed?
Go summon those ancient men,
Ask the tellers of dreams as well—
—They claim to be sages all—
"Who the male from the female crow can tell?" ‡

* The meaning is, that good men knew with no greater certainty where to go for employment than one can tell where a crow will settle.

† This important line (伊 誰 云 憎 *i shwuy yun tsăng*) is a little obscure, but this is the received interpretation.

‡ Satire. No one knows who is the real ruler—the king, or

There's a saying, "Though Heaven be high,
Yet we dare not but bow the head";
And, "Though solid the earth may be,
Yet we dare not but softly tread."
Be these sayings proclaimed aloud;
Truth and reason are there discerned.
Ah me! how the men of this time
Into adders and efts are turned!

Look there at the rough hill-fields,
Giving promise of wealth of grain.
Ah! Heaven is rough-handling me,
As though battling with me in vain!
These sought me once as their guide,
As though I were hard to gain;
Now they *have* me they hate me sore,
And my service and help disdain.

My heart in its trouble frets
As if held in some tight embrace.
How full is this present reign
Of tyrannous deeds and base!
O the fire that rages round!
Will not *some one* quench the blaze?
Our illustrious House of Chow
Pau-sze to the ground will raze!

This end is my constant fear.
Thou, as harassed by gloom and rain,
Art driving,—thy waggon full,—
And dost brakes to thy wheels disdain.
Let thy load be but once upset,
'Twill be, "Lend me your help, sirs," then!

Pau-sze his favourite concubine. The latter was the true cau
of all the evils: see verse 8. The king owed his own death to h
infatuation with her.

Fling never thy brakes away;
To thy wheels* they be useful yet.
Oft look to thy driver, too,
And thy load thou wilt ne'er upset;
And the worst will at length be passed.
— But—this dost thou aye forget.

When a fish is placed in a pond,
Little there doth it find to please;
Deep down it may dive and lie,
Yet is seen with the greatest ease.
Ah, deep in my heart lies grief,
As I think of my country's tyrannies.

They, there, have the choicest wines,†
They, there, have the daintiest foods.
And their neighbours sit down with them,
And their kinsfolk, in multitudes.
I think how I stand alone,
And my soul in deep sorrow broods.

There, the men of no mark are housed;
There, the worthless great riches own;
While the people lack daily bread,
And 'neath Heaven's dire judgments groan.
With the wealthy ones all is well!
Woe worth the deserted and lone!

* Lit., spokes.

† The king's favourites.

II. IV. 9.

EVIL PORTENTS, EVIL DAYS.

In the tenth month met sun and moon,*
When the calends were *sin-mâu*;†
Then the sun became eclipsed;—
Worst of omens was it now!
There the moon was, yet in shade;
There the sun was, shaded too;
Tenants of this lower earth,
Worst of woes now threatened you!

Sun and moon dire things portend
When their proper paths they void.
And no State is rightly ruled
Where the good are unemployed.
Yonder moon may be eclipsed,—
That is no uncommon thing;
For the sun to be so too,—
What but evil could it bring?

Thunders crash, and lightnings flash;
Nought is restful, nought delights;‡
Hundred torrents leap and foam;
Mountain-crags fall from their heights;

* Lit., in the tenth month's conjunction (*i.e.*, of sun and moon). The date is fixed with precision by these first two lines. It has been calculated that an eclipse of the sun took place on the 29th August, B.C. 775, in the sixth year of King Yiu's reign. The tenth month is that of the Chow Calendar, Dr. Legge assures us, which would correspond to our August; and he adds that this "is the earliest date in Chinese history about which there can be no dispute."

† Lit., the "*1st day, sin-mâu.*" *Sin-mâu* is the 28th day of the sixty days' cycle.

‡ Lit., is good.

Where were lofty cliffs are chasms,
Where were deep ravines are hills.
Ah, these men (in power) to-day!
Will they now not curb their wills?

With her Counsellor Hwang-fu,
Minister of Instruction Fan,
The First Minister Kĭa-pih,
The Court Caterer Chung-yun,
Household Secretary Tsau,
Kwai the Master of the Horse,
Kiü the Captain of the Guards,—
Was the handsome wife,* the incendiary! in force.

Doth not he, this same Hwang-fu,
Speak of "times inopportune"?
Why then so ignore our plans,
Calling us away (so soon)?†
Gone are all our walls and roofs,
Fields are very swamps and wastes;
Yet quoth he, "*I* hurt you not:
These are but the laws' behests."

Ah, deep-witted is Hwang-fu:
Builds in Hiang his residence,
Chooses three as Ministers
Who, i' faith, have wealth immense,
Must not leave one man of worth
Who might save our king his crown,
And selects the richest men‡
There in Hiang to settle down.

* This was Pau-sze, referred to in last Ode. She had been elevated to the dignity of queen the year before this. The names given above are those of her creatures.

† The poet here speaks in the name of the peasantry, who were required to remove with this official to his new city of Hiang: *see* next verse.

‡ Lit., those who possess horses and carriages.

I, hard struggling with my work,
Must my hardships never name.
Slaud'rous tongues make clamour loud,
Though in nought am I to blame.
Of the people's miseries
Heaven is not indeed the source;
Fawning words, with hate behind,
Owe to *men* such power and force.

Long-enduring grief* is mine,
And acute, distressing pain.
Men all round me are content,
Downcast I alone remain.
None but may retire (betimes);
I alone to ease must not aspire.
All-impenetrable Will of Heaven!
Like my friends must *I* not venture to retire.

II. IV. 10.

FURTHER LAMENTATION, BY AN UNDERLING AT COURT.

Great is Heaven, and far-extending,
Yet its kindness is not great;
Death and dearth and famine sending,
'Tis destroying every State,
Bounteous Heaven! now clothed in terror!
Hath it then no thought, no care?
Not to speak of those in error—
Who their punishment now bear—
Here are others, *free* from error,
All in ruin, everywhere.

* I have translated *li* as in III. III. 4, v. 7.

Honoured Chow is extirpated!
Nought avails to end its woes.
Leaders have their posts vacated;
Of my own toils no one knows.
None of the three Chiefs* evinces
Willing service, soon or late;
Here the feudal lords and princes
Morn or eve reluctant wait.†
"Make reforms," some one commences—
All yet ends in deeds of hate.

How, Great Heaven, compare such doing,—
Treating weightiest words as air?—‡
'Tis like travellers pursuing
Ways that end they know not where.
All ye magnates, one and other,
Let your self-respect appear.
Why reveres not each his brother?
Ah! ye do not *Heaven* revere.

War is rife,—no retractation!
Famine,—yet no movement made!
Day by day grows my vexation,
Though I be of humble grade;
Ye, the men of high position,
All are slow to mention facts:
Each replies—on requisition—
But when scandalized retracts.

Woe the speech that is unskilful!§
He whose words have deeper source
Than his tongue, but fares the worse

* The three chief ministers.
† Are unwilling to appear at Court.
‡ Lit., disbelieve, or disregard, justest words.
§ Satirical.

Well for him whose speech is skilful!
Stream-like flow of smart address
Brings a man all good success.

It is said, "To be in office
Means sore trial and jeopardy.
If one say, 'This should not be,'
'Tis to offend the Son of Heaven;
If one say, 'This ought to be,'
Then offence to *friends* is given."

Yet return, say I, unto the royal city.*
Ah, but there, say you, we are unhoused.
Tears of blood I weep in secret for the pity,
Never speaking but hard thoughts are roused.
Once, yet, when ye left to live elsewhere,
Who, then, built the houses for you there?

* This stanza is probably addressed to those officers and others referred to in the previous Ode as following Hwang-fu to Hiang.

BOOK V.

II. v. 1.

WORTHLESS COUNSELLORS.

Bounteous Heaven its stern displeasure
  Vents* upon this lower earth.
When shall we have done with counsels
  And with schemes devoid of worth?†
Be a counsel good, 'tis slighted,
  Be it ill, 'tis entertained.
When I see them at such tactics
  I am sore distressed and pained.

In their concord and their discord
  There is much to be deplored.
Be a policy a good one,
  'Tis by all of them ignored;
Let an ill one be brought forward,
  Upon *that* they all depend.
When I see them at such tactics,
  What, methinks, will be the end?

Our divining-shells, exhausted,
  Tell no more what plan is right.
Counsellors are far too many,
  So can never all unite.

* Lit., diffuses over. † Lit., all-perverse.

Though the Court is filled with speakers,
Who himself dare implicate ?*
Like men planning routes and never moving,
Thus it is they never get a-gate.

O the pity ! in their counsels
Not the ancients are their guides,
Nor great policies their standards :
The last word they hear decides !†
The last word their sole contention !
Like men planning to erect
Homes to live in while on travel !
Nothing can they thus effect.

Though the country be unsettled,
There are wise men, and unwise ;
Though the inhabitants be dwindling,
Some have sense, some can advise.
Some are grave, and some methodic.
Yet, meseems, are one and all—
Like the waters from a fountain—
Verging to a fatal fall !

Who will dare to rouse a tiger ?
Who will dare to wade the Ho ?
Sirs, ye know but one way only ;
Not another do ye know.
Act as from a sense of danger,
With precaution and with care,—
As a yawning gulf o'erlooking,
As on ice that scarce will bear !

* *i.e.*, incur or take upon himself any responsibility.
† Lit., only the last word do they hearken to (or follow).

II. v. 2.

LAMENTS AND WARNINGS DURING AN EVIL TIME.

Though small be the turtle-dove,
It will high in the welkin soar.
My heart is wrung, as I muse
On our sires in the days of yore.
At the earliest dawn two forms*
Haunt my soul, and I sleep no more.

Sedate, shrewd men o'er their cups
Are sober and self-restrained;
More sottish from day to day
Grow these witless and cloudy-brained.
Give heed to decorum, all!
Heaven's gifts are not twice obtained.

Wild beans that on commons grow
Are the people's common quest.†
The mulberry-insect's brood
By the sphex is borne (to her nest).‡
Instruct, then, and train your sons;
You will make them good as the best.

Take note how the wagtail sings
As she flutters from place to place.§

* Those of the two parents.

† The bearing of these opening lines upon what follows is not sufficiently obvious. But see next note.

‡ The young of the mulberry-insect was, according to popular belief, stolen by the sphex, or solitary wasp, carried off to its hole, and trained up as a wasp! Perhaps we are to understand that the *wild beans* were in this way sought by the people in order that they might be domesticated and brought to perfection.

§ Learn, *i.e.*, from it how to be energetic and active. Few birds sing on the wing.

The days of our life speed on,
And the months are marching apace;—
Up early, and late repose;
So bring to your parents no disgrace.
The green-beaks,* hovering round,
Come pecking the grain in the yards.
Alas for our needy and lone—
Thought meet for prisons and wards!
With handfuls of grain I divine
Whether fortune aught better accords.
Our humble, respectful men
Are on tops of trees, as it were;
Or, as peering into a gulf,
Shrink nervously back with care;
Or softly and fearfully tread
As on ice that will scarcely bear.

II. v. 3.

LAMENT OF A DEFAMED AND BANISHED PRINCE.†

There go the rooks, all flying homeward,
Flock after flock, in bustling glee;
Around me there is none unhappy,
I am alone in misery!
Wherein have I offended Heaven?
My guilt—whence doth it then accrue?
My soul is full of heaviness:
Alas, I know not what to do.

* These are birds that feed usually on the fat of meat; in these straitened times they were struggling for existence like the people, and eating what they could get.

† This prince was Yi-k'iu, the son of King Yiu. He was heir to the throne; but on Pau-sze becoming the king's favourite the young prince was banished, his mother degraded, and a son of Pau-sze named as successor to the throne.

Once trodden smooth was Chow's great highway,
All o'er it now rank grasses grow.
It grieves, it pains my heart to see it:
Each thought comes like a stunning blow.
Sleep without comfort,* sighs continual,—
My sorrow brings on age amain;
My heart is full of heaviness,
And throbs as throbs an aching brain.

The trees† around his native village
A man with fond regard must view.
I looked to none as to my father,
None than my mother found more true.
Are not these very hairs my father's?
Hung I not once on a mother's breast?
O that, when Heaven thus gave me being,
My time had been in time of rest!

Amid the green luxuriant willows
With clamour the cicadas grind;
And o'er the deep dark standing water
Bend rush and reed before the wind.
Myself am like a drifting vessel,
And whither destined do not know;
My soul is full of heaviness;
E'en roughest rest* must I forego.

The stag, with all his wild careering,
Still runs reluctant (from the herd).
The pheasant, crowing in the morning,
Crows but for his companion bird.

* Sleep without undressing, or unreal sleep.

† Two kinds of trees are specified, the mulberry-tree and another, which, from being planted round the homestead and sheltering the house like father and mother, have become the symbolical expression for "home."

Myself am like a tree death-stricken,
Reft of its branches by disease;
My soul is full of heaviness;
How is it none my trouble sees?

See the chased hare when seeking refuge;
Some, sure, will interpose to save.
Lies a dead man upon the highway,
Some, sure, will dig for him a grave.
And should a king suppress all feeling,
And bear unmoved the sight of woe?
My soul is full of heaviness:
My tears run down in ceaseless flow.

The king lends ear to the maligner,
Responding, aye, as to a pledge.*
He lacks the charitable spirit,
Stays not to test what men allege.
In felling trees men note their leanings,
In cleaving wood they note its grain;—
(Not so with him); he clears the guilty,
And I, the guiltless, bear the pain.

Nought may be higher than a mountain,†
Nought may be deeper than a spring.
Walls may have ears: let words not lightly
Be uttered even by a king.
"Yet leave alone my fishing dam;‡
"My wicker-nets—remove them not:
"Myself am spurned;—some vacant hour
"May bring compassion for my lot."

* A pledge-cup.

† Evidently these two lines allude to the difficulty of approach to the king; yet there were those who did manage to get near him, and it behoved him to be careful in his speech.

‡ These last four lines are quoted from I. III. 10, and are used here figuratively.

II. v. 4.

A SLANDERED OFFICIAL.

O far Great Heaven! we call thee
Our Father and our Mother!
Alas that on the blameless
Such gross disorders gather!
I verily am guiltless,
Yet stern is thy displeasure.
I truly am offenceless,
Thou harsh beyond all measure.

Disorder first arises
On falsehood's first receiving;
And gathers force when rulers
Deem slanders worth believing.
Showed but the king displeasure,
Disorder soon had vanished;
And favoured he (the worthy),
So too it soon were banished.

When kings make frequent compacts,*
Disorder grows with vigour;
When faith they put in villains,
Then cruel is its rigour.
When villains' words are blandest,
Disorder (most) progresses;
While failure in their duty
The monarch but distresses.

Grand is the ancestral temple;
A master mind designed it.†
Well framed was our Great Charter;
Good men and wise defined it.

* Alluding, evidently, to compacts or leagues which the king had made with inferior princes, putting himself thereby on an equal footing with them.

† Lit., made it.

Whate'er be these men's motive,
I'll weigh it well and watch it:
Though sharp the hare, and cunning,
The dog will round and catch it!

What woods are soft and supple,—
Our wiser men will grow them.
What words are said at random,—
One's inner sense should know them.
Ah, glib high-sounding language
But to the tongue one traces,
And artful dulcet* speeches
To men of brazen faces.

And these—who are they?—Dwellers
On a river's swampy borders!
Yet these weak, nerveless creatures
Give rise to such disorders!
Ye ulcered, swollen-shinned ones!
How should ye be so daring?
But though ye make grand schemes, and many,
How few to follow you are caring?

II. v. 5.

ALIENATION OF AN OLD FRIEND.†

And who is this? A man whose heart
Is in great jeopardy.
How comes he to approach my dam,
And not come in to me?

* "Organ-tongue-like."

† The writer is said to have been a duke of Su, who had been much maligned by a duke of Pâu. Through the slanders uttered against him by Pâu, an old friend was deserting him, and attaching himself to the slanderer. The friend comes into the neighbourhood of the writer's dwelling, but hesitates to visit him.

Ah, who is he whose heels he dogs?
Pâu, surely, it must be!

The two pursue the selfsame road;
But whether deals this blow?
How pass my dam, and not come in
His sympathy to show?
I am beneath his notice now;
At first it was not so.

Ay who is this? Why comes he now
Along my path, more near?
I fail to see himself as yet,
Only his voice I hear.
Who cannot face a man for shame,
Of Heaven hath he no fear?

Ay who is this? The man is like
A gusty whirling wind.
Why blow not from the North, or South,
(In front, or else behind)?
Why didst thou come so near my dam—
Only to vex my mind?

While driving leisurely along,
Thou hast no time to stop!
E'en driving quickly, there are times
Grease in thy wheels to drop.
Cam'st thou but *once!* Why am I left
To look, and long, and hope?

If thou hadst turned and *called* on me,
Then ease of heart were mine.
To turn and not to call—'tis hard
Such halting to divine.
Cam'st thou but once! Then come had peace:
(No more should I repine),

The whistle once the elder one,
The flute the younger blew;*
We both were strung upon one string.
If now I seem untrue,
I will bring forth my victims three,†
And swear to thee anew.

Art thou a ghost, a watersprite?
That all approach is vain.
Could face meet face and eye meet eye,
All then were clear and plain.—
Here to thy tune of twist and turn
I set this goodly strain.‡

II. v. 6.

DEFAMATION.

How finely wrought! how exquisite!
You weave the perfectest brocade!
Ye scandal-weavers!—yet ye go
Too far with your tirade.

What gaping and wide-open mouths!
So many Southern Sieves,§ indeed!
Ye scandal-mongers!—Say, yet, who
Takes in these plots the lead?

* *See* III. II. 10, stanza 6.

† The three victims were a dog, a pig, and a fowl. By the mingling of the blood of these animals it was the ancient custom to ratify bonds or agreements.

‡ "I have made this goodly song to follow thee to the utmost through thy twistings and turnings."

§ The "Southern Sieve" is a Chinese constellation of four stars, two of which are near each other, and are called "The Heels," and two wide apart, called "The Mouth."

With clitter-clatter, here and there,
Ye plot, ye seek to vilify,
Yet of the tales ye tell—beware,
For others say ye lie.

Adroit and shifty—so ye plot,
All eager till the scandal spreads.
True, 'tis believed; yet even now
Recoils on your own heads.

The haughty ones are overjoyed;
The men who toil are sore annoyed.
O azure Heaven! O azure Heaven!
Those haughty ones do Thou regard.
And pity those whose toil is hard.

The slanderers!—And yet I'd know
By whose support these plottings grow.
Seize the defamers!—banish them
To wolves and tigers forth!
If wolves and tigers spurn such prey,
Send them into the North.
And if the North should spare them still,
Give them to Heaven's own will.

Up to the cultivated hill
Through willow-patches lies a way.*
And I, Mang-tse the Eunuch, am
The author of this lay.
All ye of higher grade, take heed
And list to what I say.

* The meaning would seem to be that though the persons aimed at were in high places, and the writer in a lowly one, yet there was a way by which he could reach them, viz., by this song.

II. v. 7.

FRIENDSHIP VEERS WITH FORTUNE.

It blows, it blows, the East wind blows,
First softly, then the rains ensue.
Once were alarms and anxious fears,
And I was all in all to you;
Now there is peace and all that cheers
You turn and spurn me from your view.

It blows, it blows, the East wind blows,
First softly, then with fierce hot blast
Once, in alarm, with anxious fears,
You held me to your bosom fast;
Now there is peace and all that cheers
Away like refuse I am cast.

It blows, it blows, the East wind blows,
And on the rugged rock-crowned height
There's not a plant it fails to kill,
And not a tree it fails to blight.
Blind to my excellences still,
My little faults you keep in sight.

II. v. 8.

THE ORPHAN.

How tall and strong the southernwood has grown!
Ah no!—the tansy* rather.
O mother mine! O father!
And for my life what travail ye have known!

* This plant and the "wormwood" of the second stanza are in the original names of other species of southernwood, evidently inferior in value, and the grown-up son sees in them, on second thoughts, some resemblance to himself.

Yea, tall and strong the southernwood I see;
Nay, wormwood—somewhat other.
O father mine! O mother!
And for my life what toil and pain had ye!

Ah, when no more the flagon is supplied,
Disgrace befals the jar.*
O better lot by far
Than orphaned life, to long ago have died!

The fatherless—in whom shall he confide?
The motherless find rest?
Abroad, with grief suppressed
He goes; returns,—none hastens to his side.

O father, thou didst give my life to me!
O mother, thou didst nourish
And comfort me, and cherish
And rear and train me from my infancy,

And watch and tend and to thy bosom press
At parting or return!
To requite such love I burn,
But, like Great Heaven itself, 'tis measureless.

Around South Hill's bleak eminences moan
The battling, wheeling winds!
Ah, while none other finds
Life robb'd of joy, why suffer I alone?

Yea, round South Hill's acclivities and bluffs
The circling storm-wind beats.
Round me is none but meets
With joy in life: I only meet rebuffs.

* The smaller vessel which supplies the larger; as the son should provide for the parent.

II. v. 9.

THE NEGLECTED EASTERN STATES.*

Once supped we from well-laden trenchers,
And thornwood spoons bent to the loads!
'Twixt here and Chow, worn smooth as whetstones,
And straight as arrows, were the roads.
Thereon the great officials travelled,
Plebeians there to gaze would go:—
When I look back and contemplate it,
My tears in very torrents flow.

Here in the East, whate'er the Province,†
Shuttle and distaff none may use;‡
And sparsely-woven fibre-sandals
Must serve to walk on frozen dews.
There, dainty tender sons of nobles
Are journeying on those roads of Chow.
Alack! their goings and their comings
Fill me with sickening sorrow now.

Ye ice-cold rills, from springs escaping!
Do not the gathered fuel soak.
Sore harassed, troubled, sleepless, sighing,—
Enough have our afflicted folk.
Their firewood is cut down and bundled:
Had they but strength to get it in,
Poor toiling miserable people,
Then some repose perchance they'd win.

* The writer seems to have been an official in the East during the time of King Yiu.

† Lit., in the Lesser East or Greater East, referring to the States.

‡ Lit., are empty.

Here in the East the sons of nobles
For service hard remain unpaid;
There in the West the sons of nobles
Are in most gorgeous garb arrayed.
There, too, the very sons of boatmen
Apparelled are in furs of bears;
Yea, those of humblest antecedents
Are charged with all the land's affairs.

Let some of them have wine before them,
They take no count yet of its strength;
And their long-dangling girdle-trinkets
In their opinion lack in length!
—There, looking down with radiant brightness,
Appears in Heaven the Milky Way;*
There, too, stand out the Weaving Sisters,†
Seven stages making through the day——

Yet, weaving through their stages seven,
Nought bright for us do they produce.
And the Draught Oxen‡ shimmering yonder
For waggon-draught are scarce of use!
Though in the East be the star of morning,
Though in the West the evening star,
And though the Hare-net§ show its foldings,
—All keep their paths (nor mend nor mar)!

* The Ode from this point is full of satire, even against the supposed powers in the sky.

† Three stars in Lyra. The "seven stages" are seven out of the twelve of two hours each into which a day was divided. On the constellation rising it would be in the seventh.

‡ The "Draught Oxen" are a Chinese constellation in the upper part of Aquila.

§ The Hyades.

There in the South the Sieve* is shining,
Yet not for sifting was it made.
There in the North appears the Ladle,†
Yet ne'er a liquor will it lade.
Though southward there the Sieve be shining,
Here points its Tongue‡ beyond the rest!
Though northward there appear the Ladle,
It hoists its Handle in the West!

II. v. 10.

EVIL TIMES.

With the fourth month cometh Summer,
With the sixth its heats decline.—
Are my sires§ no longer human,
Feeling not for me and mine?

Chilly grow the days of Autumn,
Nature fading everywhere.—
Sick of tumults and desertions,—
Whither should one yet repair?

Now the Winter days grow colder,
And the storm-winds round us moan.—
Ah, while all around are happy,
Why am I distressed alone?

On the heights the trees grow grandly,
Chestnuts here, and plum-trees there.—
Our high‖ places breed despoilers,
Of their mischief none aware.

* *See* on Ode 6, verse 2, p. 230.

† A constellation in Sagittarius.

‡ So, literally, but in Ode 6 it is called the Mouth.

§ The spirits of ancestors were supposed to be capable of assisting men in trouble.

‖ The line is rather obscure: "Degenerating, becoming despoilers"; but being evidently in apposition to the first line it will bear this rendering.

See the waters of the fountain,
Turbid now, then crystalline.—
Daily wedded to Misfortune,
When shall I make Fortune mine?

Han and Kiang are noble rivers,
Regents of the Southern States!—
Why do I now count for nothing,
Whom long service enervates?

I am not a hawk, an eagle,
That may soar into the sky.
Nor am I an eel or lamprey,
In the deep to lurk and lie.

Hills grow royal fern and bracken,
Vales the medlar and the sloe.—*
I, a great one, write these verses,
Let them tell my tale of woe!

* What is here meant is doubtful; some think the lines express a contrast between the writer's circumstances and the hills and vales in nature, each of which had its appropriate growths; others suppose that he was now thinking of retiring to lead the life of a recluse, and would look for his sustenance in growths like these.

BOOK VI.

II. VI. 1.

AN OVERWORKED OFFICIAL.

I CLIMBED yon northern hills;
  Plucked medlars on the way.
Strong, hale must be the officer
  Who works from dawn till end of day.
And the king's service dureth long with me;
And sorrow-stricken must my parents be.

Beneath the great wide Heaven
  The king owns every land.
Go round each border—everywhere
  His servants at his bidding stand.
Scant justice yet to me his Chiefs* have shown;
For I must work as were all wit my own.

On, on, my four male steeds!
  King's service brooks no rest.
Well that I have not weight of years;
  For few with strength like mine are blest.
While my backbone as yet its strength retains,
Work for my head and hands all round remains.†

* The king's chief ministers.

† Lit., plan and labour (must I) everywhere.

Some live content, in tranquil ease;
Some for their country their full vigour spend.
Some rest recumbent on their beds;
And some have journeyings that know no end.

Some know not clamours and alarms;
And some have miserable toil and pain.
Some idly roost, or lie supine;
Some serve their king, and scarcely bear the strain.

Some give themselves to mirth and wine;
Some live in miserable fear of blame.
Some gad about, and criticize;
While some have all to do that bears a name.

II. VI. 2.

ADVICE TO THE OVERBURDENED OFFICIAL.

Go not near the heavy cart;
'Twill but cover thee with dust.
Take not all thy cares to heart;
Mar alone thy health it must.

Go not near the heavy cart;
Else the dust will dim thy sight.
Take not all thy cares to heart;
That can lead to nought more bright.

Go not near the heavy cart;
Else the dust will cloud thee o'er.
Take not all thy cares to heart;
That will only bring thee more.

II. VI. 3.

THE REGRETS OF FOREIGN SERVICE.

HIGH Heaven, bright-beaming! Earth below
Lies in Thy sovereign view.
Forth to the West had I to march,
Far as these wilds of K'iu.
'Twas on the second month I left,—
The opening day. Gone now
Are winter and summer. Sad my heart!
Too keen the sting, I vow.
I mind me how my colleagues fare,
And tears in showers I shed.
Have I no longing to be there?
—The net* of guilt I dread.

When first I left, the sun and moon
Were crossing o'er the line.†
When turn we homewards? for the year
Hastes now to its decline.
I mind me how I stand alone,
How falls on me the stress
Of cares full many. Sad my heart!
Free never from distress.
I mind me how my colleagues fare:
There my fond thoughts return.
Have I no longing to be there?
—I fear rude taunts and stern.

Erst as I left, the sun and moon
Shone down with genial ray.
When turn we homewards? Public cares
Press heavier day by day.

* *See* III. III. 10, v. 1, and III. III. 11, v. 1.

† So 方除 *fang-ch'ü*, may, I think, be interpreted in modern language.

Fast wanes the year; they gather in
The southernwood, the beans.
O sad my heart, for to myself
More misery it means.
I mind me how my colleagues fare:
I rise—spend night without.
Have I no longing to be there?
But change* I dread and doubt.

Ah, ye good sirs! no permanent
Tranquillity have *you*.
Yet quietly your places fill;
Mix with the good and true.
Then will the Spirits have regard,
Thence good to you accrue.

Ah, ye good sirs! Your own repose
May yet belie your trust!
But quietly your places fill,
And love the true and just.
Then will the Spirits have regard,
And win great good ye must.

II. vi. 4.

THE KING LOVES PLEASURE MORE THAN VIRTUE.†

What noisy clangour there of bells,
Where the Hwai river proudly swells!
My sad and wounded soul (rebels).
With fond regret
On our good kings my memory dwells,
Nor can forget.

* The next two stanzas explain this expression.

† The Ode is referred to the time of King Yiu, though with some uncertainty. The royal barge is on the river Hwai, and the king is

Ay, there his bells make music gay,
Where the proud Hwai sweeps on its way.
My soul is sad and grieved to-day.
When good men reigned,
Virtue did ever mark their sway,
Pure and unstained.

The bells they clang, the drums they ply,
There where the Hwai's three islands lie.
With saddened soul I chafe and sigh.
When good men reign,
In them a virtue we descry
Of different strain.

The bells clang out, with clamorous tone,
And lute and harp unite their own,
And pipe keeps time with sounding-stone
To Ya or Nan,*
Or flute-dance;—here are flaws unknown,
(So skilled each man.)

II. VI. 5.

AT THE GREAT SACRIFICE IN THE ANCESTRAL TEMPLE.

WHERE once were tangled thickets,
Now gone is every thorn.
Thanks to our father's labours,
We grow our rice and corn,—

entertained with music;—this at a time when the country was in great disorder and unsettlement. The poet laments that he has not the virtue of former sovereigns.

* These are names for (it is thought) some early collection of songs, afterwards incorporated in the Shi King. The Ya is the name still of the Second and Third Parts of the Shi; and the Nan comprises the first two books of Part I.

Our rice in crops abundant,
  Our corn on every hand.
Thus filled are all our garners,
  And stacks unnumbered stand.
For meat and drink they serve us,
  For sacrificial food,
For comfort, for refreshment,*
  For pledge of higher good.

With solemn grave demeanour
  Thy bulls and rams prepare;†
So come we to the altars.—‡
  Here flaying, seething there,
Here dressing, there presenting,
  Priests offering by the gate,—§
So speed the rites sublimely;
  The Sires‖ are there in state.
Good Spirits¶ love the offerings,
  Good sons** win good success,
Rewarded with great blessing
  To æons limitless.

Gravely the fires are tended;
  The stands are made full large;
Some broil the flesh, some roast it;
  Hushed are the Wives in charge

* This line is explained in the Chinese commentaries as referring to the victims given to the Representers or Personators of the dead. *See* III. II. 4.

† I take *kiéh* as if combined with *toh*, to adjust, to bind.

‡ Lit., to the autumn and winter sacrifices.

§ "By the gate," as if to welcome the approach of the Spirits.

‖ The spirits of ancestors.

¶ Lit., "Spirit-guardians." Chu-Hi thinks this refers to the Personators of the dead.

** "Sons" and "son" throughout the piece are a free translation of *sun*, a descendant.

Who fill the numerous trenchers.
Guests, visitors,—each one*
In turn presents the pledge-cup,
And all is duly done,
With smile and word befitting.
So come the Spirits down,†
Responding with great blessing,
Long life thereof the crown.

Now, all our powers exhausted,
All rites exactly done,
Through the skilled Priest a message
Comes to the pious son:
"Thy fragrant filial offerings
"And feast the Spirits please;
"Who grant thee hundred blessings,
"As full, as true as these.‡
"Order and zeal thou showest,
"Rightmindedness and care.
"Of myriad—tens of myriads—
"Best gifts long be thou heir."

Ended is now the ritual;
Warning give bells and drums;
The pious son then seats him;
The good priest's message comes,
Saying, "Well have drunk the Spirits";
Then the dread Proxies§ rise,
And drum and bell escort them;
And back each Spirit hies.‖

* Lit., crosswise and diagonally, perhaps simply our "all round" (Legge).

† The "Spirit-guardians,"—*see* note on p. 243.

‡ I think this is the meaning of 如幾如式 *ju ki ju shih*, as many, &c., as thy rites and offerings.

§ The Personators of the Dead.

‖ Each Spirit-guardian returns (to his place).

The servants and the matrons
  Clear promptly all away,
And kith and kin get ready:
  "To *our* feast now," say they.

Musicians enter playing,
  This after-grace to cheer.
With thy good things before them
  Peace reigns unruffled here.
With food and drink then sated,
  Bow heads both small and great:
"The Shades, pleased with thy feast, Sir,
  "Thy life perpetuate.
"Right willingly and promptly
  "This service hast thou done;
"And may each generation*
  "Fail not to hand it on."

II. VI. 6.

HUSBANDRY AND ANCESTOR-WORSHIP.

Ay, this South Hill assuredly
  Did Yü (in time of old) reclaim;
So hill and dale were cleared,—and he,
  The Latest Heir,† allots the same,—
Manor and farm, with varying bound,
Where South and Eastward lies the ground.

And when the heaven is clouded o'er,
  And snow descends in heavy flakes,
And drizzling rain comes furthermore,
  (The fields) it feeds, their thirst it slakes;
And thus the glad and sated earth
Brings all our sorts of grain to birth.

* (May thy) sons' sons (and) grandsons' grandsons, &c.

† This may refer to the king; literally, the words mean the great-grandson, or remote descendant.

Manor and farm have every care;
And millets flourish, full and fine,
The harvest of the Latest Heir,
Whereof to make the food and wine
Our Proxies and our guests to give,
So he the myriad years may live.

And cots within the fields one sees;
For all the plots are lined with gourds,
And peeled and pickled all are these
To offer to the ancient lords,
That long the Latest Heir may live,
And Heaven's full benison receive.

Oblations of pure wine he pours;
And then the dark-roan ox (he fells)
And offers to his ancestors;
Takes next the knife with tinkling bells,*
Lays bare the hair, and (tested that),†
Takes portions of the blood and fat;

These doth he offer and present,
And fragrant perfume fills the air;
And to the rites all-reverent
The ancient Sires in state repair,
And with great blessing these requite—
With life enduring, infinite!

* Small bells were attached to the handle of the knife, and tinkled during the performance.

† *See* the Book of Rites. The hair of the victim must first be proved to be of the right colour.

II. VI. 7.

THRIFT AND GOOD YEARS.

O FAIR are those far-stretching fields!
Take yearly out the one in ten,*
Yet can we take of former yields
And feed therewith our husbandmen;
Long have the years been good. And now
We come where southward slopes the land,
And here they weed, and here they hoe,†
And rich and rank the millets stand.
And where the servants take their rest
I cheer the foremost and the best.

'Tis by our gifts of millets fine,
And rams as victims blemishless,—
By sacrifice at every shrine,—‡
Our fields such goodly wealth possess.
Thus is the farmers' joy complete:
And lutes they play, and drums they beat,
The Father of the Fields§ to greet,
To speed the prayer for showers sweet,
To make our millets thrive yet more,
To give our men and maids good store.

Now comes the Latest of his Line!
While wives and children bring the food
Here where to south the fields incline.
The Steward, too, in cheery mood
Arrives, and, fingering here and there,
Tastes whether all be good or no.

* There is a difference of opinion about 十 千 *shih ts'ien;* it would seem to refer to the tenths levied for the king.

† Root-dressing, banking up with earth.

‡ The meaning is, sacrifice to the Spirits of the Earth, and to the four quarters of the sky.

§ A title of Shin-Nung, the Father of Husbandry.

The crops look perfect everywhere:
Well and abundantly they grow.
Our lord can no displeasure feel;
The husbandmen are stirred to zeal.

Thy crops, O long-descended lord,
Roof-high will grow, and thick as thatch;
Thy stacks, O long-descended lord,
Islands and mounds anon will match.
Seek must we for a thousand floors,
Seek must we for a myriad carts!
Millets and maize and rice—what stores!
What pleasure to the farmers' hearts!
May greatest blessings *thee* repay:
Live thou for ever and for aye!

II. VI. 8.

THE SAME.

LARGE are the fields, and much there is to sow,
The seed is chosen, all is done with care,
And all being ready, to the work we go;
And here beginning, each with sharpened share,
We break into the southward-sloping land,
And scatter there of every sort of grain;
Anon erect and stately shall it stand,
And thus the Latest Heir his wish obtain.

Anon the ear, and then the full soft seed,
Anon more firm, and fine as it is firm,—
No darnel shall be there, nor noxious weed;
The caterpillar and the cankerworm
And grub and weevil shall be cleared away:
To the young crop shall none bring damage dire.
O ghostly Father of the Fields, we pray,
Take them, and give them to the flames of fire.

The clouds are gathering now, an inky pall,
The rains begin, in mild and gentle showers;
First on the public fields then let them fall,
And after that descend on these of ours!
And yonder will be young ungathered grain,
And here be sheaves we trouble not to bind,
And yonder handfuls suffered to remain,
And here the straggling heads we leave behind;—
These the lone widows for their portion gain.*

And now he comes, the Latest of his Line,
Whileas the wives and children fetch the food,—
Here where the acres to the south incline.
The Steward, too, arrives, in cheery mood.
He† comes, and the pure sacrifice sets forth
Of victims red and black, and gifts of grain,
To Spirits of the air—of South and North;‡
And by these gifts and offerings he shall gain
To blessings great still more of greater worth.

II. vi. 9.

WELCOME TO THE SOVEREIGN AT THE EASTERN CAPITAL, BY THE FEUDAL PRINCES.

See there adown the Loh,
How its proud waters flow;
There comes our king!

* Compare Deuteronomy, xxiv. 19-22.

† The "he" refers to the personage of the first line.

‡ The red bull was offered to the Spirits of the South; the black one to those of the North.

Fortune's full gifts he bears,
Apron of scarlet wears,
Six hosts,* whene'er it flares,
Round him to bring.

See there adown the Loh,
How its proud waters flow;
There comes our king!
Gems flashing on his sword!
Long may he live our lord,
Forth from his House to ward
Each evil thing!

See there adown the Loh,
How its proud waters flow;
There comes our king!
Fortune's full gifts hath he;
Long may he live to see
Kingdom and family
Safe 'neath his wing!

II. VI. 10.

THE KING'S RESPONSE (TO THE LAST).

Brightly the flower-buds blow,
Richly their leaves do grow.—
Meeting my lords
Light beats my heart again,
Light beats my heart again;
Peace and the praise of men
Be your rewards!

* The six armies of the Royal Domain, each consisting of 12,500 men.

Brightly the buds unfold,
Rich are the hues of gold.—
You, Sirs, I see
With every grace endued,
With every grace endued;
May all beatitude
Yours ever be!

Bright are the buds, and fair,
White here, and golden there:—
You, Sirs, I see.
White teams, with dusky manes,
White teams, with dusky manes,
Drove ye, with glossy reins
Six, as should be.

Left of me, left of me,
Deftly, becomingly
Me do ye serve.
Right of me, right of me,
All do ye mightfully,
So take ye rightfully
That ye deserve!

BOOK VII.

II. VII. 1.

GUEST-SONG.—THE KING TO THE FEUDAL PRINCES.

Green-beaks flutter, hither, thither,
With their striped and mottled wings.—
Take your mirth, my lords, together;
Heaven's bright blessing to you clings.

Green-beaks flutter, hither, thither,
With their necks of motley hue.—
Take your mirth, my lords, together;
Screens to all the States are you,—

Screens and bulwarks, and examples
To the hundred lesser lords;
Never hoarding, nought impeding,—
Shall not great be your rewards?*

In the curving cup of horn is
Mellow wine of choicest sort.
To the feast where nought of scorn is
Thousand blessings pay their court.

* Lit., blessings.

II. VII. 2.

RESPONSE OF THE PRINCES TO THE KING.

PAIRS of teal are on the wing;
To the nets and snares decoy them.—*
Live ten thousand years, O king,
And in health† and wealth enjoy them!

Teal in pairs are by the weirs,
And their left wings they are folding.—
Live, O king, ten thousand years,
Long thy rightful blessings holding!

To the stalls the teams they bring,
And of grain and grass they give them.—
Live ten thousand years, O king;
And in health and blessing live them!

To the stalls the teams they bring,
And with grass and grain they feed them.—
Live ten thousand years, O king;
And may health and blessing speed them!

II. VII. 3.

THE KING ENTERTAINS HIS RELATIVES.

WHAT manner of men are those,
The festal bonnets that wear,
As wine of thy choicest flows,
And food of thy best is there?

* The allusive lines are a little obscure, but probably refer to the speakers themselves thus *caught* and entertained, as also their horses.

† "Health," "wealth," and "blessing," are renderings of the indefinite 福 祿 *fuh luh* so often met with together in the Odes.

Not strangers are there, ah no,—
None other than kin of thine:—
(Like) the dodder and mistletoe
O'erspreading the yew and pine!
While they saw not as yet their lord,
All restless and dull were they;
But now they have seen their lord,
Are any so glad, so gay?

What manner of men are those,
The festal bonnets that wear,
As wine of thy choicest flows,
And the season's best is their fare?
Not strangers are there, ah no,—
Come hither have kinsmen all:—
The dodder and mistletoe
O'erspreading the pine-tree tall!
While they saw not as yet their lord,
They were but in doleful plight;
But now they have seen their lord,
Are any so cheered, so bright?

Ay, there upon (every) head
The festal bonnet is found;
And thy wines are the choicest made,
Thy viands in piles abound.
Not strangers are there, but all
By blood or by marriage are kin.
—Oh, like as when snow will fall,
As sleet it will first begin,—
Uncertain is death's dark day,
Nor long may these meetings last;
So drink ye to-night and be gay,
At your worthy lord's repast.

II. VII. 4.

THE MEETING OF THE BRIDE.

How creak and clatter my axles, O!
Intent on my sweet young bride I go,
Nor hunger nor thirst can know.
One famed for her worth comes meeting me,
And what though we lack good company?
We'll feast and be merry—we!

Where close grow the trees in the woodland wide
The pheasants come roosting, side by side;
And prompt is my stately bride.
Bright lessons of virtue thou wilt bring;
We'll feast, and thy praises I will sing;
My love to thee still shall cling.

And what though we lack the choicest wine,
And what if our food be not so fine,
And my worth add nought to thine?
O yet may we drink our fill, perchance,
O yet may we eat our fill, perchance,
O yet may we sing and dance.

Far up have I climbed to yon lofty brows,
And hewed for fuel the oak-tree boughs,
For fuel the oak-tree boughs,
With their foliage growing luxuriantly;
Yet seldom have I had glimpse of thee:—
Ah, now shall my heart beat free!

High mountains are looming on before,
And long is the road to be travelled o'er;
On, on then, my team of four!
Like strings on a lute my six reins are plied,
Anon shall I thee behold, my bride,
And my heart be gratified.

II. VII. 5.

SLANDERERS AT COURT.

HEAR the green flies* buzzing, buzzing,
Settling on the hedge.—
Trust thou not, O gracious Ruler,
What in slander men allege.

Hear the green flies buzzing, settling
On the brake of thorn.—
By the sland'rers, so unceasing,
Is the land asunder torn.

Hear the green flies buzzing, settling
On each hazel bush.—
Ah, the sland'rers know no limit,
And us two asunder push.

II. VII. 6.

SCENES AT WINE-FEASTS.†

THE feast begins,—on either hand
The guests by rank reclining;
In close array the dishes stand,
The meats and fruits aligning.
The wines are choice, and flavoured well,
The guests all harmonizing;

* This "green fly" is said to be an insect which befouls everything it touches, and is therefore an appropriate emblem of the slanderer.

† Said to have been written by Duke Wu of Wei, who had once himself been addicted to intemperate drinking, but now condemned the habit. The Ode may be divided into two parts, the first consisting of stanzas 1 and 2, which describe the temperate use of wine at feasts, joined with archery contests, and at sacrifices; the second consisting of stanzas 3, 4, and 5, which give the contrast on ordinary occasions.

Placed on the stands are drum and bell;
All round are pledge-cups rising.
Then the great target is prepared,
And bows brought out and quivers,
And marksmen man with man are paired:—
"Now do your best endeavours!
"Hit yonder central white who can
"The cup* may order for his man."

For flute-dance—drum, harmonicon
Unite to give the measure;
'Mid all the rites this too is done
Th' illustrious Sires to pleasure.
"For all the ritual thus gone through,
"So full and so resplendent,
"True blessings they confer on you,
"And joy on each descendant.
"Add mirth to joy. Each do his best":—
(So speaks the Personator).
A cup is drawn then by a guest,†
And then comes in a waiter
Who pours them out the Cup of Peace;
And so the ceremonies cease.

The guests, when first they sit them down,
Look mild and most respectful,
And—ere their intellects they drown—
Sedate, of nought forgetful.
But when to great excess they go,—
Proprieties renouncing,—

* The defeated ones had to drink this cup.

† The chief guest. Dr. Legge explains:—"At this point he presented a cup to the representative of the ancestor, and received one from him. He then proceeded to take some more spirits from one of the vases of supply, and the attendant came in and filled another cup, which was also presented to the representative of the dead. This was called the 'cup of repose or comfort.'"

Out of their seats they start, and oh
The capering and bouncing!
So is it,—while they drink not deep,
They bear themselves subduedly;
But when due bounds they overleap,
Behave themselves most rudely.
Ay, when to such excess they go,
No sense of order do they show.

Ay, when the guests have drunk their fill,
What bellowing, what brawling!
Dishes they overturn and spill
With posturing and sprawling.
'Tis so, when thus far they have gone,—
Unconscious of offending,—
Caps all awry, and barely on,
Their gambols seem unending.
If so you drank, then went away,
'Twould do you good, not hurt you;*
But so to drink and so to stay,
This means goodbye to virtue!
A wine-feast is a rare good thing
When men good *manners* to it bring.

Of all these drinkers, one's a sot,
Another shuns the liquor;
And so an overseer is got,—†
Perhaps a counter-checker!
And when the sots all order scorn,
And sober ones are blushing,
Then the refractory ones they warn
To cease their headlong rushing,

* Lit., "both (*i.e.*, host and guest) would receive a boon from it."
† An official like the Roman "*arbiter bibendi*."

To say not things they should not say,
Nor tell uncalled-for tattle;
For "hornless rams* do they display
Who make such sottish prattle."
If with three cups the wits be gone,
What if you venture on and on?

II. VII. 7.

SONG OF THE FEUDAL PRINCES AT A ROYAL FEAST IN HÂU.†

'Tis there, 'tis there in the pond-weed now,
The fish with the head so fine.—
And here, and here is our king in Hâu,
Hale and hearty, sipping his wine.

'Tis there, 'tis there in the pond-weed now,
The fish with the mighty tail.—
And here, and here is our king in Hâu,
O'er his wine-cups hearty and hale.

There, there is the fish in the pond-weed now,
In its screen of reeds confiding.—
And here, and here is our king in Hâu,
In comfort, in peace abiding.

* *i.e.*, impossible things, self-contradictions.
† Hâu was King Wu's capital. *See* III. I. 10.

II. VII. 8.

THE KING'S RESPONSE (TO THE FOREGOING).

Who gathers beans, who gathers beans,*
In paniers round or square will store them.
My lords come hither to my court;
What gifts have I to set before them?
Though there be nought (beside) to give,
State-carriages (there are) and teams.
Nought more? Yea, the dark dragon robes,
And checkered, as each rank beseems.

Where bubbling wells gush forth in rills
Cress-gatherers there will surely be.—
My lords come hither to my court:
Their dragon-flags afar I see.
And as they flutter in the breeze,
Low sounds of bells float through the air;
The off-steeds now—now all the four—
I see them—yea, my lords are there!

The scarlet aprons grace their knees,
The buskins have they on below.
No tardy gifts† are those they bring,
On me, the Heaven-born, to bestow.
Right welcome are my noble Chiefs!
Heaven's Son shall do for them his will.
Right welcome are my noble Chiefs:
Their fortune shall be brighter still.

* The introductory allusions are difficult.

† I translate *kiâu* (交) as in *kiâu tsai* (交際) "gifts of princes to secure friendship"; then *ü* (予) in the next line retains its natural meaning.

All o'er these branches of the oak,
What wealth of foliage is displayed!—
Right welcome are the noble Chiefs
On whom the Royal State is stayed.
Right welcome are my noble Chiefs;
May each unnumbered blessings see
Good men and true are those servants too,
Who led and followed them to me.

The willow boats drift up and down;
Safe moor them by the ropes and lines.—
Right welcome are my worthy Chiefs;
Heaven's Son their excellence divines.
Right welcome are my worthy Chiefs;
Substantial shall their fortune be.
O restful time! Away dull care!
Since these have hither come to me.

II. VII. 9.

LIKE KING, LIKE PEOPLE.

Bows all daintily braced with horn,—
Such have a swift rebound.
Kin by marriage and kin so born
Sundered should ne'er be found.

Let but thine own be sundered so,
So will thy people's be:
Since the example thou dost show,
All of them follow thee.

Here be brethren of noble mind,
Generous, ay to excess;
Others, that lack the noble mind,
Meet to their own distress.

Let bad men each other offend,
Obstinate all remain;
Placed in honour, they ne'er unbend.
Ruin is in their train!

Let the old horse be a colt again,
Nought of the morrow he thinks.
So with the feeding of well-fed men,
So with their deep-drawn drinks.

Teach not a monkey to climb a tree;
That were like soiling mire.
If in great men good manners be,
Smaller to such aspire.

Falls of snow, be deep as they may,
Melt at the sun's warm glance.
Who will not put the (vile) away
Sees but their pride advance.

Ay, let snow fall thick as it can,
Yet with the sun 'twill go.
Now are we like the Mâu or the Mân:*
This is what grieves me so.

II. VII. 10.

BEWARE THE DISCONTENTED ANGRY KING!

'Neath the luxuriant willows†
Would ye not lie?
With the great deity‡ rampant,
Go ye not nigh!

* Wild tribes in the West and South.

† Emblem, evidently, of what a sovereign should be,—the shelter of his people.

‡ *Shang Ti.* The sacred name of the Supreme God is here used in irony. Cf. Psalm lxxxii. 6.

Were it for me to appease him,
Sorely my powers 'twould try.

'Neath the luxuriant willows
Would ye not rest?
With the great deity rampant,
Bide undistressed!
Were it for me to appease him,
Sore were I harassed and pressed.

There go the birds, high soaring;
Skyward they speed.
But this man's soul's ambition,—
Where will it lead?
Why should I seek to appease him?
Danger and trouble 'twould breed.

BOOK VIII.

II. VIII. 1.

CHANGED TIMES. THE HEART GOES BACK TO THE OLD CAPITAL.*

O THE gentry of the mother city,
In their tawny tawny fox-furs decked!
Theirs were manners that were aye unchanging,
Theirs was speech well-measured and correct.
Back to Chow, then!
There would all the world the like expect.

O the gentry of the mother city,
In the splint hats, and black coifs (of yore)!
O the high-born, honourable ladies,
Who the loose† or braided tresses wore!
These I see not,
And no satisfaction have I more.

O the gentry of the mother city,—
Plugs of gems adorning every ear.

* No date is assigned to the piece; but Dr. Legge is of opinion that it is to be "referred to the period soon after the removal of the capital to Loh, when things were all in disorder at the new seat of government." We may therefore place it about 760 B.C. New manners and fashions were there disturbing men of conservative minds.

† Lit., straight.

O the high-born, honourable ladies,—
Each a Yin or Kih* might well appear.
These I see not;
And my heart is wrung with sorrow here.

O the gentry of the mother city,
With the cinctures dangling o'er their thighs!
O the high-born, honourable ladies,
With the tresses curling scorpion-wise!
These I see not:—
Far I'd go to feast thereon these eyes!†

Not that those themselves would dangle cinctures:
'Twas that full ones were the fashion there.
Not that these again would curl their tresses:
'Twas the rule to so adorn‡ the hair.
This I see not.
O to gaze thereon again—but where?

II. VIII. 2.

THE ABSENT HUSBAND.

I've gathered king-grass all the morn,
And not two handfuls won!
I will go home and wash my hair,
For, O, 'tis all undone.

I've gathered blue-leaf§ all the morn,
And scarce one skirtful got!

* Surnames of two noble families.

† Lit., I would go far in quest of such.

‡ *ü* (旗) is a flag with falcons emblazoned on it; but seems here simply to denote the figures made in adorning the hair.

§ The plants king-grass (or lit. "green-leaf") and blue-leaf were plants yielding dyes. I conclude from a note in the *China Review*, vol. ix. pp. 248–9, that the latter, 藍 *lan*, is the 藍葉 *lan yeh*, or blue-leaf, as in the translation.

Five days are past—the time he named,—
Six,—yet I see him not.

Whene'er my husband goes to hunt,
I put him up his bow.
And so I trim his line whene'er
A-fishing he will go.

And fishing, what comes to his hook?
Bream, aye and tench likewise:—
Of bream and tench a noble dish
Whereon to feast your eyes!*

II. VIII. 3.

SONG OF THE TROOPS AFTER SHAU'S EXPEDITION TO SIÉ.†

(B.C. 823.)

TALL, tall the tender millet grows,
When genial showers have fed it.
Far, far to southward was our march,
Cheered by Shau's earl who led it.

We bore our packs, we wheeled our loads,
Drove cars, or cattle tended.
O soon should we be home again,
Our expedition ended.

* These concluding lines are not clear to any translator, and I give the above rendering of them as the most probable, in my opinion.

† This expedition had for its object the building and fortifying of a city, and the reclamation of the adjoining lands, in order to keep off the wild tribes of the border. *See* III. III. 5 for an account of this.

We marched, we rode in waggons then,
A host of us, a legion.
O soon should we, the journey o'er,
Regain our native region.

Imposing was the work at Sié;
Shau's earl its walls erected.
And glorious was the army's march;
Shau's earl that march directed.

Lands high and low were ordered well,
And rills and brooks ran brightly;*
And when Shau's earl had ended all,
His Sovereign's heart beat lightly.

II. VIII. 4.

A HAPPY MEETING.†

FINE are the marshland mulberry-trees,—
With foliage full and fair.—
Now that I see my noble lord,
My pleasure how compare?

Fine are the marshland mulberry-trees,—
With glossy foliage bright.—
Now that I see my noble lord,
How fail to feel delight?

* Were cleared.

† There is nothing in the piece to show who or what the parties were. The *keun tsze* (君 子) is *always* more or less indefinite, and whether it is singular or plural is often left to the imagination. So here; nor is it known who is speaking. It may be the king to his princes, or *vice versâ;* or a wife to her husband returning from abroad.

Fine are the marshland mulberry-trees,—
Their leaves dark shadows cast.—
My lord I see, whose virtuous fame
Cleaves to him firm and fast.

My heart, what love thou hast for him!
Why leave the tale untold?
Yea, deeply there thou treasur'st it,
Nor e'er wilt quit thy hold.*

II. VIII. 5.

LAMENT OF A REJECTED QUEEN-CONSORT.†

O THE white-flowering rushes,
Bound round with the white reeds!—
Upon my lord's estrangement
My solitude succeeds.

And bright white fleecy vapours
Both reed and rush bedew.—
Heaven's ways are hard and stubborn:
My lord holds none in view.

Rills from the pools run northward
The rice-fields to submerge.—
I, mindful of yon great one,
Wail my despairing dirge.

* Lit., what day forget it?

† King Yiu (幽) put away his queen, and replaced her by his concubine Pâu-sze. Probably Pâu-sze is the "great one" *shih jan* 碩人) alluded to in verses 3, 4, and 6. Some of the allusive lines are difficult to understand. Dr. Legge, in his metrical version, expands each verse to eight lines, in trying to bring out their meaning.

I gather mulberry branches
To heat my little stove.
It was the great one yonder
Me to such hardship drove.

Here out beyond the palace
I hear the minstrelsie.*
I think of him in sorrow;
Unmoved he looks on me.

Stands on the weir the buzzard,†
Sits in the wood the crane!
Ay, 'tis the great one yonder
Is cause of all my pain.

The teal, their left wings folding,
In pairs are on the weir.—
My lord hath no more conscience,
So do his humours veer.

That stone is but a low one;‡
Who steps thereon stands low!—
Oh that my lord's estrangement
Should plunge me in this woe!

* Lit., "the sound of drums and bells within the palace is heard (or, I hear) outside it."

† The allusion is here evident enough. The birds have changed places; so have the queen and Pâu-sze.

‡ The "stone" is supposed to be Pâu-sze!

II. VIII. 6.

UNSOLDIERLIKE COMPLAINTS.*

HEAR the orioles in chorus,
Halting† on the hillock's brow;—
"Dreary‡ is the way before us;
Weary are we—how say how?
Give us drink, give food to feed us,
In our duty teach and lead us;
Call the drivers§ there behind us,
Bid them waggon-room to find us."

Hear the orioles in chorus,
Halting there where turns the hill:—
"Not the march we dread before us,
'Tis the *pace*, we fear, may kill.‖
Give us drink, give food to feed us,
In our duty teach and lead us;
Call the drivers there behind us,
Bid them waggon-room to find us."

Hear the orioles in chorus,
Halting on the hillock's side:—
"Not the march we dread before us,
'Tis the goal we fear denied.

* Some underlings complain of their hardships during an expedition. The poet puts their words into the mouth of small birds halting in their flight, incongruous though the sentiments may seem as uttered by the birds.

† Much is made of this word (止 *chi*) by Confucius in his "Great Learning;" and, as an illustration of his teaching in that place, a meaning seems to be forced upon it which it will not bear.

‡ Lit., far, long.

§ I take 亟 *kiu* as standing for 車 者 *kiu che*.

‖ Lit., "we fear inability to go rapidly." So also in the third stanza, "we fear we may not reach the end."

Give us drink, give food to feed us,
In our duty teach and lead us;
Call the drivers there behind us,
Bid them waggon-room to find us."

II. VIII. 7.

DRINKING-SONG.*

WAVING gourd-leaves cuts he there,
Boils them, (will not waste them)!
Yet our host has drinks to spare;
See him pour, and taste them.

One poor rabbit all the fare,—
Roast they it, or bake it!
Yet our host has wine to spare;
Fills, and bids us take it.

One poor rabbit all the fare,—
Broil they him, or roast him!
Yet our host has wine to spare;
Fill we up, and toast him!

One poor rabbit all the fare,—
Broil they him, or grill him!
Yet our host has wine to spare;
Each for other fill him!

* A great deal of meaning is tersely expressed here. The host was poor and frugal, yet would not curtail the usual ceremonies of a feast. It was the rule as indicated in the several verses:—

(1). For the host to taste the wines to prove them;
(2). To fill and present to the guests;
(3). For the guests to fill and drink to him; and
(4). For the host and guests to fill and pledge each other.

II. VIII. 8.

TOILSOME MARCHES.*

O RUGGED, rugged are the rocks,
With lofty crest.
Far, far o'er hill and stream we go,
And sore are pressed.
A soldier, marching Eastward, ne'er
A morn may rest.

O rugged, rugged are the rocks,
With towering top.
Far, far o'er hill and stream we go;
When, when to stop?
Troops, marching East, from out the ranks
May never drop.

Oft wading now,† the feet of swine
Are white again.
The moon, too, in the Hyades,‡
Means heavier rain.—
Troops, marching East, aught *else* than that
Will seek in vain.

II. VIII. 9.

BAD TIMES.§

AH, how the trumpet-flowers
All saffron-tinted grow!
O, saddened hearts are ours,
Beneath this bitter blow.

* Song of troops on some expedition to the East. From the allusion to the rains the expedition may be supposed to be the same as that of I. XV. 3.

† *i.e.*, owing to the continual rains.

‡ This curiously coincides with the Greek notion.

§ The trumpet-flowers, growing yellow with age, and afterwards falling, represent the decay of a season of prosperity.

Now, for the trumpet-flowers
But green green leaves we see!
Than live a life like ours
'Twere better not to be.

With sheep scarce aught but *head*,
With star-reflecting creels,*
Some manage to be fed,
Yet few have proper † meals.

II. VIII. 10.

THE SOLDIER'S HARDSHIPS.‡

WHAT plant is now not sallow?
What day its march can spare?
What mortal but must toil and moil
Here, there, and everywhere?

What plant is now not sombre?
What mortal undistraught?
Poor troopers, we alone of men
Are less than human thought.

Not unicorns, not tigers,
Why haunt we the wild waste?
Poor troopers, night nor morn can we
The sweets of leisure taste.

* A picture of famine. Lit., "the ewes have abnormal heads; the 'Three Stars' are in the creels;" *i.e.*, nought else is found in them.

† Full.

‡ Said to refer to the time when the House of Chow was falling. The marches were incessant, through summer (v. 1), and autumn (v. 2), and no regard was had to the miseries of the troops.

Leave to the long-tailed foxes
To haunt the sombre grass.
Along the king's highway should we
In our light waggons pass.

PART III.

THE GREATER FESTAL ODES.

BOOK I.

THE "WĂN WONG" DECADE.*

III. I. 1.

KING WĂN, THE FOUNDER AND EXAMPLE OF THE LINE OF CHOW.†

KING WĂN is now on high. And oh
What glory his in Heaven!
Old be the land of Chow, yet thence
New calls (to rule) are given.
Chow's Lords, are they not shining lights?
God's calls, are they not timely?
King Wăn, there at God's either hand,‡
Moveth about sublimely.

* *i.e.*, the ten Odes commencing with "King Wăn."

† Said to have been composed by the Duke of Chow (Wăn's son), and addressed to the young King Ch'ing his nephew. The *whole* of this Book is, in fact, attributed to the same author, though it is probable that some of the pieces were only *collected* by him. They belong to the latter half of the twelfth century B.C.

King Wăn was *virtually* the Founder of the dynasty, but he never assumed the title of king. He was known during his life as *Ch'ang* (昌), Duke of Chow, and as *Si Peh*, Chief of the West. He was afterwards canonized as "King Wăn."

‡ This refers to the continued activity of the spirit after death, caring still for the world below;—Wăn was regarded (as all good kings were) as an assessor with God, and worthy to be worshipped with Him.

King Wăn was vigorous and strong;
His fame is aye unending.
Chow's Heaven-sent gifts are still upon
King Wăn's sons' sons descending,—
King Wăn's sons' sons, in stock and branch,—
To countless generations.
Chow's Servants, too, shall these not all
For aye adorn their stations?

For aye adorn their stations,—yea,
In counsel wisdom heeding;
For king-like is each minister
The Royal State is breeding!
The Royal State can breed the men
Chow's House to build on surely;
To such an ample ministry
King Wăn may trust securely!

Profound, profound was he, King Wăn;
In reverence aye transcendent!
Great was Heaven's call! The House of Shang,
To each far-off descendant,—
To each far-off descendant,—yea,
In force ten myriads,—vaster,—
When that decree of God went forth,
Acknowledged Chow its Master.

Acknowledged Chow: ah! Providence
Hath diverse dispensations:—
Yin's Chiefs, the able and expert,*
Aid at our Court's libations!
And this, still in the broidered skirt
And cap they erst affected.

* "Yin" was another name for the former dynasty of Shang. Sometimes the two names are found together—Yin-Shang.

O ye about the throne, let ne'er
Your Founder be neglected!

Your Founder be neglected,—no,
But cultivate his merit;
Aye make the will of Heaven your own;
So blessings great inherit!
Yin, ere it lost its men, had kings
Meet to be linked with Heaven;
In Yin 'tis mirorred well, how with
Great calls great tasks are given.

Great calls, great tasks.—Ah be not thou
Thyself thine own undoing!
Shine forth in righteous character,
Yin's fall from Heaven oft viewing.
The operations of High Heaven
Are odourless, are soundless!
For rule and pattern take King Wăn:
Thy credit will be boundless.

III. 1. 2.

FURTHER EULOGY OF KING WĂN.*

Beams of brightness here beneath:
Gleams of glory there on high!
Heaven makes hard demands on faith;
Kings are kings not easily.
Yin had heirs to fill the throne:
They were doomed no realm to own!

* Showing how the divine appointment rested on him, the son of a virtuous mother; and how, by his espousal of the bride whom Heaven prepared for him, he became the father of King Wu, who overthrew the dynasty of Shang.

Jen, the second Maid of Chi,
From the Yin-shang country came,
Came, a bride for Chow to be,—
Chow's chief city's chiefest Dame.
She, the consort of King Ki,
To the paths of virtue clave.
T'ai-jen—mother (soon) was she;
Then to us our Wăn she gave.

This was he, that royal Wăn,
Who, with reverent zeal imbued,
Gloriously served God, and won
Manifold beatitude.
Since his virtue never veered,
All the land to him adhered.

Heaven looked down upon the earth;
On King Wăn its summons lit.
Heaven for him, soon after birth,
Had prepared a consort fit.
O'er the Hia's north watershed,
On the Wai's declivity.
When King Wăn prepared to wed,
There in that great land was she.

There in that great land was she,
Like a goddess from on high.—
Lucky proved the augury;
And he met her by the Wai.
Bridge of boats for her he made;
Was not splendour there displayed?

'T was an ordinance of Heaven,
Thus ordained that our King Wăn
To Chow's capital be given.—
Jen's successor was from San:

She, San's eldest, was that bride:
  Blessed, at length, to bear King Wu,
Your Preserver, Helper, Guide,—
  Who, as such, great Shang o'erthrew.

As a forest, stood combined
  The battalions of Yin-shang,
On the wilds of Muh aligned.
  As upon that host we sprang,
"God is with you!" [cried King Wu]
"No half-heartedness with you!"

Flashed the cars of sandal-wood
  O'er those boundless wilds of Muh!
How the teams of bays did scud!
  That great officer, Shang-fu,
Was a very eagle then,
  Soaring, bearing up King Wu.
Swoop! Great Shang we overthrew!
  Clash! Then bright the daylight grew!

III. I. 3.

ORIGIN OF THE HOUSE OF CHOW.*

See the trailing young gourds, how they spread!
  See in these how our people first grew:
From the land of the Ts'iü and the Ts'ih,†
  From the time of the old duke Tan-fu,—
When they dwelt in the kraals and the caves,
  When they nothing of houses yet knew.

* Tan-fu, the "Old Duke," was its ancestral Prince. Breaking away from the wild tribes north of the Wai, he settled in the plain of Chow, and there introduced civilization. It is noteworthy that the first building here mentioned is a temple, round which the palace and city grew. The Ode closes abruptly with a reference to King Wăn, and to the effect produced by his wise rule upon the chiefs of adjacent States.

† Names of two tributaries of the river Wai.

Thence away came the old duke Tan-fu :—
Quick as light with his horses sped he ;
And he followed the Stream of the West,
Till he came to the foot of Mount K'i.
And there he and his lady the Kiáng
Sought a site where they settled should be.

And Chow's plain was so fertile and fat,
That the herbs we count bitter grew sweet ;
He began then to ponder and plan,
And the tortoise-shell gave to the heat ;*
And the answer was "settle," and "here,"—
Here establish your family seat.

So tranquillity came, and repose ;
And the "East" and the "West" he defined,
And the bounds of demesnes, large and small,
And allotments and "acres" assigned.
From the West to the East, all around,
Were the marks of his vigorous mind.

Then he summoned a Master of Works ;
And he summoned him task-masters too ;
And employed them in building their "home."
So with plummet and line, straight and true,
And with frame-boards (the concrete) to hold,
Lo ! a temple imposing up-grew !

Then what crowding with baskets of earth !
And what clatter in filling each frame !
And what thuds, beating solid the walls,
And scrape-scraping, tap-tapping the same !
With a hundred walls rising at once
The big drum† ne'er the hubbub o'ercame !

* Divination by the wrinkles on the scorched shell.

† A large drum was sounded at the time for stopping work each day, but such was the noise of the workmen that they could not hear

Then the Court's outer gate they set up:
'Twas a portal aye lofty and grand;
Then the inner and principal gate,
An imposing one, skilfully planned.
Then the land-spirits' altar uprose,—
Source of each great event to the land.

Though he quelled not the ire of his foes,
Yet he suffered his fame not to fade:—
By his thinning the oaks and the thorns,
He the highways more passable made;
And he caused the wild turbulent tribes
To make off, open-mouthed and dismayed.

Those two States,*—how was settled their strife?
'Twas King Wăn roused their conscience to life!
On my word ('twas their glimpse of wise laws):
His affinity laws,—laws of grades,—
And his courier-system,—and, last,
His defence against insolent raids.†

III. 1. 4.

IN PRAISE OF KING WĂN.

O DENSE was the growth of the shrub and thorn:
For gathering in, for storing.—
Sublime was the sight of our Prince and King,
As all pressed round (adoring).

* Yü and Juy are the two names given, but they are hardly pronounceable, and I think better omitted in an English translation.

† The last four lines are almost impossible to translate, but I have given the sense as best I can by the aid of a Chinese commentary. Four *ministers* are said really to be referred to:—有蔬附，有先後，有奔奏，有侮禦.

Sublime was the sight when surrounding chiefs
On their batons bore libations;
And bravely they bore them—those eminent men;—
Right worthy they of their stations.

Rode proudly his boats on yon river King,
With all his oarsmen rowing.—
Marched (proudly) Chow's King when he sallied forth,—
Six legions with him going.

O vast is yon span of the Milky Way,
That blazonry of Heaven!
And the long life-span of the King of Chow,—
To earth what has it not given!

How glitters the substance of gold and gems,
Wrought bright by varied tooling!
So wrought our King on the world of men,
By his energetic ruling.

III. 1. 5.

HIS PEOPLE'S ADMIRATION.

See down there, at the Han hill's base,
Hazel and buckthorn growing apace.—
Joyous and free our prince could be:
High in his aim, yet joyous and free.

Rare are his goblets, rare and fine,
Brimming with amber-coloured wine.—
Joyous and free our prince could be:
Worthy of wealth and dignity!

Kites in flight will heavenwards go;
Fishes leap in their pools below.
Joyous and free our prince could be:
How hath he raised humanity!

Pure are the spirits—the vase is full;
All prepared is the dark roan bull;—
Ready to offer, to immolate;
So to enhance his blessings great.

Dense is the growth of the oak and thorn;
Fuel rare for the folks to burn.—
Joyous and free our prince could be:
Pet of the spirit-world was he!

Creepers, rioting, clambering,
How to both branch and stem they cling!
So was our prince, the joyous and free,
Bent on blessing unswervingly!

III. r. 6.

HIS VIRTUES.

[*The first stanza is in praise of his mother and wife.*]

How reverential was T'ai-jen,
Of whom King Wăn was born.
How did she love the Kiáng of Chow!*
The royal home adorn!
Tai-sze inherited the same fair fame,
And many sons she bore unto the name.

[*The remainder is to be understood of King Wăn himself.*]

Obsequious to his ancestors,
Their spirits could not chide,
Nor be not satisfied.
Example to his worthy queen,
Yea, to his brethren, when was seen
His hospitable hand
Held out to all the land.

* Chow-Kiáng was Wăn's grandmother, Tan-fu's wife. *See* Ode 3.

Reigned harmony within his halls,
Devotion in his fane.
Unseen,—as watched,—he wearied not
(His virtue) to maintain.

Though unexempt from trial sore,
Undimmed his great light shone;
Untutored, yet he lived by rule;
Uncounselled, straight went on.

Men of ripe age his virtues learnt,
And youth made promise fair;
Unwearying was our ancient chief:
His fame his servants share.

III. 1. 7.

RISE OF THE CHOW DYNASTY.

The most high God
Looked down on earth —dread thought!—
And, gazing round,
His people's peace He sought.
Two royal lines*
Had ruled, but ruled amiss
O'er the whole land;
And, pondering over this,
God now made known His sovereign will,
To enlarge the bounds of empire still;
And, as He westward turned His face,
Said, "Here be now their dwelling-place."

[*The second stanza begins abruptly with a description of the preparation by King T'ai† for this new settlement in the plain of Chow and on Mount K'i*]:—

* The two former dynasties of Hia and Shang.

† "King" T'ai is merely the canonized name of Wăn's grandfather, Tan-fu. *See* IV. 1. 5.

Dry trunks, dead logs
Away were borne:
The clumps and rows
Were trimmed and shorn;
Willow and cane
Were slashed and slain;
Wild mulberries thinned
And disciplined.
A ruler wise God thither led,
And virtuous. The wild hordes fled.
Heaven raised him up a consort meet,
And thus the appointment was complete.

God viewed their hill:
Its wild growth now was rare,
Its pine-woods cleft
By many a thoroughfare.
God made the State:
Princes to match made He,
What time these lived—
T'ai-pih and royal Ki,*
'Twas this King Ki,
So brotherly at heart,
Who so well played
The younger brother's part,
That all through life success he found,
And made (the elder) so renowned.
Dignity won he never lost:
Well-nigh of empire he might boast.

Yea, this King Ki
God gifted with keen mind.
Pure shines his fame;
His virtues were refined.

* T'ai-pih was King T'ai's eldest son, and Ki was a younger one, on whom the succession devolved.

A critic, judge,
Leader, controller, he,—
This great land's king:
Loyal, winning loyalty.
Until King Wăn reigned in his stead,*
Nought 'gainst his virtue could be said.
Himself God's benison possessed;
On his sons' sons it now doth rest!

Spake God to Wăn:
"All wild caprices shun,
And cravings curb."—
Thus rare *prestige* he won.
When Mihites rude
Dared our great land oppose,
Invaded Yün,
And marched on Kung as foes,
Then burned like fire
His kingly ire;
His troops he put in full array,
The invading enemy to stay.
Chow's welfare he would aye uphold,
And be the empire's champion bold.

His capital
Safe and secure he made;
Forth o'er the bounds
Of Yün his troops he led;
He scaled our heights:
None occupied our hills,
Our hills or knolls;
No (foe) drank at our springs,
Our springs or pools.

* Wăn was Ki's son.

And pleasant plains he there surveyed,
And there, south of K'i's hill, he stayed,
Where, near the Wai, converge all States,
And where our race most congregates.

Spake God to Wăn:
"I love thy virtue strange:
No blare, no show,
No vaunting, and no change.
In artless wise
Unconscious hast thou trod
The path of God."
(Also) spake God to Wăn:
"Now shalt thou plan,
Thou and thy friends, to overthrow
The city of your mutual foe.
Your ladders and your engines all
Take, and lay low Ts'ung's rampart-wall."*

Slowly against that high stout wall
The war machinery drew near.
Captives were "questioned," one by one;
Noiselessly lopped was many an ear.†
To Heaven, to Heroes, gifts were made,
With prayers for furtherance and aid,
And that the land's rude foes be stayed.
With vigour then played each machine,
Against that wall so strong and high.
They make a breach! they swarm within,
And all in death and ruin lie!
No foe should now the land defy!

* The lord of Ts'ung was Wăn's personal enemy, and had been the cause of his imprisonment in the time of the last Shang sovereign.

† When the torture failed, prisoners were put to death, and the left ears were cut off from their dead bodies, presumably to be sent to the besieged. Hence the expression "noiselessly."

III. 1. 8.

DELIGHT OF THE PEOPLE ON SEEING THE MAGNIFICENCE WITH WHICH KING WĂN SURROUNDED HIMSELF.

The King designed his wondrous tower:
'Twas his design, 'twas his device;
His people undertook the work,
And all was finished in a trice!
In planning it he urged no haste,
Yet all like children round him pressed.

Behold him in his wondrous park,
Where stags and hinds lie down in herds,
His stags and hinds all sleek and fat;—
Around him glinting snow-white birds.
Behold him on his wondrous lake,
Where crowding fish their frolic take.

Like row of trees his music-stand!
Big drums, big bells thereon they pile.—
O harmony of drum and bell!
Delightsome that pavilioned isle!*
Delightsome that pavilion'd isle,
With harmony of drum and bell!
Drums of iguana-hide resound.
Those blind ones† do their parts (right well).

* A building surrounded by a moat, in which the young princes received instruction in various arts.

† The musicians of the Court were all blind.

III. 1. 9.

EULOGY OF KING WU.

Last comes Wu, and founded is Chow!
Yea, this age hath its monarchs wise;
Three* are in Heaven, and one here now
Well their place on the throne supplies.

Well their place on the throne supplies,
Making *their* virtues his great quest.
Aye his appointment he justifies,
Now of the land's full trust possessed.

Now of the land's full trust possessed,
Model for all of the ranks below:
Filial feelings aye in his breast,
Filial feelings the pattern show.

Him, this Man of men, we admire
So reflecting the gentle grace;
He, ever mindful of his sire,
Grandly adopts his work, his place.

Grandly those who from him descend—
If to their father's course they cleave—
Till the ten-thousandth year shall end,
Blessings from Heaven will aye receive.

Blessings from Heaven will aye be theirs,
Gratulation from all below;
Surely throughout those myriad years
Lack of support they ne'er shall know.

* Viz., T'ai, Ki, and Wăn.

III. I. 10.

EXPLOITS OF WĂN AND WU.

Renowned is King Wăn,
Yea, and highly renowned.
His purpose was peace:
He beheld it abound!
Then hurrah for King Wăn!

Heaven's mandates had Wăn:—
To his exploits belong
Ts'ung's fall, and the rise
Of his city in Fung.
Then hurrah for King Wăn!

Fung made he its match,
When moated and walled.—
Self-curb'd,—he his sire's
Filial duty recalled.
Then hurrah for the King!

Fung's walls were a work
That displayed him a King:
Men everywhere flocked
To be under his wing!
Then hurrah for the King!

Where flowed the Fung East,—
By the labours of Yü,—
Men everywhere sought
Their great monarch, King (Wu).
The great monarch, hurrah!

His pavilion'd isle
When Hâu's capital held,
East, West, North, or South
Ne'er an instant rebelled.
The great sovereign, hurrah!

For when he divined,
"Should Hâu-King be his seat?"*
"Yea," answered the shell,†
Then he made all complete.
Then hurrah for King Wu!

The Fung had its weeds,
And had Wu not his cares?—
How he wrought for his son!
How he planned for his heirs!
Then hurrah for King Wu!

* "King" means "capital," as in Peking.
† The lines on the scorched tortoise-shell.

BOOK II.

THE "SHANG MIN" DECADE.

II. II. 1.

HOW-TSIH, THE PROGENITOR OF THE CHOW FAMILY.

[This Ode requires a little introduction, for general readers. It is in honour of How-tsih (or, more properly, of the How-tsih, a title meaning "lord of the millet," his duties being the supervision of agriculture). The House of Chow traced their pedigree back to him, and when this dynasty was founded, sacrificial honours were paid to him. The Duke of Chow is said thereupon to have written this Ode, and probably it was "said or sung" at the time of the sacrifices. Kiáng Yün, the mother of How-tsih, is said to have been the Princess Consort of the Emperor Kuh, B.C. 2435–2357; but this can hardly have been so, because How-tsih flourished in the reign of Shun, which bears the date B.C. 2255–2205. In the legend of her son's conception and birth, which is given in the first stanza of this Ode, while evidently they were believed to be miraculous, it is somewhat doubtful whether we are to translate 帝 (*ti*) in the sixth line by "God," or by "Emperor" (meaning her husband.)*

The strange and easy birth, related in the second stanza, was regarded by the mother as an unlucky omen, and this explains

* Mayers, in his "Chinese Reader's Manual," says that she, "having met with a *giant's* footstep while walking abroad, became with child through the act of setting her foot within the imprint"; but this interpretation of the word will not hold good.

why in the third stanza she is represented as "exposing" him to be trampled on by cattle, then in the forest's solitude, then on the ice. From all these dangers he had wonderful escapes, and she therefore took him back, and the name K'i, 棄 "the Castaway," was given to him in memory of these adventures. His early talent for husbandry grew with his years, he taught the people many improvements in it, and, becoming famous, the Emperor Yau at length made him Minister of Husbandry. The succeeding Emperor, Shun, made him Lord of T'ai (stanza 5), and it was only after this that he became known as the How-tsih. The "old duke T'an-fu," mentioned in the "Wăn Wong" decade as the progenitor of the House of Chow, was his lineal descendant. How-tsih was, we are told here, the first to offer sacrifices as thank-offerings for the harvest, which were continued to the time of the Chow dynasty; but now, in the ritual of the Duke of Chow, he was joined with Heaven (配 天), like the deceased Emperors.]

Our folk's first origin
Is dated from Kiáng Yün:
(Now sing we) how this origin occurred:—
Once worshipping was she,
Praying, "Pity childless me,"
Then, treading on God's toe-print, she was stirred;
This brought her blessing, brought her rest,
—Conception,—privacy;
Then came an infant to her breast;
That infant was How-tsih.

When all her months had run,
Came forth her first-born son,—
Came as a lamb comes, without manglement,
Or injury or throe,—
The prodigy to show!
Thus did not God vouchsafe to her content?
Thus did not her pure offerings please?
That she should have her child with ease.

She exposed him in a narrow lane,
The kine yet showed him care.
She exposed him in the forest-plain,
Wood-cutters found him there.
She exposed him on the ice-bound river, cold;
A bird with outspread wings did him enfold.
At length, forsaken by the bird,
He cried (for it to stay),
And long and loud his wails were heard
Along the whole highway.

When he could creep and crawl,
More wit had he than all;
When he grew on to feeding without aid,
He took to sowing beans,
And finely grew his beans,
And smiling rows of rice his toil repaid;
His hemp and wheat abundant grew,
His little gourds prolific too.

He taught the husbandman,
"Aid nature where you can:
First all the rank and grassy herbage clear;
Then sow your golden grain,
Well forced and put in train;
Thus sown 'twill soon above the soil appear,
And shoot aloft, and fructify,
Grow strong and fair to see,
Full awned and eared"—and this was why
The House of T'ai won he.

And thus good seed men find,
Of millets every kind—
The black, the double-grained, the brown, the white

Those first we see all round
Stacked on the reaping-ground;
The white and brown,—again a common sight,—
On back and shoulders home we bear,
To make our first-fruit* offerings there.

These how do we prepare?
Many the duty share:
Some thresh, some hull, some winnow well the grain;
'Tis washed—with swish and swirl!
Distilled†—and vapours curl!
We fix the day, keep vigil, and abstain;
Bring herbs,‡ to offer with the fat,
The rams for the gods of roads;
Flesh roast and boiled;—good fortune that
For future years forebodes.

The sacred bowls, the pair
Of wood and earthenware,§
We fill; and odours sweet begin to rise;
Pleased God is with the smell,
So fragrant, timed so well.—
How-tsih it was began this sacrifice;
And none can rightfully regret
That it continues with us yet.

* Dr. Legge translates—"the sacrifices which he founded." But is not 肇祀 *châu sze* here simply a first or first-fruit offering? Doubtless it means more in the last stanza.

† Query, whether 烝 *ching* denotes the distilling process, or merely steaming.

‡ Southernwood.

§ The one of wood, the other of earthenware.

III. II. 2.

A FESTAL ODE ON THE KING'S ENTERTAINMENT OF HIS RELATIVES.

Thickly tufted grow the roadside reeds;
Never there be hoofs of cattle treading.
Here maturing, there in perfect form,
How their supple glossy leaves are spreading!
So united see these brethren all,
Closely now, though never far divided;
Here for some are spread the festal mats,*
There for others rests have been provided.

Mats are spread,—one more is laid for each;
Rests supplied,—now crowd the waiters o'er them;
Guests are given their cups—they pledge their host;
His he rinses—theirs they place before them.
Offerings now of mincemeat dripping fine
And the viands, roast and boiled, are coming,—
Dainty condiment of tripe and jowl!
Then the songs commence, and then the drumming!

Now with gaily-coloured bows, and strong,
And the barbs of steel, four each, all equal,
All well matched, their arrows they let fly,
And win place according to the sequel.†
(Yet once more) the painted bows they grasp,
Each his arrows four again preparing;
Lo! four trees embedded!—Now each guest
Ranks according to his modest bearing!

Of a long (proud) lineage is the Host;
Potent are his spirits new-fermented;

* For the guests to recline upon.
† Lit., talent, skill.

And he fills with liberal hand the cup
To the hoary heads with prayer presented,—
Prayer that "hoary heads and wrinkled forms *
Be our helpers, leading and sustaining,—
That old age may find felicity,
Unto blessings great still greater gaining."

III. II. 3.

RESPONSE OF THE GUESTS TO THE KING.

Deep have we drunk of thy cups,
Full have we fed on thy favour;
Prince, may thy years never end!
Prosper thou, prosper for ever!

Deep have we drunk of thy cups;
Round have thy dainties been handed;
Prince, may thy years never end!
Be thy bright splendour expanded.

Bright be thy splendour, till full;
Lighting to ends that are greater.—
"Great ends *begin*": so spake well
He, thy dead Sire's personator.

What were the things that he spake?
"Pure are thy vessels, and stately;
They that serve *with* thee are friends;
Rightly they serve, and sedately;

"Rightly, sedately, full oft.
And thou hast sons who revere thee:
While without fail they be such
Blessing shall ever be near thee.

* Lit., backs.

When shall this blessing then be?—
From the hid parts of thy dwelling;—
Years without end shalt thou live,
Blest, in succession unfailing.

"Why this succession prolonged?—
Heaven would with honours endue thee;
And through innumerous years
Make the high Calling pursue thee!

How shall it rest upon *thee?*
Through the brave lady (God) sent thee:
Through the brave lady; by her
Long shall thy line represent thee."

III. II. 4.

AT A FEAST GIVEN TO THE PERSONATORS OF THE KING'S ANCESTORS AT A SACRIFICE.*

Like the waterfowl† upon the *King*,‡
To their feast, all care disburdening,
Come the proxies of your ancestors.
Pure your drinks, your meats fine fragrance shed.—
Eat and drink, ye proxies of the dead!
Be your honours full accomplished!

* The feast to these men is said to have been given after all was over,—on the day following that of the sacrifice, and to have consisted of a re-cooking of what was left unconsumed at the sacrificial feast. It was spread in the Temple. The words seem addressed to both the King and these proxies.

† The birds mentioned in each verse are the wild duck and another about which there is some doubt.

‡ The river King.

Like the waterfowl upon the sands,
To your feast, expected at your hands,
Come the proxies of your ancestors.
Copious draughts and viands good are laid.
Eat and drink, ye proxies of the dead!
Let your honours come unto your aid!

Like the waterfowl upon the isle,
To their feast, and to their rest awhile,
Come the proxies of your ancestors.
Drinks refined, dried meat in slices served,
Eat and drink, ye proxies of the dead!
Are not honours yet for you reserved?

Like the waterfowl, where rivers meet,
To their feast,—each to an honoured seat,—
Come the proxies of your ancestors.
In the fane, where honours light, 'tis spread;
Eat and drink, ye proxies of the dead!
Lie not honours thick on every head?

Like the waterfowl within the cleft,
To their rest, to happy freedom, left,
Come the proxies of your ancestors.
Choice the drinks, for gladdening the heart!
And the roasts, what fragrance they impart!
Eat and drink, ye proxies of the dead!
Smooth's the path hereafter you shall tread.

III. II. 5.

RESPONSE.

[It is uncertain, but probable, that this Ode is again responsive, —the feasters of the last Ode expressing their admiration for their Prince and Host.]

O Prince, our admiration, our delight!
In noble virtues eminently bright;
Fit (guide) to high and low!
That high vocation thou didst win from Heaven;
Aid and protection with the call were given;
And Heaven will more bestow.

Quest of that dignity meant all of good:
From thee shall spring a countless multitude,
A reverend, lordly throng,
Meet for the lesser or the greater throne,
Making the ancient precedents their own,
In nought remiss or wrong;

Grave and decorous, firm and self-controlled,
Clinging to virtuous fame with steadfast hold,
Free from all grudge and hate;
Producing in their Servants all around
Like virtues; gaining blessings without bound;
Controlling every State;—

Controlling their affairs both great and small,
That so, more free, the chiefs and magnates all
May move in friendship's ring.
And these will watch those Sons of Heaven with pride,
As for their people nought they leave untried
That rest to them may bring.

III. II. 6.

DUKE LIU.*

High-souled Duke Liu!
He could not rest, nor take repose,—
Perambulating farm and field,
Storing the grain in mow and stack,
Tieing up stores, of these the yield,
Dry stores in bag and haversack.
—For ends of peace and glory, lo!
Forth come the arrow and the bow,
The shield and spear, the axe and bill:—
"Forward," he cries, "with me who will."

High-souled Duke Liu
Lo, congregated on the plain,†
The multitude, a concourse great!
Now they disperse at his behest.
Nor long do they bewail their state.
This done, he scales the mountain's crest;
Then to the plain makes his descent,—‡
And what are those upon his waist?
Jadestones and gems! rare ornament
Wherewith his sword-sheath shall be graced.

High-souled Duke Liu!
He visited the Hundred Springs,

* The story of the migration and settlement in Pin (the modern Pin Chow, in Shen-si), in the year B.C. 1796, of Duke Liu and his followers, and of the manner in which that State throve under his wise rule. Duke Liu was one of the prominent ancestors of the House of Chow.

† The scene is evidently shifted to their destination.

‡ Lines 6 and 7, taken by themselves, remind us of the famous couplet,—"*There was a fleet went out to Spain; When it returned, it came again*"; but these further lines would seem to indicate that the duke had an object in exploring the hills.

Looked o'er the plains there broad and vast;
Ascending then the southern heights,
He found an eminence (at last),
Round which all followers might have sites;
And here he settled, here he stayed,
Here huts for all who came he made,
Here let his will and word be known,
Here counsel took, and gave his own.

High-souled Duke Liu!
Now in his citadel secure,
His liegemen proudly paid their court:—
The mats were spread, the rests supplied,
Those for their seats, these their support.
Unto his herdsmen (oft) he hied,
And brought a porker from the pen!
And drinks from calabashes poured.
Thus did he feed and feast his men;
Thus did he act both host and lord.

High-souled Duke Liu!
Long now and broad were his domains:
He took their bearings—climbed the hills,
Surveyed the sunned and shadowed lands,
The rivers and the fountain-rills;
Disposed his forces in three bands;
Then portioned out the watered plain,
Allotting fields, for tax of grain;
Then portioned out the westering slopes:—
Pin's settlers throve beyond their hopes.

High-souled Duke Liu!
Ill-lodged in Pin, they made them rafts
And crossed the Wai, and gathered thence
Sandstone and iron. Strong then stood

Each dwelling and each border fence.
Growing in wealth and multitude,
They crowd and fill the vale of Hwang,
And press far up the vale of Kwo;
At length, so thick becomes the throng,
Beyond the Juy they overflow.

III. II. 7.

ADMONITION TO THE KING.*

From wayside pool afar
Foul water you may drain,
That, settling, straining, jar from jar,
May serve to steam your rice and grain.
So a refiner† will that ruler be
In whom the people shall their parent‡ see.

From wayside pool afar
Foul water you may drain,
That, settling, straining, jar from jar,
Will cleanse your cups from every stain.
And such refinement will that ruler see
To whom his people confidently flee.

From wayside pool afar
Foul water you may bring,
That, settling, straining, jar from jar,
Will wash and cleanse (each single thing).
And such refinement will that ruler see
Who gives his people rest and liberty.

* Supposed to have been written by the Duke of Shau and addressed to King Ch'ing.

† The words 豈 第 *k'ai ti* translated "joyous and free," &c., in other Odes, seem to have another signification here, and Dr. Legge draws attention to the fact that Confucius interpreted somewhat as above in the Li-ki, quoting from these verses.

‡ Lit., father and mother.

III. II. 8.

FURTHER ADMONITION, UNDER THE GUISE OF CONGRATULATION.*

O'ER the windings of the mound,
With the south wind rustling round,
  There our Prince, in joyous ease,
Sauntering, singing, came along.
Thus I worded him a song:—

"Gaily, Sir, thou takest ease,
Roaming as thy fancies please,
  Joyously dismissing care.
Fully may thy life unfold,
Ripening like thy Sires' of old.

"Great and glorious is thy land,
Fortune well hath filled thine hand;
  Prince, enjoy thy happy ease!
Full of years, long may thou feast
The great spirit-world, its Priest!

"Heaven gave thee a mission large,
Peace yet marks thy blessed charge;
  Prince, enjoy thy happy ease!
Fully may thy life unfold,
That great blessing long to hold.

"Thou hast trusty helps and stays,
Men of duteous, virtuous ways,
  Men to lead, and men to back!
Prince, enjoy thy happy ease;
All the world its pattern sees!

* Supposed to have been improvised by the same Duke of Shau during a stroll with the king.

"Gleam thy majesty and grace
As thy sceptre and thy mace!
Bright thy past and bright thine aim.
Prince, enjoy thy happy ease;
All the world is at thy knees!

"Like the phœnixes* in flight,
Rustling, rustling, till they light,
Till a resting-place they've won,—
So thy happy Servants all,
Crowding round thee, wait thy call;
Aye, they love their king, Heaven's Son.

"Like the phœnixes in flight,
Rustling, rustling up the height,
Till they pierce the heaven above,—
So thy happy Servants all,
Crowding round thee, wait thy call;
And thy people own their love.

"Phœnixes are calling now
High on yonder mountain's brow,
Where dryandra-trees† abound.
Thickly on the Eastern face
Stand the trees, and grow apace.
There their tuneful calls resound.

"Chariots does our Prince possess?
Well-nigh they are numberless!
Horses? Yea, well-trained and fleet.
—But my lay is now complete;
Short it is, and only meant
Thine own song to supplement."

* Phœnixes are always introduced as ominous of good, generally of a numerous progeny, but here they are mentioned, it is thought, simply as metaphorical of the abundance of virtuous men in office, and the prosperity of the time.

† Dryandra-trees were thought to be the only trees on which they would settle.

III. II. 9.

CENSURE OF KING LI'S GOVERNMENT.*

Sorely their burdens press upon the people;
Haply their hardships may be modified.
Here show them kindness in the mother province,
So cheer and hope will travel far and wide.
Countenance not the flatterers and deceivers,
So every worthless character restrain;
Down with the tyrants, down with the marauders,
Men who respect not rule and order plain.
Courteous to strangers, helpful to our own,
So shall the king sit firmer on his throne.

Sorely their burdens press upon the people;
Haply their state admits of some relief:—
Here show them kindness in the mother province,
So will the nation rally round its Chief.
Countenance not the flatterers and deceivers,
So all uproarious arrogance repress;
Down with the tyrants, down with the marauders,
Let not the nation suffer such distress;
Let not your toilsome task be set aside:
So shall the king on smoother currents glide.

Sorely their burdens press upon the people;
These may not we to some extent abate?
Here show them kindness in the mother city,
So cheer and hope will visit every State.

* Li was the tenth sovereign of the Chow line (B.C. 878–827). A great officer here calls upon his *confrères* to use every means to alleviate the misery of the country.

Countenance not the flatterer and deceiver,
So all unbounded insolence repress;
Down with the tyrant, down with the marauder,
Frustrate their deeds of vice and wickedness.
Strict in deportment, guard your every mood,
Tread thus the path all worthies have pursued.

Sorely their burden presses on the people;
May not some respite to the land be given?
Here show them kindness in the mother province,
So let their sorrow far away be driven,
Countenance not the flatterer and deceiver,
So be repressed the fierce and villain crew;
Down with the tyrant, down with the marauder,
Keep undefiled right principles and true.
Though you be "come not yet to man's estate,"
Yet you have noble precedents and great.

Sorely their burden presses on the people;
Haply they now might partially repose.
Here show them kindness in the mother province,
Let not the *whole* land suffer from its foes.
Countenance not the flatterer and deceiver,
So be repressed the leech-like parasite;
Down with the tyrant, down with the marauder,
Hold unreversed true principle and right.
You for his jewels, lo, the King designs!
So mean these bold admonitory lines!

III. II. 10.

FURTHER ADMONITIONS.*

GOD hath turned away His face,
And the land is full of woe.
All your speech is out of place,
All your plans no foresight show.
Guideless, people grope their way,
Even truth appears untrue!
On the weakness you display,
Let me thus admonish you:—

Heaven is bringing *bitter things*;
Be not you on *pleasures* bent.
Heaven this great *arousing* brings;
Be not idly *negligent*.
Speak ye all with one accord,
Then the nation will unite;
Speak but *pleasantly* the word,
Calmer then will be its plight.

Your task is not *mine*, 'tis true,
Fellow-servants yet are we;
Why, when I advise with you,
Raise such cries on hearing me!
What I say concerns your task,
Do not treat it as a joke.
Once men said, "(Scorn not to) ask
Counsel from the meanest† folk."

Heaven is now in mood severe,
Do not mockingly deride.
I am old; I am sincere;
You are young, and full of pride.

* Addressed by the same officer to his juniors in other departments, for their levity and idleness. Times had grown still worse.

† Lit., from the grass and fuel cutters.

Yet not years my speech compel,
'Tis your mocking at men's grief.
Ah! like flames these woes will swell,
Till they pass beyond relief.

Heaven doth now its wrath display :—
Flaunting flattery begone!
Ah, decorum flees away,
Good men dead* men's livery don
All our people moan and sigh,
And we dare not question why ;
All are ruined, wrecked, in need,
And no kindness we concede.

How to man comes heavenly light?
Whistle, and the flute will play†!
Make the mace's halves unite!
Touch and take a thing away.
Take it. Nothing more's to add.
Men are taught with greatest ease.
Many things they know, of *bad*,
Show them *you* are not of these!

Good men are our fence (I ween),
The great army is our wall,

* Meaning, they are reduced to a state in which they can do nothing; literally, *act as personators of the dead*, men who undertook no other duties.

† This is far from literal, and a literal translation would be nonsense; but it seems to give the meaning of 如壎如篪, 如章如圭, 如取如攜. Flute and whistle responding to each other, the joining together of the two equal parts of a mace, and the handling of objects, represent respectively the ready response of man's intellect to the call of truth and rectitude, the *accord* and *perfection* which this response brings about, and the ease with which it is done.

Great surrounding States a screen,
The great Clans the stay of all,
Love of virtue our repose,
(Royal) heirs our wall and foss.
To no harm this wall expose,
Lest come Terror with its loss!

Fear Heaven's anger, then, nor dare
So to idle, so to jest.
Fear Heaven's changeful brow, nor dare
Drive so fast in pleasure's quest.
High is Heaven, yet hath it eyes,
Eyes that all your ways pursue.
High is Heaven, yet it descries
All you dissolutely do.

BOOK III.

THE "TANG" DECADE.

III. III. 1.

ADMONITION OF KING LI.

[*See* III. II. 9.—The poet here warns the king of the impending judgment of Heaven upon his misrule, drunkenness, and promotion of bad men to office.

In the first stanza we have the first intimation of the doctrine first instilled into all Chinese children at school at the present time and for centuries back, that man is born good, but deteriorates as life goes on.

The remaining stanzas afford an excellent instance of Chinese obliqueness in the way of putting things. King Li is warned by the warning that Wăn gave formerly to the last sovereign of the Yin-Shang dynasty. There was great boldness, however, in this, for the comparison is with one who is looked upon as China's worst emperor, and Wăn had been put into prison for his remonstrance.]

Great, great is God
  Who ruleth man below!
Awful is He in judgment when
  The many vicious grow.
The host of men, begotten of Heaven,
  Rest not in Heaven's decrees;
Not one but hath the primal [good],
  Scarce one its full degrees.

Ah! cried King Wăn;
Alas, Yin-Shang, for thee!
Why these high-handed hinderers,
These harpies, here have we?
Why are they placed in stations high,
And charged with cares of State?
Vehement natures Heaven may send,
But *thou* dost such inflate.

Alas! said Wăn;
Alas, Yin-Shang for thee!
Thy use of better men incurs
Their frequent enmity.
Vague tales they turn to obloquy:
"Thieves, robbers are at Court!"
And imprecations without end
They use of every sort.

Alas! cried Wăn;
Alas, Yin-Shang, for thee!
How thou dost rave at the kingdom's core
And deem'st nursed enmity
A virtue! Virtue pales in thee;
So hast thou none at back,
Or either side. Thy virtue pales
So *leaders* dost thou lack.

Alas! cried Wăn;
Alas, Yin-Shang, for thee!
Heaven flushes not thy face; 'tis wine
And graceless company.
As climax to your erring ways
You know not dark from light,
But by the howls and yells you raise
Turn daytime into night.

Alas! cried Wăn;
Alas, Yin-Shang, for thee!
Like murmur of the insect tribes,
Like broth ebullient, see
Men small and great approach their fate!
Still none his manners mends,
And frenzy in this Central Land
To the demon-lands extends!*

Alas! cried Wăn;
Alas, Yin-Shang, for thee!
Say not, God leaves us, say 'tis Yin
Heeds not antiquity!
For though thy veterans may fail,
Yet thou hast rules and laws;
Why these ignore, and thus the wreck
Of high vocation cause!

Alas! said Wăn;
Alas, Yin-Shang, for thee!
There is a saying among men,—
"The o'ertoppling of a tree,
While leaf and branch are yet intact,
Shows 'tis a rootless thing."
Yin's danger-signal is not far,—
The time of Hià's† [last] king!

* Is it from this that the modern expression "foreign devils" arose?

† Hià was the dynasty to which Yin-Shang succeeded.

III. III. 2.

SELF-ADMONITION.*

Hold, O hold to strict decorum;
This is virtue's vantage-coign.
There's a saying, "None so wise but
Rudeness to his wit will join."
But the rudeness of the many
Springs from natural defect,
While the rudeness of the wiser
Is the product of neglect.

None is mightier than the true man;
For of him all quarters learn:
Let one firmly hold to virtue,
All the States to him will turn.
Counsels deep, commands unwavering,
Plans far-reaching, warning due,
Reverent care for strict decorum,—
These must be the people's cue!

Now what have we? Error rampant,
Chaos in our government,
Virtue all dethroned, subverted,
Savages on drinking bent!
Yet, although so bent on pleasure,
Wherefore break with all your past,
And the wisdom of old rulers
Care so little to hold fast?

Those whom mighty Heaven abandons,
Think! are like the fount that flows,

* An admonition said to have been written by Duke Wu of Wai (about B.C. 750), and addressed to himself, with the intention of its being recited in his presence.

Then is choked, and lost for ever!
Up then early, late repose;
Wash and sweep thy Court's interior:
—Symbol that the land well knows.
Order well thy steeds, thy chariots,
Bows and arrows, spears and swords;
Be in readiness for action,
Keep afar the Southern hordes;

Perfect all,—thy chiefs, thy people;
Guard thy regimen as Prince;
All emergencies prepare for;
Care in all thy speech evince;
Give good heed to strict decorum;
Nought of rudeness e'er betray.
Flaws may be in thy white sceptre,
They may yet be ground away;
Flaws in things that thou dost utter,—
All intangible are they!

Let not words go from thee lightly;
Say not ever, "What care I?
There is nought my tongue can hinder."
—Ah, but words can never die.
Nought is said but finds its echo,
Nought well done but finds reward;
Treat thy subjects as thy children,
Be with friends in full accord;
So thine issue shall continue,
And all subjects own thee lord.

While thou companiest with worthies,
Gentle calm thy brow assumes,
All thy care is to be blameless.
So be in thy private rooms,—

Unabashed beneath thy skylight!
Say not, "I am out of view:
No one now may come upon me;"
Ah, a Spirit may look through!
Spirits we are never sure of,
Less, still less, may we pooh-pooh!

Prince, be thine the ways of virtue;
Practise what is right and good;
Hold unblemished thy behaviour,
Failing not in rectitude,
Nothing adding, nought detracting.
Few have failed to serve as models
(Who have such a course pursued).
"Pitch to me thy peach, and I will
Toss thee back again my plum."
"Seeking horns upon the hornless;"
Ah, boy, there the troubles come!*

As the wood that bends yet breaks not
With the silken string is bound,†
So the kindly and the courteous
Furnish Virtue's building-ground.
Here you have the man of wisdom:
Preach to him a homily,
He will go where Virtue points him.
Here the ruder man you see:
He will tell me I'm presuming.—
Each his idiosyncrasy!

Ah, my son! the good and evil,
Are they not to thee yet clear?

* These seem to be proverbial expressions, showing the effect of good example, and of no example. *See* the second one in II. VII. 6, which is attributed to the same writer.

† *i.e.*, made into a bow.

Must I take thee by the hand yet,
Show thee things as they appear,
Give thee precepts in thy presence,
Hold thee ever by the ear?
Thou a father, too! and tell'st me
Thou art yet to educate!
Men have ne'er enough! Whom saw'st thou
Taught so early, wise so late?*

Ah, great Heaven hath wondrous wisdom!
Joyless yet is life to me,
Seeing thee so dull and doltish
Fills my heart with misery.
Many, many times I taught thee,
And my words were set at nought;
Thou wouldst none of me as teacher,
Tyrant only I was thought.
Thou in dotage! and dost tell me
Thou hast never yet been taught?

Ah, my son! I put before thee
Wisdom taught by men of yore;
Hear my counsels, and obey them;
Less there may be to deplore!
Heaven is sending grievous trouble,
Threatening ruin to the land.
Think of cases not far distant,
And of Heaven's unerring hand!
Sorely shalt thou vex thy people
Virtue if thou so withstand.

* The duke is said to have been ninety years old at this time.

III. III. 3.

LAMENT OF THE EARL OF JUY.

Ah, mulberry sapling, once in pride
Casting thy shadows far and wide,
  Now stripped and shadowless and bare!
So languish all our multitudes:
Unceasing Sorrow o'er them broods,
  And lamentations fill the air.
Great Heaven, that canst all things descry,
Why dost thou sympathy deny!

Now teams of war-steeds paw the ground,
The figured banners wave around,
  And chaos grows, and peace is none.
No State but feels the pressure sore;
Where is the dark-lock'd race of yore?
  All sit in ashes,† woebegone!
Alas the sadness of it all!
The land is doomed, and nears its fall.

'Tis doomed, 'tis without strength to stand,
No longer Heaven befriends our land,
  And nowhere have we certain rest.
Tell us to go! Yet where proceed?
—A Ruler, were he such indeed,
  No strife would harbour in his breast.
Who then hath made those perilous stairs
That lead us to these griefs and cares?

* After King Li's misgovernment, date about B.C. 840.
† Better, perhaps, grown grey or ash-coloured, with trouble.

My heart with grief is overcome,
Thinking of fatherland and home.
  Why was I born such ills to face?
Heaven's direst anger doomed to know?
From East to West, where'er I go,
  I find no certain dwelling-place.
Many the miseries I have met:
Full sore our borders are beset.

Although you may have cared and planned,
Disorder grows, and spoils the land.
  These woes before you once I set,
Thus counselling, "Rank has its degrees;
What man a heated thing will seize,
  But first his fingers he must wet?
And who shall rectify a State
When all is plunging to its fate?"

As when men go against a gale,
And hardly can the wind inhale,
  So once were men on office bent,
But, beaten back, they cried, "'Tis vain:
Better be farmers—working men—
  Than live on such emolument."
And farming now they highly prize;
'Tis more than office, in their eyes!

With wreck and ruin, Heaven now brings
Extinction to our line of Kings;
  These insect-pests it sends besides,
The very bane of husbandry.
Alas, O mother land, for thee!
  All, all in turn to ruin slides.
And strength but little left have we:
Abyss of blue, we turn to thee!

See this benignant ruler here,
Whom high and low alike revere:—
He guards his heart, matures his plans,
And seeks his helpers out with care.
His opposite behold you there:—
His deeds are right, no other man's!
Self-willed and arrogant is he:
Distracted must his country be.

One sees within the wildwood deep
How roaming deer in herds will keep:
Friendship with us has learnt deceit,
'Tis not for mutual good men meet.
And so folks have the saying still,—
"Onwards or backwards, both uphill."

Here are these sages—men who see
And speak for far futurity.
There are those dull and witless wights
Who find in crazes their delights.
—I cannot but speak out thus plain;
And why should fear my tongue restrain?

Here are these worthies, set at nought,
Never promoted, never sought;
There are the men with hearts of flint,
Respected, honoured without stint.
And does the land crave anarchy?
Ah, fain would these its "smartweed" be!

Great winds in vacant valleys deep
Find the direction they will keep;
So here are worthy men whose deeds
Would aye take shape as virtue leads.
And there those others who desert
Right ways, to wallow in the dirt!

Great winds their own directions find.
Rapacious men prey on their kind.—
If heard, I might speak out, but here
Must sotlike croon, while none is near:
"Good men he* will not have, and thus
Brings this bewilderment on us."

Ah, friends, 'tis not unwittingly
These verses are composed by me.
Perchance, as in a flock of birds
A shaft hits one, so with these words.
—I come to you to do you good;
Must I be met in angry mood?

The people go beyond all bounds?
Their faith in clever cheats redounds
But to their loss and detriment;
Their rulers seem incompetent.
And grow they still from bad to worse?
Blame your high-handed use of force.

And are they ill at ease? 'Tis you
That cheat and rob them of their due.
Truly you say, "'Tis wrong,"—the while
You cheat adroitly, and revile.
E'en though you disavow the wrong,
I dedicate to you this song!

* The king.

III. III. 4.

KING SWÂN'S LAMENTATION IN A TIME OF DROUGHT AND FAMINE.*

Brightly in the firmament
Shone the circling Milky Way.
[Gazing on it] quoth the king,
Ah, what sin sin we to-day?
Wreck and ruin Heaven sends down;
Dearth and famine still hold sway.
Not a god hath lacked his gift,
Not a victim was too dear,
Not a valued† thing is left,
Yet I reach no willing ear.

'Tis a drought inordinate;
Still intenser glow the fires.
Ceaseless gifts and prayers are made
Both to Heaven and to my sires.
Powers above and powers below
All are given the gifts‡ they need:
Not a god unhonoured; yet
How-tsih fails—God doth not heed.
Wasted, ruined land! ah me!
Would 'twere I instead of thee!

'Tis a drought inordinate:
Ah, I may not cloke [my sin];
And appalled I shrink aghast
As from thunder's crash and din.
Dark-locked residue of Chow,
Decimation threatens you.

* King Swân reigned from 827 to 781 B.C.
† Lit., rank-tokens. Even these had all been offered.
‡ Strictly, gifts are offered, then buried.

God in Heaven! and be it so,
Let myself be taken too.
One and all shall we not dread
Tombs unwept, unvisited!*

'Tis a drought inordinate:
Still it holds resistless sway;
Nowhere from the angry heat
Have we refuge night or day.
The great† doom comes on amain;
Everywhere I turn in vain.
All the lords and chiefs of yore,
Give no succour, no relief;
Parents, ancestors, can *you*
Look unmoved upon my grief?

'Tis a drought inordinate:
Waterless are hills and streams;
Ruthless is the god of drought,
Scattering fire and flame, meseems.
From the heat my soul recoils
Smarting as with fiery pain.
All the lords and chiefs of yore
Deaf to my appeal remain.
God in Heaven! O that Thou
Refuge couldst for me allow!

'Tis a drought inordinate:
Sore I chafe, yet fear to go.
Why thus madden me with drought,
While I fail its cause to know?

* The meaning is, that all ancestral worship would be involved in this extinction; perhaps also that they themselves would lie unhonoured, deprived of the offerings of their own descendants,—in China the worst evil that can be imagined.

† The king's own death, evidently.

For good years full soon I prayed,
Nor was late at any shrine
With my first-fruits. God in Heaven!
Heed'st thou never prayer of mine?
Ah, from Spirits so revered
Rightly were not anger feared.

'Tis a drought inordinate:
Order fails, and all control;
All my chiefs are sorely tried,
He, my chiefest, vexed in soul;
Masters of my Horse and Guards,
Kitchen-squire, and Servants all,—
Not a man but lends his aid,
None cries "cannot" [at my call].
To high Heaven I look, and cry,
"O the endless agony!"

To high Heaven I look, and there
Clear the stars gleam out and glint.
Chiefs and nobles, ye who gave
Glorious worship without stint,
Though my doom be hastening on,
Set not past good quests aside:
What you sought for *me*, seek still
As the peace of all who guide.
To high Heaven I look, and yearn:
When will Heaven in pity turn?

III. III. 5.

EULOGY OF THE LORD OF SHIN.*

Where mountains huge and high
Their peaks rear to the sky,
A god descended from the height,
And Fu and Shin first saw the light.
And Shin and Fu are now
The buttresses of Chow.
Of every State are they the shield;
On every hand great power they wield.

Shin's chief was so robust,
The king could re-intrust
A seat in Sié into his hand,
Whence he should guide that southern land.
Shau's earl by royal decree
Fixed where this seat should be;
And thus that southern State had birth
Where still Shin's line uphold his worth.

The king gave Shin command:
"Guide thou that southern land,
And use its people in such way
As thine own merit to display."
He bade Shau's earl assign
Shin's lands, their bounds define.
He bade again Shin's chamberlain
Take thither his domestic train.

Thus Shau the ground prepared,
And Shin's great merit shared;
He built him first his city wall,
His dwelling, his ancestral hall,

* This lord of Shin was King Swân's great-uncle. Times were now better, and the faithful chiefs were being rewarded.

Works all of great extent.
Then did the king present
To Shin four steeds superb, bedight
With harness gleaming in the light.

To a car of state attached
Were these, and Shin despatched.
Quoth then the king, "Thy home I've planned:
None fitter than that southern land.
Take thou this sceptre great
To mark thine high estate.
Mine uncle—well-nigh king—away!
Be thou the South's defence and stay."

By stages* Shin progressed;
The king a parting feast
Gave him in Mai. Then south he passed
To Sié, his proper home at last.
Shau by the king's commands
Had meted out his lands,
And thence provision had supplied
To speed him on his rapid ride.

With soldierly display
He entered into Sié,
'Mid crowds of vehicles and men.
Rejoiced the entire empire then:
"A good support you win:
Illustrious is not Shin,
The king's grand-uncle? Yea, shall he
In peace, in war, the pattern be!"

* 信邁 *sin mai.* I take *sin* as the adverb, expressive of *putting up for the nights.*

Shin's character displays
Mild grace, with sterling ways.
Those regions all his orders wait;
His fame extends to every State.
—Kih-fu composed this song,
Of vigorous verse and strong,
Of cadence graceful, as was meet
To lay as tribute at his feet.

III. III. 6.

EULOGY OF CHUNG SHAN-FU.*

Heaven gave the hosts of men their being,
And all things their appointed groove;
And what men hold as varying never,
'Tis virtue's highest art to love.
Heaven cast its glance on Chow's great ruler,
Saw what great worth below could do,
And to uphold this Son of Heaven
Called into being Chung Shan-fu.

And Chung Shan-fu evinces virtue—
Ideal virtue, gentle, good;
Has noble mien, has noble manners,
Shows care and wise solicitude.
The ancient teachings are his models,
Decorum strict his strenuous care;
True follower of the Son of Heaven,
He spreads his wise laws everywhere.

The King gave Chung Shan-fu commandment:
"Be thou a guide to every Prince;
Continue thou as thy forefathers,
The King's own mainstay and defence.

* Apparently the first Minister of King Swân.

Deliver thou the royal mandates,
Be thou thy Master's throat and tongue;
And promulgate abroad his measures,
So to strike root all lands among."

Grave was indeed the King's commandment;
But [well] he took the task in hand;
Domain or State, true or disloyal,
Well did he each one understand.
Clear intellect he had, and wisdom,
And thus himself from ill preserved;
Early and late, no moment idle,—
Thus, too, the Man of men* he served.

"A tender morsel one may swallow,
A tough one will the stomach rue:"
So runs indeed the common adage,
But so 'tis not with Chung Shan-fu.
He does not swallow up the tender,
His stomach does not spurn the tough:
He hectors not the lone and widowed,
Nor cowers before the strong and rough.

Men have again the common adage:
"Light though be virtue, as a hair,
Yet few are strong enough to lift it."
Yet, when I measure and compare,
One Chung Shan-fu aloft can lift it,
Nor cares that others help should lend.
When royal robes† have rents appearing,
'Tis Chung Shan-fu the faults can mend.

* Lit., the "one man,"—the King.
† Metaphor for government.

His worship of the road-gods ended,
Now starts he with his strong four steeds;
His men-at-arms all full of ardour,
Each anxious to fulfil his needs.
The team of four dash onward bravely,
The eight bells making music grand;—
The King has given to him commandment:
"Go, fortify that Eastern land."

The team of four are full of mettle,
The eight bells tinkling in their train,
And Chung Shan-fu to Ts'i now journeys,
Quick, haste him home to us again!
—Kih-fu hath made for him this ditty,
To greet him like a pure fresh breeze;
For Chung Shan-fu is anxious ever:—
His mind perchance 'twill soothe and please.

III. III. 7.

EULOGY OF THE PRINCE OF HAN.*

Majestic is Mount Liáng, whose acres
[Old] Yü gave to the husbandman;
Fine are its roads, [whereon late travelled],
To take his charge, the Prince of Han.
The King in person thus installed him:—
"Succeed thou to thy Sires' estate;
Bear not in vain the charge I give thee;
Be not remiss, or soon or late;
Give reverent heed to thy vocation,
So to this charge no change I bring;
Reform the lands that hold back homage,
So be the Servant of thy King."

* Also of the time of King Swân.

Thence, with his team accoutred proudly,
—Full tall and stately all the four,—
Han's Prince to Court came, craving audience,
And his great sceptre forward bore,
Advancing to the royal presence.
The King then gave the Prince of Han
The dragon-flag, all gaily mounted,
A checkered screen, an ornate span,*
The sable robe, the yellow slippers,
Breast-buckles, fillets all inlaid.†
Cross-rest of hide,‡ with skin of tiger,
Ringed ends of reins, with gold arrayed.

He paid his worship to the road-gods,
And left, and lodged at T'u that night.
Hin-fu a farewell feast prepared him,
Where hundred wine-jars sparkled bright.
What dainty viands graced the table?
Roast turtle, and fresh fish to boot.
And what the vegetable dishes?
Sprouts of bamboo, and sweet-flag root.
And what again the parting present?
A car of state and team of four.
And round the frequent festal trenchers
His brother chiefs him company bore.

The Prince of Han, a wife he took him,
Niece of the king who rules beside
The Fen's broad current—Kwai-fu's daughter;—
And when he went to bring his bride

* A yoke.

† Both of these also for the horses.

‡ A leaning-board for the carriage, placed crosswise behind the seat.

From the paternal home, in person,
A hundred chariots lined the way,
With bells in octaves making music,
Ah, was it not a grand display!
And as her maids came forth behind her,
Softly, all softly, like a cloud,
The Prince of Han looked round to see them;
Such brilliance did the gateway crowd.

Kwai-fu, he was a mighty warrior;
No State which had not seen the man.
And for his child* a home selecting,
None so delightsome seemed as Han.
Han's country is indeed delightsome,
A wonderland of stream and fen;
The bream and carp swarm in its waters,
Great herds of deer roam through the fen;
There also bears—the brown, the grisly,—
Wild-cats and tigers, all abound.
So fair a home rejoiced the father,
His child* there peace and pleasure found.

Stout were the ramparts of Han's city,
Raised by the multitudes of Yen
For his forefather, when appointed
To quell the wild tribes, numerous then.
Now to Han's Prince the King delivered
The tribe of Chui, the tribe of Mih,
And soon he brought them in, those Northmen,
That he their overlord might be.
Thereon,—ditch-delving, rampart-rearing,
Land-leasing, rent-rolls,† flourished there;
And thence came gifts of skins—of leopard,
Red panther, tawny grisly bear.

* Lit., Han-k'ih, the lady's name after marriage.
† *Scil.*, for taxing.

III. III. 8.

HU OF SHAU'S EXPEDITION AGAINST THE SOUTHERN TRIBES OF HWAI, AND HIS REWARD.*

FULL flowed the Kiang and Han :—†
Stream-like the warriors onward pressed;
No aimless wandering, no rest,—
The Hwai barbarians were their quest.
Our chariots were abroad;
Our falcon-banners were displayed;
No rest,—no idle halt was made;
Against the Hwai were all arrayed.

Swoln are the Kiang and Han;
So swell our warriors now with pride,
For order reigns on every side
At Court their deeds are notified.
On every side is peace:
The Royal State is settling fast,
The strife and turmoil now is past,
The royal heart beats calm at last.

There by the Kiang and Han
Had Hu of Shau the King's commands:
"Ope up the country on all hands,
And make the assignment of my lands;
This, without harm or haste;
The Royal State thy standard be
For large and lesser boundary
Right onward to the Southern Sea."

* Also in King Swân's time.

† The mention of the Kiang (the Yang-tsze) and the Han, besides being metaphorical, suggests the modern Hankow as the scene.

Came the King's message now:
"Widely my will hast thou made known.
When Wăn and Wu came to the throne
A lord of Shau they rested on:—
Say not, 'I am a child;'
Like him—that lord of Shau—thou art;
Show'st zeal and merit at the start;
Now let me gratify thy heart;

Receive this jadestone cup,*
This vaseful of black-millet wine,†
Know the great Founder of our line, ‡
Hill, plain, and field henceforth are thine.
Take thou a seat in Chow:
A seat in thy forefather's stead."
Hu made obeisance low, and said:
"Prince, be thy years unlimited."

Hu made obeisance low;
Then answered in the King's loud praise,—
Adopting Shau-kung's § perfect (phrase):
"Heaven's Son, unending be thy days!
Heaven's Son, illustrious One!
Ne'er may thy fame for goodness fade!
Thy civic virtues be displayed
Till the whole empire they pervade!"

* Libation-cup, with sceptre-handle.

† To offer in the ancestral temple.

‡ Lit., the talented one, evidently King Wăn.

§ The lord of Shau above referred to.—This seems to me to be the meaning of this difficult line. The Duke of Shau is supposed to have left some inscription containing the remaining lines.

III. III. 9.

KING SWÂN'S EXPEDITION IN PERSON AGAINST THE *NORTHERN* HWAI TRIBES.*

In majesty, resplendent,
The royal mandates go
To the lord Hwang-fu,—Nan Chung's descendant,—
His generalissimo:
Equip me my six legions,
My weapons of war prepare;
We go to befriend those southern regions,
Yet first need utmost care.

Next bade he his Recorder:†
Charge the Earl of Ch'ing, Hiu-fu,
Put right and left in marching order;
My soldiers bid pursue
The course‡ of Hwai's broad waters
Till Siu-land they shall see,
Then loiter not, nor there seek quarters,
But back to the duties three.§

Majestic, awe-inspiring,
Heaven's Son, the great and dread,
His troops with slow, calm step, untiring,
In open order led.

* The "Ever-martial" is the Chinese title to the Ode.

† Lit., "The Yin," the Head of the Yin Clan. This was Kih-fu, the composer of some of the previous Odes. He seems to have been at this time 內 史, Home Secretary, or Recorder of the Interior.

‡ Strictly, the margin.

§ The Expedition was meant to be a short one, so as not to interfere with the home duties of the troops. "The duties three" are sometimes defined as tillage of hills, plains, and marshes,—sometimes as the labours of spring, summer, and autumn.

All Siu-land paled with wonder,
  All Siu-land shrank dismayed;
As with the crash and din of thunder
  It trembled sore afraid.

The King—his brave soul swelling—
  With anger seemed inflamed.
His tiger-leaders forth-compelling,
  Tigers he truly named.
Troops o'er Hwai's banks disposing,
  They crowds of the foe ensnare;
Roads to the river all were closing,—
  The royal troops were there!

Great was his army's strength;—
  Like birds on the wing for speed,
Like the Han and Kiang for breadth and length,
  Like a mountain thickly treed.
Like a great rolling river
  Continuous, uniform,
Unfathomed, unimpeded ever;—
  Siu-land it took by storm.

Strict terms the King directed,
  And Siu-land's chiefs obeyed;
And Siu-land thus became connected,—
  Heaven's Son such art displayed.
On every side was order;
  Siu's chiefs their homage bring;
Now, no revolt within each border,
  "Back, homewards," cried the King.

III. III. 10.

PAU-SZE IN POWER.*

I LOOK upwards to great Heaven;
Heaven no clemency extends;
To unrest, long long protracted,
Now these heavy woes it sends.
With the country still unsettled,
High and low are all distressed;
With those pests devouring, blighting,
Never have we peace or rest.
With the penal net undrawn yet,
Peace and health elude our quest.

Men had properties—broad acres,—
You have got them back again;
Men had bodies of retainers,
You must these perforce obtain.
Some men, clearly not offenders,
You will yet receive in charge;
Others, clearly the offenders,
You will set again at large.

Clever men build up a city,
Clever women cause its fall.
Clever women may have charms, yet
Owls and vampires are they (all).†
Women with long tongues but lead you
Step by step to harm and woe.

* Of Pau-sze we have often heard before. King Yiu (B C. 781–770) was at this time allowing her and her favourites to oppress and plunder the people.

† The language here is of women generally, but no doubt Pau-sze is in the mind particularly.

Not from Heaven come such disorders,
'Tis from women that they grow.
It is only wives and eunuchs
Nothing learn and nothing know.

Wearying, worrying, capricious,
Slandering first, then turning round;
Say they not, "'Tis nothing serious:
Pray what harm in it is found?"
Like the merchant gaining threefold,
'Tis the husband has the brains;
How should wives, inapt at ruling,
Leave their looms (to take the reins)?

Wherefore now is Heaven rebuking?
Gods no longer prospering thee?*
Ah,—thy bold barbarians sparing,—
All thy hatred falls on me.
Heedless of all evil omens,
Grave demeanour show'st thou none;
And thy men are disappearing,
And thy land is all undone.

O the nets that Heaven is lowering,
Intricate and manifold!
O thy men so disappearing,—
It is grievous to behold.
O the net that Heaven is lowering;
Now in close proximity!
O thy men so disappearing,—
Pitiful it is to see.

Wells, confined and boiling over,
Their *profundity* display,—

* The King is here addressed.

Picture of a soul grief-laden!
—Why is it so willed to-day?
Why not in the days before me,
Or when I have passed away?
Yet hath high mysterious Heaven
Fullest power to heal and bind:—
Shame not thine august forefathers,
Save, thus, those thou leav'st behind!

III. III. 11.

THE COUNTRY IN COLLAPSE.*

Bounteous Heaven, with awful frown,
Sends perpetual havoc down,
Plaguing us with dearth of food.
Sink and die the multitude;
Through our land, and all around
Nought but desert wastes are found.

Heaven lets down the penal net.
Blighting pests, that inly fret,
Dullards, tyrants, void of care,
Working havoc everywhere,
All-perverse;—behold the band
Who shall tranquillize our land!

Brazen sland'rers though they be,
Yet he† fails their faults to see.
Us,—so watchful, so afraid
(Lest we aught should do of wrong),—
Us, deprived of peace so long,
He must evermore degrade.

* Same reign. † The king.

Like as when in years of drouth
Plants are stunted in their growth,—
Or as drift-grass that one sees
Hanging withered from the trees,—
So this land appears to me—
Wasted all with anarchy.

Olden times were not as this,
In (the mode of winning) wealth;
Modern times show none like this,
For decay of (moral) health.
Tares* are those, and wheat are these;—
Why not take themselves away?
Why prolong our miseries,
Adding to them day by day?

Ah, when reservoirs are dried,
'Tis from failure at the side;
And when fountains cease to flow,
'Tis from failure down below.
Wide and deep this injury;
More and more of it I see;
May it not alight on me!

Formerly, when kings were crowned,
Men like dukes of Shau were found,
Who could to the kingdom lay
A new dozen leagues each day;
Now 'tis all the other way!
O the pity of it all!
Are there men then now no more
Gifted like the men of yore?

* The bad ministers; here really alluded to as unhulled rice,—the unemployed good men also as hulled or cleaned rice.

PART IV.

FESTAL HYMNS AND SONGS.

BOOK I.

THE HYMNS OF CHOW.*

FIRST SECTION.

IV. I. 1.

AT THE SACRIFICE TO KING WĂN.

How solemn is the sacred temple now!
How grave are all the illustrious acolytes!†
While, crowding round, the many ministers
Who cleave unto the virtuous ways of Wăn,
In actions echoing his in Heaven, alert
Yet dignified, move up and down the hall.
Illustrious is not he, and had in honour?
O never shall men weary of his praise.

IV. I. 2.

WĂN'S EXAMPLE.

The orderings of Heaven
Are how profound, how pauseless!
And O, shone out not brightly
King Wăn's unsullied virtue?

* Many of the Odes in this portion of the *Shi* are without rhyme.

† These were the princes of the various States, who are frequently spoken of as "assisting" the king at such sacrifices.

To deluge us with blessings
He purposed:—let us take them.
Great our King Wăn, and gracious!
May all his line be like him!

IV. 1. 3.

HIS STATUTES AND ORDINANCES.

Bright, and growing ever brighter,
Are the statutes of King Wăn.
From the first pure offering made—
While men keep them whole as now,
Doth it augur well for Chow.

IV. 1. 4.

THE KING TO THE PRINCES ASSISTING HIM AT SACRIFICES.

Illustrious and accomplished lords and princes!
Ye have conferred on me this happiness.
The unbounded loyalty thus shown to me—
Such may my children's children long retain!
While in your realms ye hoard not, neither waste,
Your conduct shall have honour from your king
Who, mindful too of these high services,
Shall still exalt those who succeed to you.
None is so strong as (he who plays) the man:
Of him the people everywhere will learn.
Nought shines so bright as Virtue: this it is
Whereto all princes for example turn.
Ah, not forgotten are our former kings!

IV. I. 5.

AT THE SHRINE OF KING T'AI.

HEAVEN made the lofty hill;*
King T'ai reclaimed and dressed it.†
He laboured first thereat;
King Wăn in peace possessed it.‡
O'er that once rugged K'i
Now were there easy thoroughfares.
So keep it long, ye sons of theirs!

IV. I. 6.

AT THE SHRINE OF KING CH'ING.

HIGH Heaven the appointment fully hath confirmed.
Two potentates received the same;
Nor dared King Ching to rest, but day and night
By still deep thought looked to the grounds of it.
O gloriously, unceasingly,
He strove with all his heart and mind,
And so hath won tranquillity.

IV. I. 7.

AT THE SHRINE OF KING WĂN, AS THE ASSESSOR OF GOD.§

I BRING my votive gifts
Of sheep and kine;
It may be that to these
Heaven will incline.

* The hill of K'i, named in the fifth line.
† See III. I. 7, stanza 2.
‡ Rather, perhaps, made it to flourish.
§ For use in the "Brilliant Hall," or Hall of Audience.

The statutes of King Wăn
My rule and guide,
Daily grows peacefulness
On every side.
And he, King Wăn the Blest,*
Hath to my heart inclined,
Well gratified.

The majesty of Heaven
Both night and day
Will I revere, and hold
To this good way.†

IV. 1. 8.

ON KING WU'S PROGRESS THROUGH HIS DOMINIONS, AFTER THE OVERTHROW OF SHANG.

Now that he takes his journey through the land,
May highest Heaven acknowledge him Its Son!

Yea, Heaven doth honour him who now succeeds
Unto the throne of Chow. And dread is he;
And none there is who trembles not before him!
The host of Spirits he hath won to him,
Far as the Ho, far as the highest hills.
Assuredly a Sovereign is our king.

Glorious is he who ruleth over Chow,
In due succession seated on its throne.
Away, away (with war)—with shield and spear!
Away—shut up the arrow and the bow!

* Or, "Blesser."
† Or, "and thus maintain" (its favours).

Virtue benign be now our (only) quest;
Virtue, to spread throughout this ancient* land:—
Assuredly our king will cherish it.

IV. I. 9.

AT SACRIFICES IN HONOUR OF KINGS WU, CH'ING, AND K'ANG.

O MIGHTY was the monarch Wu,
Nor famed for might alone.
And Ch'ing and K'ang—shone they not too?
God set them on the throne.

From these—from Ch'ing and K'ang—
Strong grew the land all round.
Their judgment how profound!
Let bell and drum then clang,
And stones† and pipe resound,
For good thus showered around!

Yea, blessing hath been freely on us shed;
Be our deportment grave, decorous, ever.
Deep have we drunk, and fully have we fed,—
Our happinesses interrupted never.

* Lit., "this Hiâ (land)." Hiâ was the dynasty before Shang; hence the name is given to the *country*, as afterwards, and even now, we find it called T'ang, Han, &c., after those dynasties.

† Suspended sounding-stones, of various tones.

IV. I. 10.

AT SACRIFICES IN HONOUR OF HOW-TSIH.*

O Tsih, thou Prince accomplished,
Worthy to link with Heaven,
Grain-giver to our nation!
Thy grace supreme, none other's,
Gave us the wheat, the barley,
God sanctioned for our life-staff.
No limit here restrained thee.
So spread'st thou social order
Throughout this ancient† nation.

* This was in the Spring.
† Lit., Hià, as in Ode 8.

BOOK II.

THE HYMNS OF CHOW.

SECOND SECTION.

IV. II. 1.

AN ADMONITION ADDRESSED IN THE SPRING TO THE OFFICERS WHO PRESIDED OVER AGRICULTURE.

Ho there, ye ministers and officers!
With reverent care attend ye to your tasks.
Ye have your full directions from the king;
These ponder well and inwardly digest.

Ho there, ye stays and props (of husbandry)!
Now are we in the waning days of Spring:
What want we more, than how to put to use
The fallows of the second and third year?
How grand a show have we of wheat and barley!
Soon shall we have bright (waving fields) of these.
The bright and glorious God, in giving them,
Doth give us promise of a prosperous year.
Call out our husbandmen, bid one and all
Be ready with the mattock and the hoe.
Anon we'll see the sickle in the grain.

IV. II. 2.

SPRING SONG (IN CONNECTION WITH A SACRIFICE TO KING CH'ING).

'Tis well, 'tis well! King Ch'ing*
In brightness hath approached you.
Lead forth these husbandmen
To sow their various seeds.
Grandly begin the work
All o'er your own broad† acres;
And set behind your ploughs
Your myriad men in pairs.

IV. II. 3.

GREETING OF GUESTS REPRESENTING AT COURT THE TWO FORMER DYNASTIES.‡

Like spreading egrets flying
To yonder western mere,
Here in such (stately) fashion
My visitors appear.

There§—never in disfavour,
Here—never wished away,—
Sure, night and day, their praises
Shall they retain for aye.

* *i.e.*, the spirit of the deceased king.

† Lit., your private (fields), the 30 *li*. There were *public* fields, and *private*: *see* II. VI. 8, verse 3.

‡ Men who belonged to the line of the Hiâ and Shang kings came to Court with their retinue, and assisted the King of Chow in his sacrifices.

§ "There,"—in their own land; "here,"—at my Court.

IV. II. 4.

HARVEST HOME.

EXUBERANT is the year!
Of millet and rice what store!
And the corn-lofts high are filled
With million* loads and more,
For brewing sweet drinks and strong,†
For offerings to our sires
And granddames gone before,‡
And for all each rite requires.
Ay blessings without end
Of every sort descend.

IV. II. 5.

THE BLIND MUSICIANS.§

Lo, the blind players, the sightless band,
There in Chow's palace-precincts stand!

There are the music-stands arrayed:
Plumes on the high tooth'd beam displayed;
Drums small and large from the same depend.
Hand-drums too, and the sounding-stones;
Instruments‖ signalling start and end.

* The numerals are strictly "10,000,—100,000,—to millions."

† Lit., (ordinary) spirits and sweet spirits.

‡ Lit., ancestral sires and dames.

§ An Ode celebrating the completion, by the Duke of Chow, of his instruments of music, and the first grand performance on the same in the temple of King Wăn. The performers were all blind, as see also III. I. 8.

‖ A wooden instrument like a tub with a handle in the middle *started* the band. Another, carved like a tiger, having twenty-seven notches on the back, over which a rod was drawn with a grating sound, *stopped* the music.

Ready! now all strike up the air;
Pipe and flute in the concert share.
Loud are the melodies and refrains,
Solemn, harmonious, tuneful strains.
These will the shades of our fathers hear!
So shall our visitors, when they come,
Long to their perfect (art) give ear.

IV. II. 6.

AT THE OFFERING OF THE FIRST FISH TAKEN IN THE SPRING.

O, IN the streams of Ts'iü and Ts'ih*
Numbers of fish in the pools there be!
Sturgeon are there, the large, the small,
Salmon and smelt, and carp, and all;—†
Offerings meet for altar and shrine,
That for still greater blessings call.

IV. II. 7.

KING WU'S SACRIFICE TO HIS DECEASED FATHER, ASSISTED BY THE FEUDAL PRINCES.

HARMONIOUSLY the princes
Draw near with reverent tread,
Assisting in his worship
Heaven's Son the great and dread.

[*The king's address to the dead*]:—
"This noble bull I bring thee;
My sacrifice behold;
O Sire august, be near me,
Thy faithful child (of old).

* *See* III. I. 3. † Approximate names.

"A man,* thou,—in deep wisdom;
A prince,—in arms, in lore;
Peace wrought'st thou in great Heaven,†
Here, greatness evermore.‡

"For comfort, as old age comes,
For blessings, never few,§
I honour thee, great father,
Thee, gifted mother, too."

IV. II. 8.

THE FEUDAL PRINCES COME TO ASSIST KING CH'ING IN HIS OFFERINGS TO HIS FATHER WU.

They come unto their lord the king,
His mandates high soliciting.
Their dragon-banners gleam; the bells
On chariot-fronts and banners ring!
How glitter, too, each trace and rein!
Yea, striking splendour they maintain.

He leads them where his Sire is shrined,
And offers with true filial mind.

* *i.e.*, a man indeed.

† Heaven willed the peace of the people (*see* III. I. 7, v. 1), and was satisfied when this was wrought by Wăn.

‡ Lit., "was able to make prosperous his (or, thy) after-comers (or, the ages after him)."

§ These two lines might be taken as independent sentences,—"thou comfortest me," &c., but as they contain the reasons for the "honour" they may also be translated as above.

[*The king's address to the dead*] :—

"May it avail when I am old;
Yea, long thy son in life uphold,
With blessing great and manifold!
These princes, talented and true,
Cheer me with favours not a few:
May truest blessedness their lasting fame pursue!"

IV. II. 9.

WELCOME TO THE DUKE OF SUNG* AT THE COURT OF CHOW.

Our guest, our guest arrives,
With steeds of milky hue.†
See how attent, how proud,
His chosen retinue!

Two nights to be our guest!
Two more when these are past!
Aha! take out the ropes
And bind his horses fast!

Then, following him forth,
Give him God-speed all round.
Most meet it is such worth
With blessing should be crowned.

* A prince of the House of Shang. *See* Note 1 on IV. II. 3, which explains the placing of such a piece here.

† White was the colour of the Shang dynasty.

IV. II. 10.

IN HONOUR OF THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF KING WU.*

O, GREAT was Wu the king,
For mightiest deeds renowned!
Gifted indeed was Wăn,
Who paved his followers' way;
Thou, Wu, took'st up his work,
Didst vanquish Yin, and stay
Its deeds of cruelty;
Performing to the full
Thy task of high emprise.

* Said to have been written to accompany the music of a dance ordained by the Duke of Chow to be performed in the ancestral temple.

BOOK III.

THE HYMNS OF CHOW.

THIRD SECTION.

IV. III. 1.

AT KING CH'ING'S FIRST OFFERING TO HIS FATHER AFTER THE PERIOD OF MOURNING.

Alas, that I in childhood's years
Should come to an unsettled throne,
And in my trouble stand alone!
Thou, O great father, now no more,
Wast all thy life a duteous son:

Didst mine august grandsire recall
(As though still) moving through the hall.
I am a child, yet night and day
(Such filial) reverence I will pay.
O ye great kings! it shall be mine
Ne'er to forget I am a scion of your line.

IV. III. 2.

KING CH'ING'S PRAYER TO HIS DECEASED FATHER.

Now, on my inauguration
I seek counsel, fain to follow
In my glorious father's footsteps.
But, ah me! how far 'twill lead me!
I am yet thereto unfitted.
Aid my efforts. My succession
Bodes but* severance and failure.
I am but a child, unequal
To the many cares of statecraft.
—Up and down the court still† moving,
Up and down within the household,
Be mine august sire propitious,—
So enlighten and sustain me.

IV. III. 3.

KING CH'ING AND HIS COUNSELLORS.

THE COUNSELLORS.

IN reverence persevere;
Heaven's (purpose) may be clear,
Yet ah, its Charge upon thee is not slight!
Say not, "Heaven is so far, so high";—
Its Servants it is ever nigh,‡
And daily are we here within its sight.

* Lit., "is like."

† Continuing. Let the spirit of my father move up and down without and within my palace, as he did during his lifetime.

‡ 陟降厥士, *chih kiang keueh sze*, may mean "promotes and degrades its Servants," or "is about its Servants going up and down."

THE YOUNG KING.

I am a child, and hence
Unskilled in reverence;
But with the days and months will Learning's rays
Grow into fullest light at last.
Aid me to bear this burden vast;
And teach me of illustrious Virtue's ways.

IV. III. 4.

THE RESOLVE OF KING CH'ING AFTER HIS FIRST ERROR.*

I HAVE had my warning,
And will guard 'gainst future evils:
Will no more with wasps have dealings,
Courting but their stings and venom.
What at first was but a "peach-tree insect,"†
Taking wing, became a bird undoubted.
I, unequal yet to all the cares of statecraft,
Here am placed moreover on a bed of smartweed.

IV. III. 5.

HUSBANDRY AND WORSHIP.

CLEAR the twitch-grass, clear the scrub;
Ploughs the soddened soil shall grub.

* The error was evidently that of believing the young princes (*see* note on I. XV. 2), who had led him to suspect the fidelity of his guardian the Duke of Chow in order that they might the better succeed in their rebellion. The "wasps" of line 3 are these princes.

† So, literally; but it may be the name of a very small bird like a wren, which was believed to become great by soaring. We have here an image of a small *evil* becoming great when unchecked.

Thousand couples weed the ground,
Crossing swampy field and bound:
There the master, there the son,
Younger sons, aye every one;
Strong men here, assistants there.
Hear them o'er their (mid-day) fare.
Husbands eye their wives with pride,
Wives cling to their husbands' side.
Now the sharpened shares are in;—
On South Acres they begin.

Sown is grain, of every kind:
Living germs in all enshrined.

Bursting now, in faultless rows,
Succulent and tall it grows.

'Mid the young and thriving grain
Weeders wade, a numerous train.

Last, the reapers, band on band,
Pile the produce on the land,
Till the stacks unnumbered stand.
Liquor sweet and strong 'twill brew,
'Gainst the time when gifts be due
To departed dame and sire,
And for what all rites require.
Fragrant odour thence doth rise
That a nation glorifies;
While the pungent perfume cheers
Men in their declining years.

Not that here alone 'tis so,
Nor that *now* alone 'tis so:—
Thus it was long long ago.

IV. III. 6.

THE SAME.

Now the good sharp shares are in:
On South Acres they begin.

Grain they sow, of every kind;
Living germs in all enshrined.

Some there come to see them* there,
Bringing baskets, round and square,
With the millet for their fare.

Now the light splint hats are worn,
Hoes are hacking through the corn,
Tare and weed away are torn.

Tare and weed decayed and dead,
Millets thrive and come to head.

Hark! the sickles now they ply;
See! the sheaves in masses lie;
Reared anon like ramparts high,—
Smooth as had there been a comb!
Open now be every home!

Every home is well supplied,
Wife and children satisfied.

So this ox, with crooked horn
And the tawny hide, we kill:—
Rites men kept ere we were born
Thus be kept and copied still.

* Lit., "you"; which seems out of place.

IV. III. 7.

AT THE SACRIFICIAL FEAST.

In robe of silk, all spick and span,
And festal cap, the reverent man*
From hall to basement now descends,
From ram to bull his way he wends.—
Arrayed are tripod pot and pan,
Curved cup of horn of unicorn.
And mellow wine of flavour fine.
No noise, no bluster here—sure gage
Of life prolonged to green old age.

IV. III. 8.

IN HONOUR OF KING WU.

O, SPLENDID gleam the royal troops,
Well cared for through the days of gloom.
Now, as the times grow bright and clear,
They don their grand accoutrements.
To us is given the grace to take
What thou, our hero-king, achiev'dst.
So let us use our heritage,
Being indeed true followers in thy steps.

* Who this was is not quite clear. The fourth line refers to the victims which it seems to have been his duty to inspect.

IV. III. 9.

THE SAME.

The myriad lands are tranquil;
The years are ever prosperous:—
Heaven's bounty never halteth.
Wu, the great warrior-monarch,
Retaining still his Servants
On every hand to aid him,
His House established firmly.
Ah, now he shines in Heaven,
August, its Mediator!*

IV. III. 10.

WU'S PRAISE OF HIS FATHER WĂN.†

King Wăn was zealous toiler;
Be I his meet successor.
Proclaim it, ne'er forget it.
My aim alone shall be (his work) to stablish.
'Twas he (won) Chow's Appointment:—
O ne'er forget it!

* The native commentators are not sure of the meaning of this last line, 皇 以 開 之 *hwang i kan* (or *kien*) *chi*; but a corresponding line in III. I. 1, at end of first stanza, may well guide us.

† The "Complete Digest" says it is doubtful whether Wu here speaks, or the poet in his name. Dr. Legge thinks it is the descendants of Wăn in general, who speak.

IV. III. 11.

ROYAL PROGRESS OF WU THROUGH HIS DOMINIONS.

Ah, now is Chow exalted!—
He* climbs the lofty mountains,
The alp, the long sierra;
And true, as Ho's bound waters,†
Are all beneath the Heavens,
Assembling now to meet him.
Here (see we) Chow's Appointment!

* The king.

† The line is obscure, but probably it expresses the loyalty of the princes and people to the king,—their being bound to him as the Ho was bound by its embankments.

BOOK IV.

THE FESTAL SONGS OF LU.*

IV. iv. 1.

A NOBLE HORSE-BREEDER.

Stalwart colts of sturdy breed
On the outer commons (feed);
Sturdy sort indeed!
Here the brindled, there the grey,
Here the black, and there the bay.
Harnessed—how they'll dash away!
Boundless care and thought
These to such perfection brought.

Stalwart colts of sturdy breed
On the outer commons (feed);
Sturdy sort indeed!
Piebald here, and chestnut there,
Brown, and streaked with silver hair.
Bravely these the yoke will bear!
Endless heed gave he
To produce such quality.

* Lu was one of the Eastern States,—that of which Confucius was a native.

Stalwart colts of sturdy breed
On the outer commons (feed);
Sturdy sort indeed!
Flecked, and dark-maned white and bay,
With the white-maned irongrey:—
Well will these the reins obey.
With unwearied mind
Laboured he such steeds to find.

Stalwart colts of sturdy breed
On the outer commons (feed);
Sturdy sort indeed!
Pale, and dappled, with white thighs,
Long-haired legs, or fish-like eyes!
For the yoke what strength and size!
With unswerving care
Steeds for travel trains he there.

IV. IV. 2.

FEASTING AND MIRTH AT COURT.

With their lusty, lusty teams,
Lusty teams—and each a bay—
Late and early at the Court,
At the Court, who bright as they!
Fluttering flock of egrets!*
Egrets when they light.
Rub-a-dub! the drums arouse
All to caper and carouse.
So do all in mirth unite.

* The meaning may be "like a flock of egrets," or, since the egret-plumes were flourished by the dancers, the reference may be simply to these.

With their lusty, lusty teams,
Lusty teams—and each a male—
Early, late, they are at Court,
There to banquet and regale.
Fluttering flock of egrets!
Egrets now in flight.
Rub-a-dub! the drums they bray!
All drink deeply, then away!
So do all in mirth unite.

With their lusty, lusty teams,
Lusty teams—all irongrey—*
Late and early at the Court,
At the Court to feast are they.
O that now, henceforward,
Years were all so bright!
May our Prince's goodness be
His descendants' legacy!
So may all in mirth unite!

IV. IV. 3.

IN PRAISE OF THE LORD OF LU.

Delightsome is the college† pool;
Cress-gathering there go we.
There he arrives, the Lord of Lu—
His dragon-banner see!

* The variations in colour &c., seem only to be made for the sake of the rhyme, as often.

† A school or gymnasium at the courts of princes. The *royal* college (*see* III. I. 8) was entirely surrounded by water; those of the princes only *half*-surrounded; and this is indeed expressed in the original—"the half-encircling water."

His banner flutters in the breeze,
  His bells make music gay;
And come not small, and come not great
  Behind him on his way?

Delightsome is the college pool;
  Come, gather out its weeds.
There he arrives, the Lord of Lu—
  With proudly prancing steeds.
With proudly prancing steeds he comes,
  The man of high renown,
The Teacher with the smiling face,
  That never wears a frown!

Delightsome is the college pool;
  Come, pluck the mallows fine.
There on its marge the Lord of Lu
  Arrives, and quaffs his wine.
Choice wine he quaffs; may feeble age
  Thereby be long deferred!*
(Long) may he mind the ancient ways,
  And rule the common herd!

Right noble is our Lord of Lu;
  Strict virtue he displays.
His people's precedent is he,
  So guarded in his ways.
In peace or war he gloriously
  Moves his illustrious sires;
And to their blessing,—dutiful
  In all things,—he aspires.

* Lit., "may it long give him difficult old age!"—*i. e.*, may old age long find him hard and hale.

Enlightened is our Lord of Lu;
In virtue he excels.
He made this college with its pool,
Whence he the Hwai tribes quells.*
Hither his valiant tiger-chiefs
Bring many a foeman's ear;
And judges, wise as was Kâu-yâu,†
Present their prisoners here.

And all his countless officers
In breadth of honour grow.
Brave on the march, in South and East
They put to flight the foe;
And here in crowds, all-dignified,
'Thout noise or vain conceit,
Or call of arbiters,‡ they lay
Their triumphs at his feet.

Their horn-tipped bows bend to the string;
Swift shafts in showers are shot.
Mighty the war-cars! Charioteers
And footmen weary not.
The Hwai are mastered, fast reform,
And now no more contend.
"Be firm in purpose, and the Hwai
You capture in the end."

There fluttering come the owls, and light
Within the college wood;

* *i.e.*, by virtue of the training there received. All that follows hinges upon this.

† The Minister of Crime under the Emperor Shun (B.C. 2255–2205).

‡ Appeal to men who were appointed to settle disputes in the army.

And greet us with grand hoots, the while
Our mulberries are their food.
So are the Hwai alert, and bring
Their gifts, rare to behold:
Great tortoise-shells and ivory tusks,
And wealth of southern gold.

IV. IV. 4.

IN PRAISE OF PRINCE HI OF LU.*

THERE silent stands the solemn fane,
Well-built, and nobly garnished.
Exalted, honoured was Kiang Yün,
Her virtue all untarnished.
For she it was, God helping her,
That, when her months had run,
At once, without a pang or pain,
Brought forth How-tsih, her son.†
With him a hundred blessings came—
The millets, the early and the late,
And late and early pulse and wheat.
Anon a Master in the State,
He set his folk to till the fields,
So had they grain for sacrifice,
The millets black and white, and rice.
Anon the world's Great Husbandman,
Where Yü's work ended, he began.

'Twas of the lineage of How-tsih
That T'âi the kingly sprang,

* He began his rule in 659 B.C. Being of the family of the Chow Princes, he could also, like them, trace his lineage back to How-tsih. He repaired or built anew the ancestral temple, and this seems to have been the occasion of the writing of this Ode.

† *See* III. II. 1.

Who dwelt on K'i's south slope when first
Began the fall of Shang.
Still later, T'âi's unfinished work
Was done by Wăn and Wu;
When Heaven's full purpose was achieved
Upon the wilds of Muh.
"God now is with you!" (then cried Wu),
"Doubt not, nor be dismayed."
So tackled they the troops of Shang,
And each his part well played.
Then quoth the king,* "Now, uncle mine,
Will I promote thy first-born son,
And make him Lord of Lu.
"And I will add to your domain,
"That Chow may find its help in you."

He made him Duke of Lu, and gave
The East into his hand.
And to himself gave hill and stream,
Tilled plain, and neighb'ring land.
A scion of the Duke of Chow,
Son of Duke Chwang, remains,
Who with the dragon-flag appears,
And six long pliant reins,
In Spring, in Autumn, ne'er remiss,
And sacrifices faultlessly
To the Great Sovereign Lord of all;
And to his own great sire How-tsih
Offers the red unblemished bulls.
These they accept, these they approve,
And blessings rich flow down.
Chow's Duke, and all the sires august,—
These also thee with blessing crown.

* This was King Ch'ing, and the "uncle" is the Duke of Chow.

Comes Autumn, comes the autumnal rite.
In Summer bulls are sought,—
The white, the roan, with shackled horns,—
The ox-vase* finely wrought,
The roasts, the mincemeats, and the soups,
Trenchers, and mighty trays,—
Dancers and posturers, too, in troops.
Good son, bright be thy days!
Thou shalt win glory and success,
Long life and happiness,
And o'er the East keep watch and ward,
And long the land of Lu possess,
Unlessened, unsubvertible,
Unshaken, and unmoved;
The Veterans Three† befriending thee,
Firm as the hills and mountains proved.

A thousand cars of war are thine,
And in them all are seen
The pairs of spears, the pairs of bows,
Red-tasselled, bound with green;
Three myriad footmen too, whose helms
Red strings with cowries grace.
How swarm they forth, when the wild hordes
In South or North they face,
Or punish those of King or Shu!‡
None dares but give us place.

Success and glory shall be thine,
Long life and wealth in store,
With veterans for thy ministers,
The wrinkled and the hoar!

* A vase shaped like an ox.

† The three chief ministers.

‡ King, a state in the East; Shu, another in the South; neither of which was yet brought fully into subjection.

Thou shalt be great and prosperous,
Live long, yet still be hale.
Ten thousand thousand years be thine,
Nor ought thy whitened hairs assail!

There frowns aloft the hill of T'ai
Whence all of Lu may be descried;
And thine shall be both Mung and Kwai;*
Anon the utmost East beside,
To countries bordering on the main.
The Hwai for peace shall sue;
None but shall follow in thy train:—
This shall achieve the Lord of Lu!

And Fuh and Yih† shalt thou maintain;
Soon Siu-land thine shall be,
And countries bordering on the main;
And barbarous Hwai and Mân and Mi
And yonder hordes in Southern lands
Shall follow in thy train;
And none shall dare to say thee nay:—
Lu's lord from all shall homage gain.

Heaven send true blessing on our lord;
Long life to watch o'er Lu!
With Chow's Duke's wide domains restored,‡
He shall hold court in Ch'ang and Hu.
Then shall Lu's lord feast and rejoice,
With worthy wife, and mother old,
With noble Chiefs and Servants all.
May he the State and princedom hold,
And this be his beatitude—
Hoar hair, with teeth of youth renewed!

* Also hills in Lu.
† Names of other hills.
‡ In the course of time certain tracts had been parted with.

Sin-fu* produced the cypress-trees,
  Tsu-lai* produced the pines;
Hewed down and measured out were these
  With foot and fathom lines.
The pine-beams were of mighty size,
  Thus noble halls there be,
And proudly the new temple stands,
  Erected by Hi-sze,—†
A noble building, high and wide,
Which all men's hopes hath satisfied.

* Mountains in Lu. This stanza brings us back to the first, and to the object of the whole piece.

† Hi-sze, otherwise known as Prince Yü, was a *brother* of Prince Hi of Lu, and under his superintendence the work had been completed.

BOOK V.

THE FESTAL ODES OF SHANG.

[Shang,—also called Yin, and Yin-Shang, as appears elsewhere in this volume,—was the dynasty that preceded Chow. As in the case of the Chow poems, only certain kings are singled out from the many. Of these T'ang, the founder of the dynasty, naturally has the chief place. There are said to have been seven poems, in addition to the following five, in existence at the beginning of the eighth century B.C., but they appear not to have reached the hands of Confucius.]

IV. v. 1.

AT THE SACRIFICES IN HONOUR OF KING T'ANG.

So-ho! now to the grand display!
Our drums and tabours to the fore!
Strike up, let drums make music gay;
'Twill please our glorious sire of yore.

T'ang's scion thus his ear would win,
Thus fills our hearts with fullest cheer.
The drums and tabours wake their din,
The flutes add music shrill and clear.

Harmonious, regular they sound,
And with our sounding-stones agree.
O, T'ang's descendant is renowned,
And wondrous in his minstrelsie!

High rise the sounds of drum and bell;
Well move the dancers to each measure;
And we have worthy guests as well,
To share with us our joy and pleasure.

In days gone by, ere we were born,
The men of yore would do the same;
And, meek and humble, night and morn,
Devoutly to the service came.

May (T'ang) regard the offerings*
That T'ang's descendant for us brings!

IV. v. 2.

THE SAME.

Ah, from thy glorious sire of yore,—
Source of unfailing blessedness!—
Do gifts unstinted more and more
Descend upon thee in this place.

The clear pure spirits are outpoured:
Our hopes shall have their full reward.
The savoury soups are also there,
Mingled with diligence and care.
With gifts—not words—his presence we invite;
No discord nor contention mars the rite.
With green old age, and hair long hoar,
He'll cheer and bless us evermore.

* 烝嘗 *ching shang*, the autumnal and winter sacrifices in the ancestral temple.

With hide-girt naves, and yokes ornate,
Their eight bells tinkling, come in state
(My lords) upon the rite to wait.
So win we blessing full and free:
From Heaven is sent prosperity—
Rich years, aye plenteous as may be.
His* presence, his acceptance of this food
Will bring us down untold beatitude.

May (T'ang) regard the offerings
That T'ang's descendant for us brings!

IV. v. 3.

AT A ROYAL SACRIFICE.

At Heaven's behest the dusky bird† flew down,
And was the parent of the House of Shang,—
Which dwelt in Yin, and greatly multiplied.
And long ago God charged the warlike T'ang
To fix their boundaries on every side.

Then had the princes their commission given.
Anon they held the territories nine;‡
And he, the first in Shang to be the king,
The appointment held unthreatened with decline,—
Now vested in a scion of Wu-ting.§

* *i.e.*, the spirit of T'ang.

† The swallow. The legend is told in various ways. Chu-Hi says that Kian-ti, the ancestress of the House of Shang, prayed at a sacrifice for a son, and thereupon came a swallow and left an egg, which Kian-ti swallowed, after which she gave birth to Sie, who became the Prince of Shang.

‡ The division of the kingdom into nine provinces was made in the time of the Emperor Yü (2205–2197 B.C.). Afterwards the number was doubled.

§ Wu-ting reigned B.C. 1324–1265. Hence the Ode may be dated sometime during the thirteenth century B.C.

And Wu-ting's scion is a warrior-king,
And ne'er a task for him is too severe.
Ten chariots with his dragon-banners* bring
Large store of sacrificial millet here.

His royal lands extend a thousand *li*,†
And there his people's settled dwellings be,—
And thence his landmarks stretch to every sea.

From every sea‡ men come, all hither bound;
They come, and here in multitudes are found,
Where flows the Ho (the hill of) King around.
Most meet it was that Yin received the Call,
Now bearing its great honours one and all.

IV. v. 4.

IN HONOUR OF THE FOUNDERS OF SHANG.

[*There is no variation of rhymes in the original in any stanza except the last; and this peculiarity is here preserved.*]

In Shang was wisdom most profound,
And long with blessing it was crowned.
When the Great Flood§ increased around
Yü led its waters through the lowland ground.
To each great border State he placed a bound,
Till far the frontier-lines extended round.

* This is said to refer to the arrival of the princes to assist at the royal sacrifice.

† A *li* is about one-third of an English mile.

‡ Lit., the four seas, the supposed four boundaries of the earth.

§ The Deluge referred to at the beginning of the *Shu King* (Book of History). To Yü is ascribed the leading off of the waters.

Then, when the State of Sung became renowned,*
Did God raise up a son, the House of Shang to found.

The dusky† monarch made success his aim:
Had he a small State, greater it became;
Had he a great one, still it was the same.
The course he followed was devoid of blame;
At his mere glance quick men's response‡ thus came.
Siang-t'u,§ a Chief of glorious fame,
Could foes beyond the seas subdue and tame.

Nor then did God's appointment fall away:
Till T'ang arose it kept its even way;
And T'ang came to the world without delay.
More sage grew he, more reverent day by day.
Long had his influence a marked display.
God-fearing, he was given by God to sway
The territories nine that round him lay.

Ensigns of rank‖ were brought him, small and great;
On him, like banner-pendants, hung each State;
And (well) he bore his Heaven-sent honours' weight.
Not hasty was he, yet not prone to wait,
Not soft and yielding, yet not obdurate;
And calmly could he all things regulate.
So did all honours on him congregate.

* Lit., great. This son of Sung was Sie. His *mother* was of Sung.

† So-called, probably with reference to the legend of the "dusky bird" of the preceding Ode.

‡ His people hastened to do his will.

§ Siang-t'u was the grandson of Sie.

‖ Jade-tokens, given to the princes in the first instance by the sovereign, and afterwards, as here, brought by them to the Court, as evidencing their rank, and in acknowledgment of his supremacy.

To him was tribute, large or little,* paid ;
The States' strong beast of burden he was made !
And (well) he bore Heaven's favours on him laid.
And far abroad his prowess he displayed,—
Ne'er agitated, nor at aught dismayed,
Ne'er apprehensive, nor of aught afraid.
So were all honours heaped upon his head.

The warrior-king would by his banner stand,
His battle-axe grasped firmly in his hand,
His ardour glowing like a blazing brand.
Who then were they that dared our might withstand?
A root with triple shoot† (was in the land),
That had no growth, no vigour to expand ;
And then the regions nine did sundered stand ;
So were Kün-wu and Wei and Ku outmanned,
And Kiĕ, Hià's sovereign, fell beneath his hand.

There was a time once, in his mid career,
Of agitation and of quaking fear ;
But O, he was a Son indeed of Heaven,
And unto him a Minister was given ;
And of a truth this same was that A-Hang,
The true supporter of the King of Shang.

* *i.e.*, according to the size or importance of each feudal State.

† The "root" was Kiĕ, the last king of the Hià dynasty ; and the three shoots were the princes of Wei, Ku, and Kün-wu mentioned below.

IV. v. 5.

ON THE COMPLETION OF A NEW TEMPLE BUILT IN HONOUR OF KING WU-TING.*

Quick was the Yin, in warlike mood:
King-ts'u† received his onslaught rude;
Bold in its fastnesses he‡ stood,
Brought back its (scattered) multitude,
And every part of it subdued.
T'ang's scion thus his father's course pursued.

"Men of King-ts'u," (quoth then Wu-ting,)
"Far South though ye be settled in my realm,
Yet once, when T'ang the Perfecter was king,
E'en from Ti-kiang,§ none dared but bring
To Court his loyal offering,
Nor dared absent him from his king;
And 'Shang is *Shang*':‖ its rule unaltering."

The many Princes¶ ruled by Heaven's command,
With cities placed where Yü the sites had planned,
Yet yearly came before their King to stand,
And deprecate reproof or vengeful hand,
As unremiss in tillage of the land.

* About B.C. 1260. [*There are the same almost constantly recurring rhymes, in the original, as in the preceding Ode.*]

† The Prince of T'su (called both King and King-t'su) had opposed himself to Wu-ting his sovereign, and refused to bring the annual offering and to appear at the annual levee at Court.

‡ Wu-ting.

§ An ancient principality, probably older than T'su.

‖ There is a play upon the words in the original. The first "Shang" is the dynastic name, and the second "Shang" means changeless, constant. The words are introduced by the character 曰 *yueh*, implying that this was a proverbial saying.

¶ *i.e.*, feudal lords.

Would Heaven its searching eye turn down,
Or wore the people's face a frown,
In him no error nor excess was known;
Nor idle leisure dared he make his own.
Charged with the rule of every lesser State,
So prospered he, and sealed his happy fate.

His* city, nobly built on every side,
Was model to all countries far and wide;
And glorious, glorious was his praise.
His genius shone with purest rays;
Ripe years were his, and still he stays
And shields ourselves, born in these later days.

Of yonder hill of King† we made the ascent,
Where tall grew pine and cypress, and unbent;
Hewn down were these, and hither were they sent,
And tooled to line, with care most diligent.
The pine-beams—long was their extent;
The frequent pillars grandeur lent:—
The shrine stood perfect—great (his soul's) content.‡

* Lit., Shang's city.
† The hill mentioned in the 3rd Ode.
‡ *i.e.*, the spirit of Wu-ting could now fully repose.

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